KID COLT OUTLAW

FEB.
NO. 4

MARVEL COMIC

10¢
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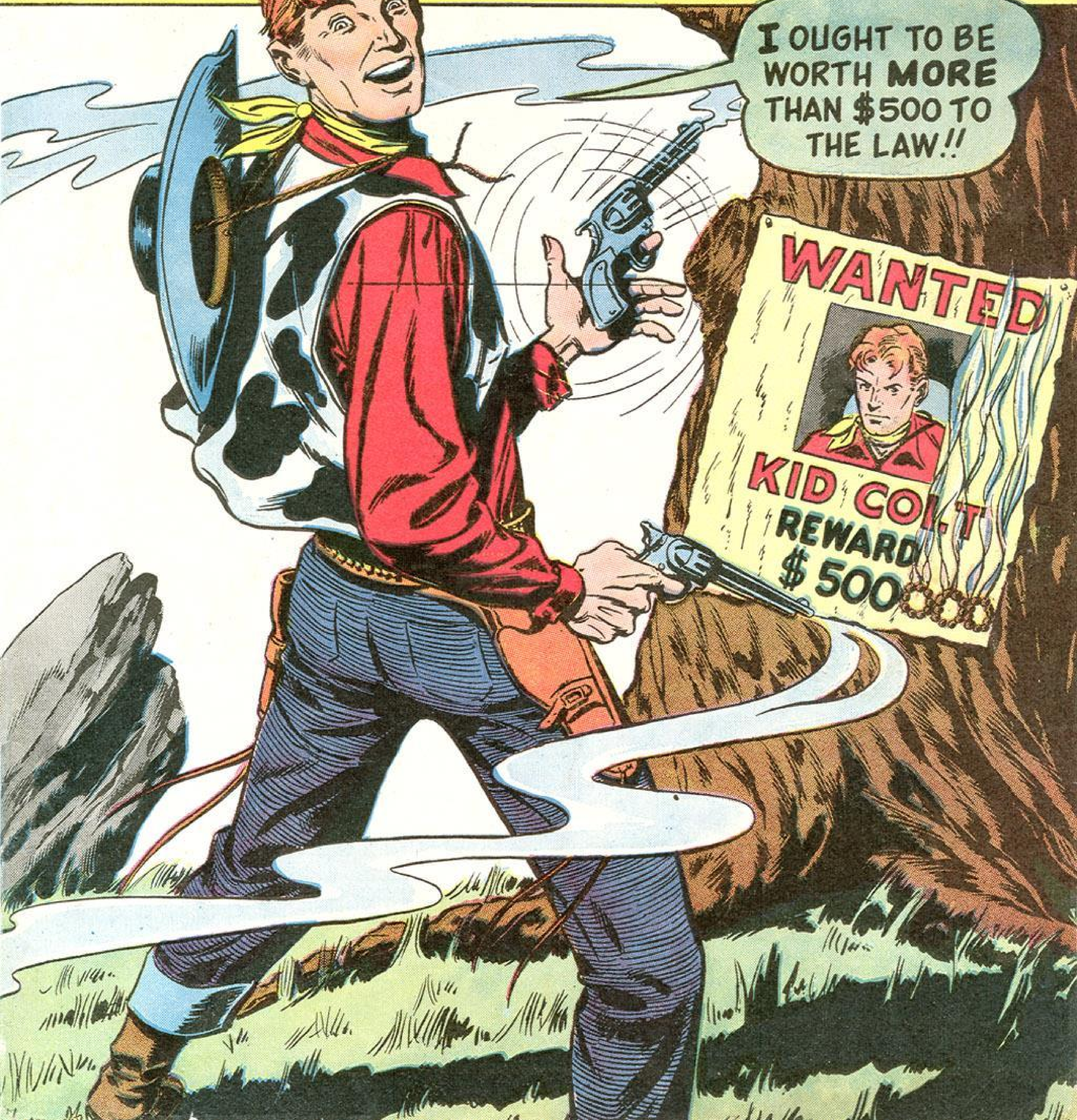
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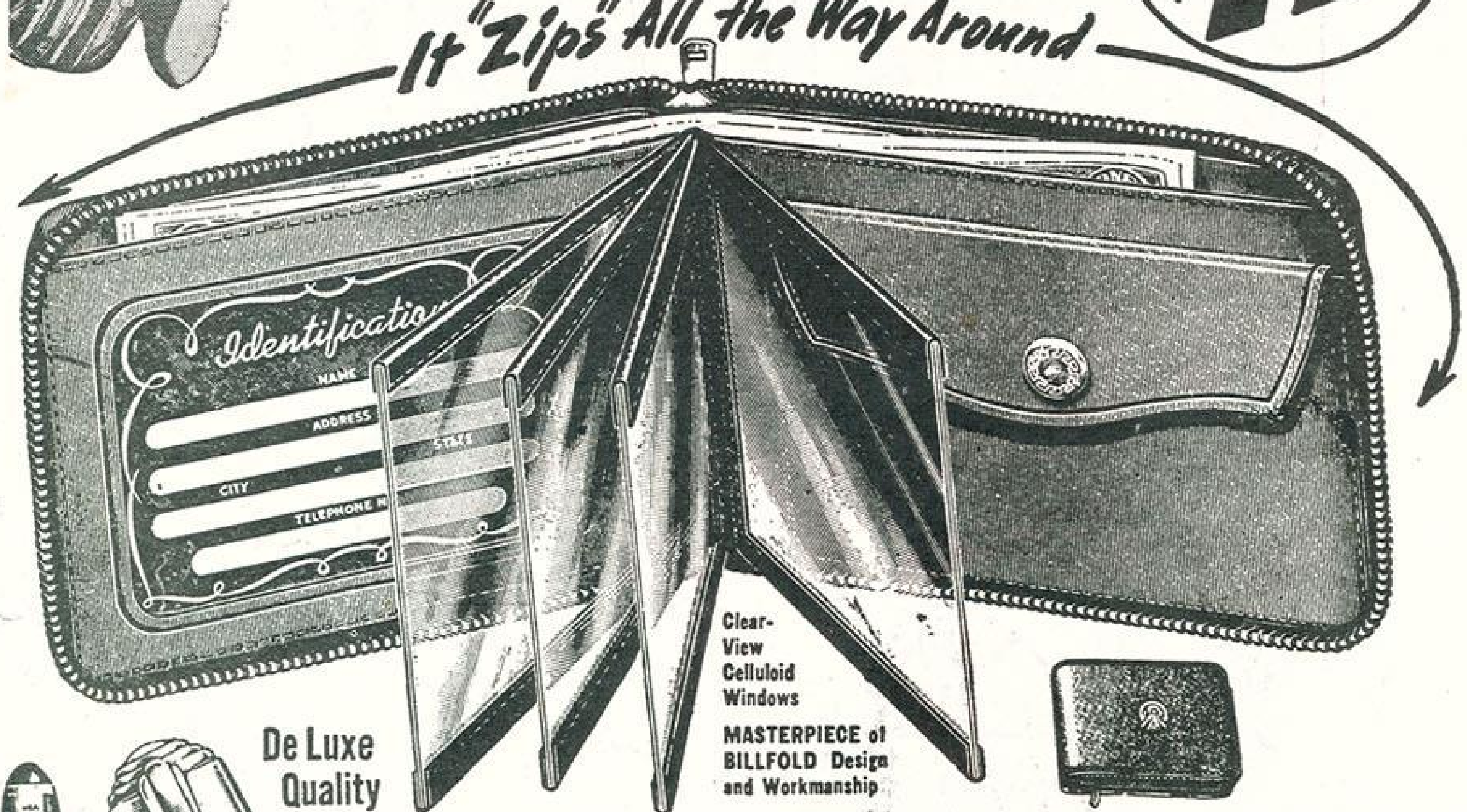

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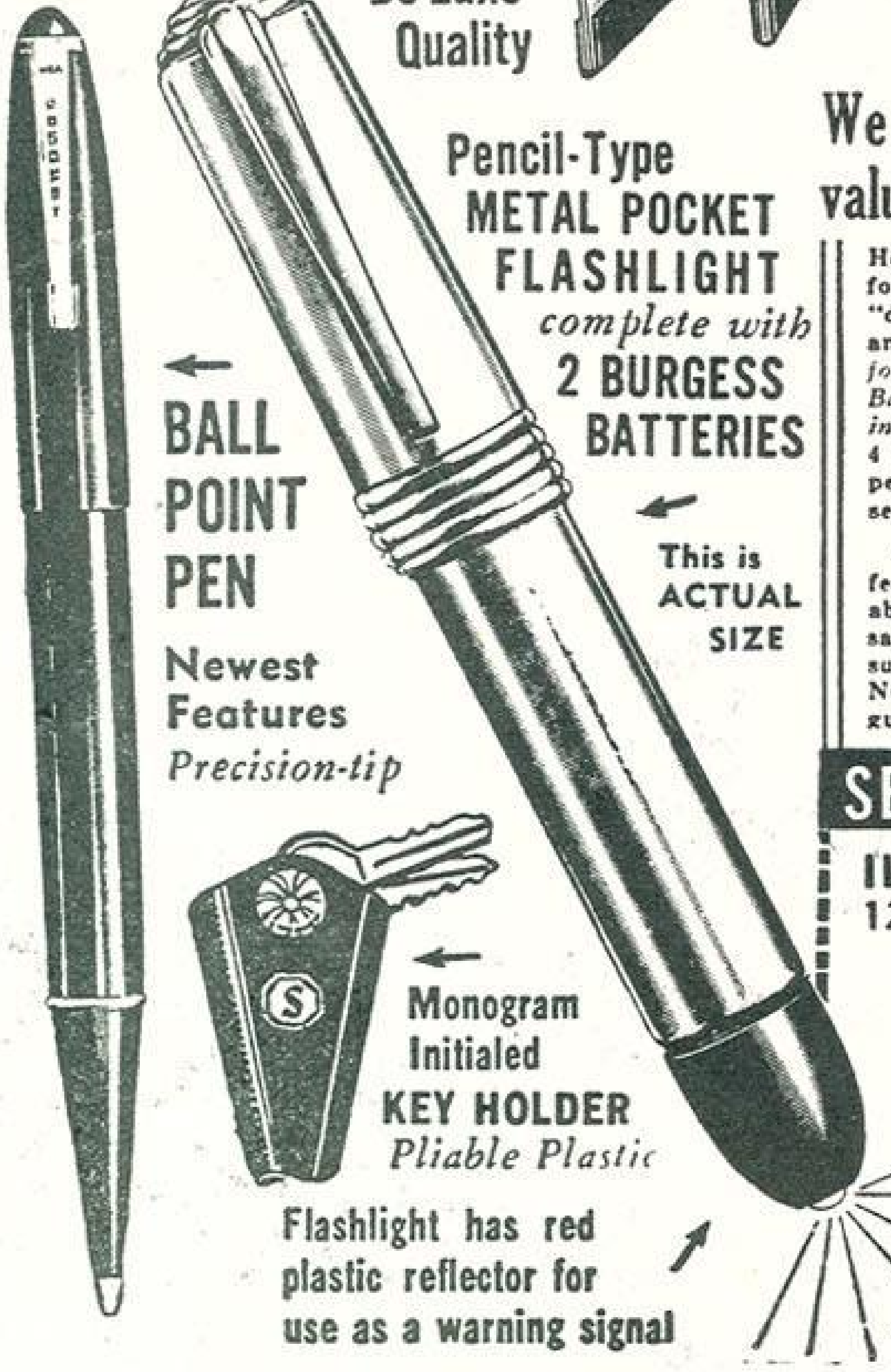

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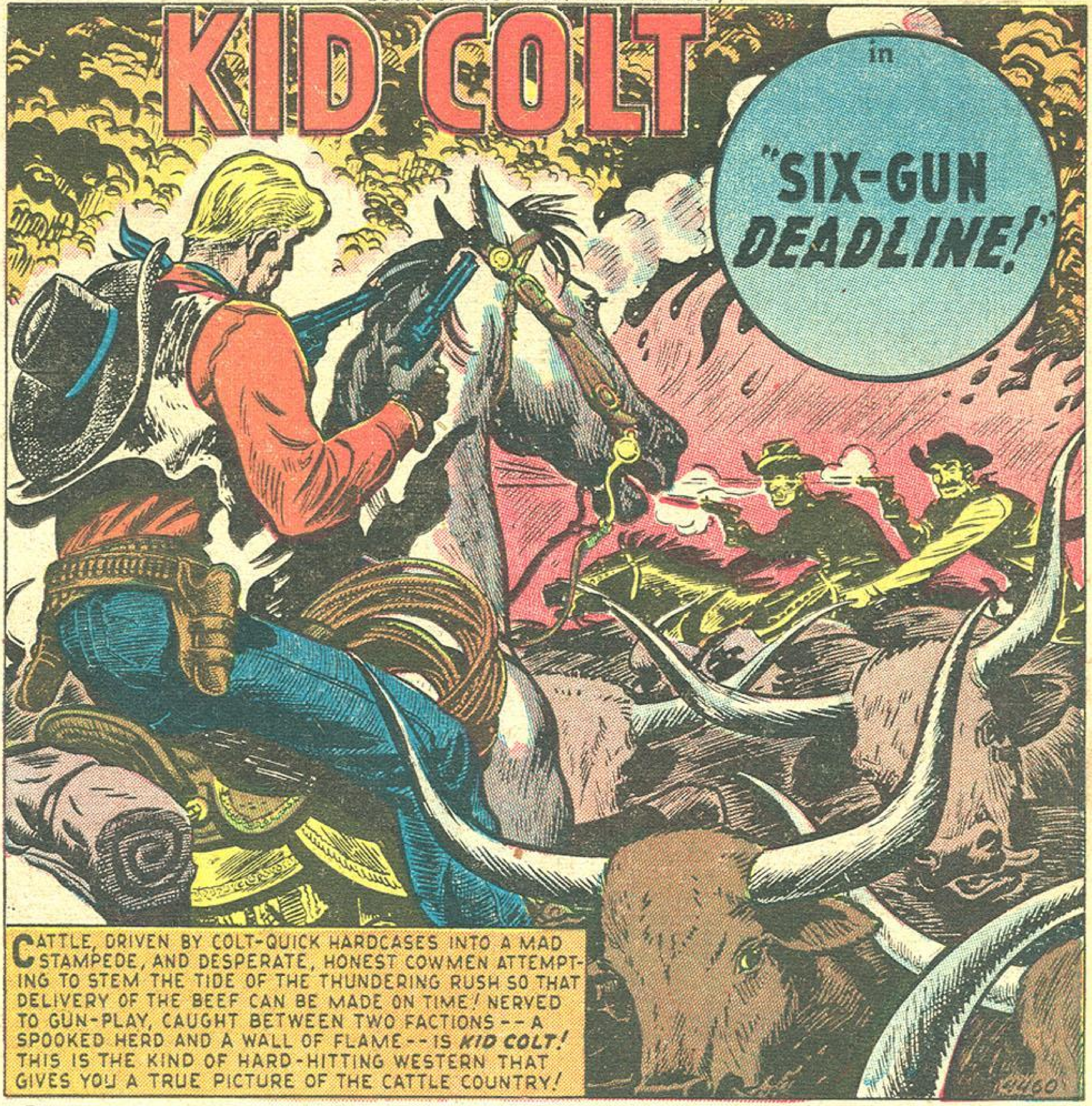
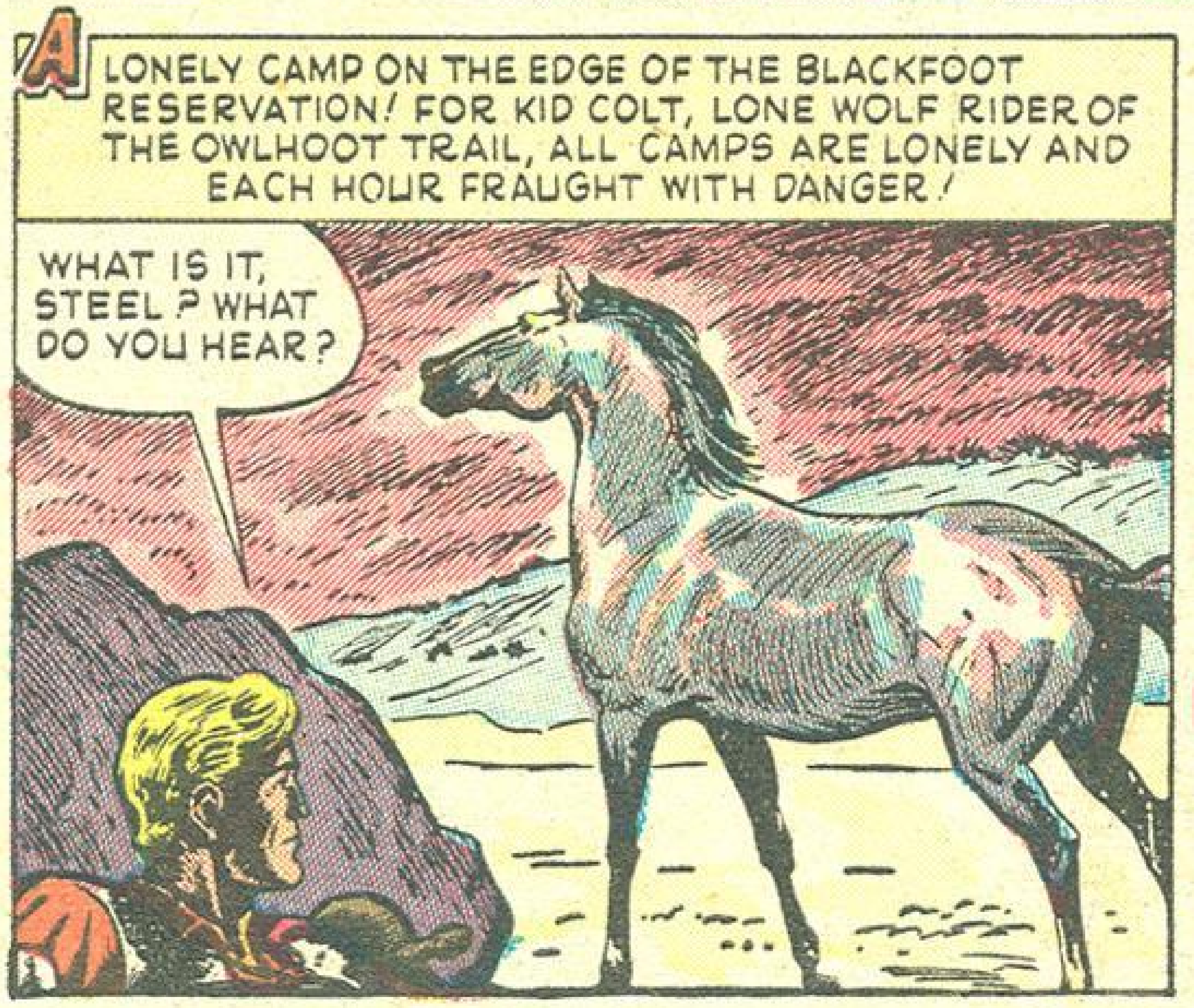
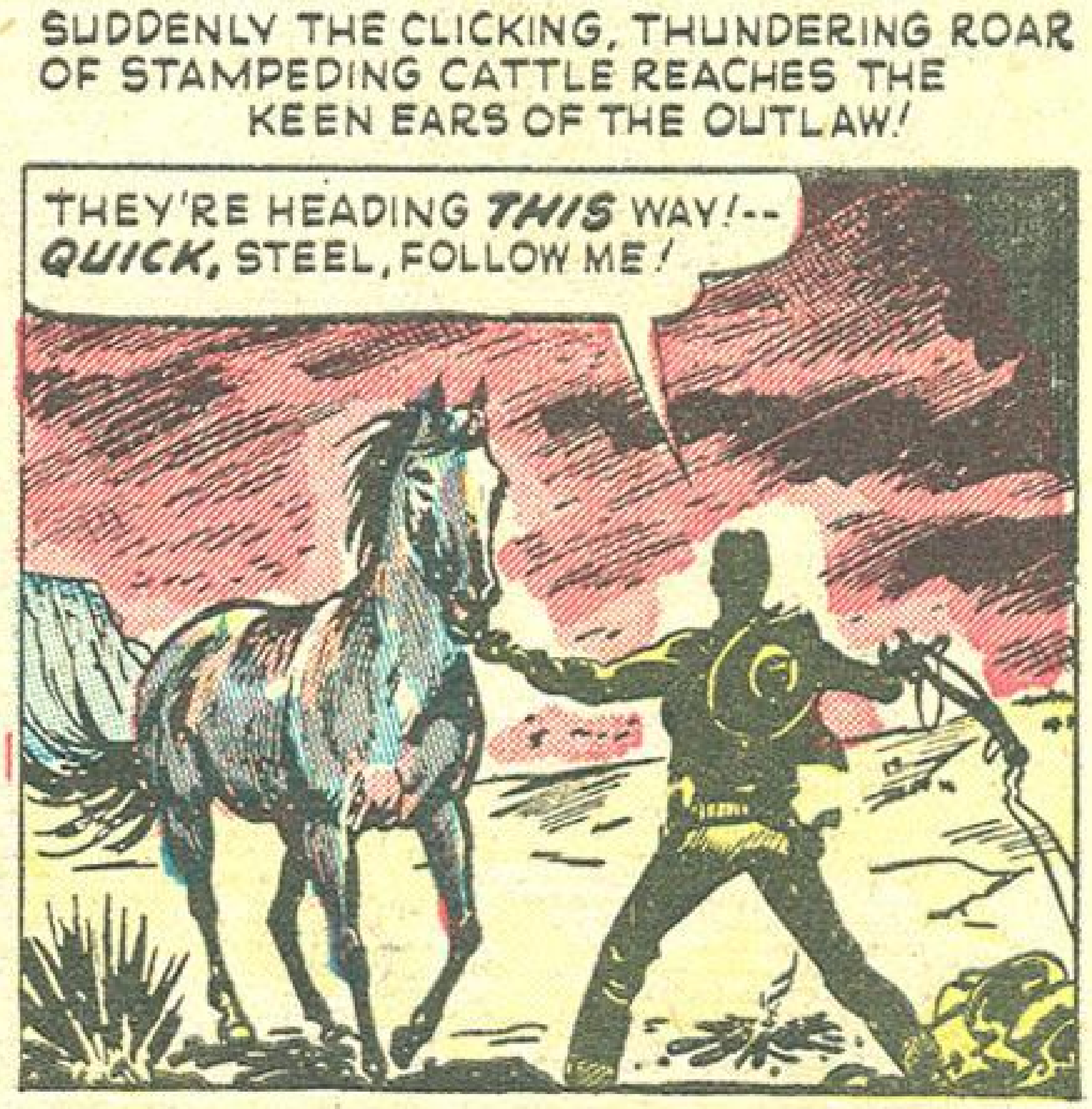
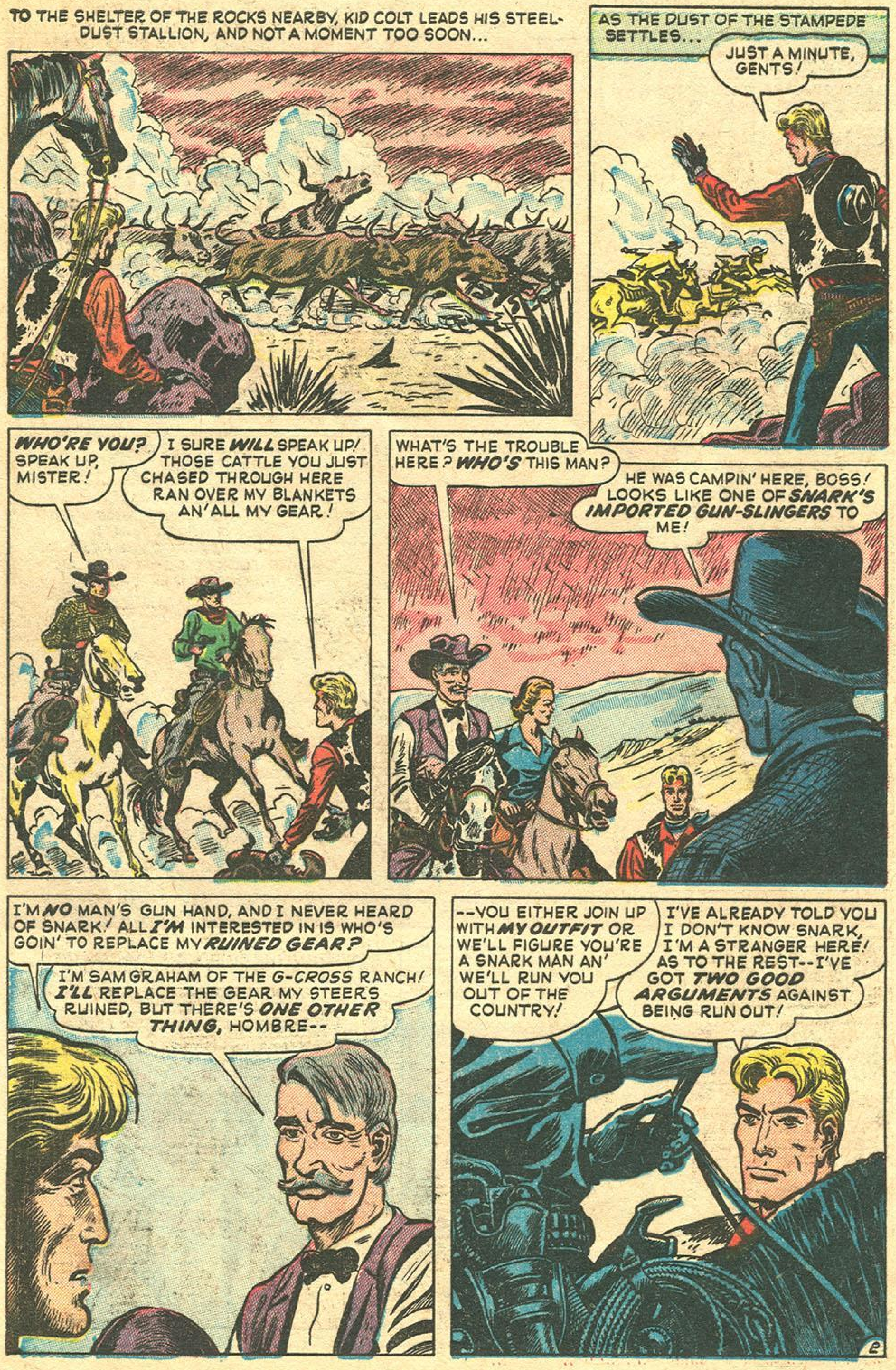
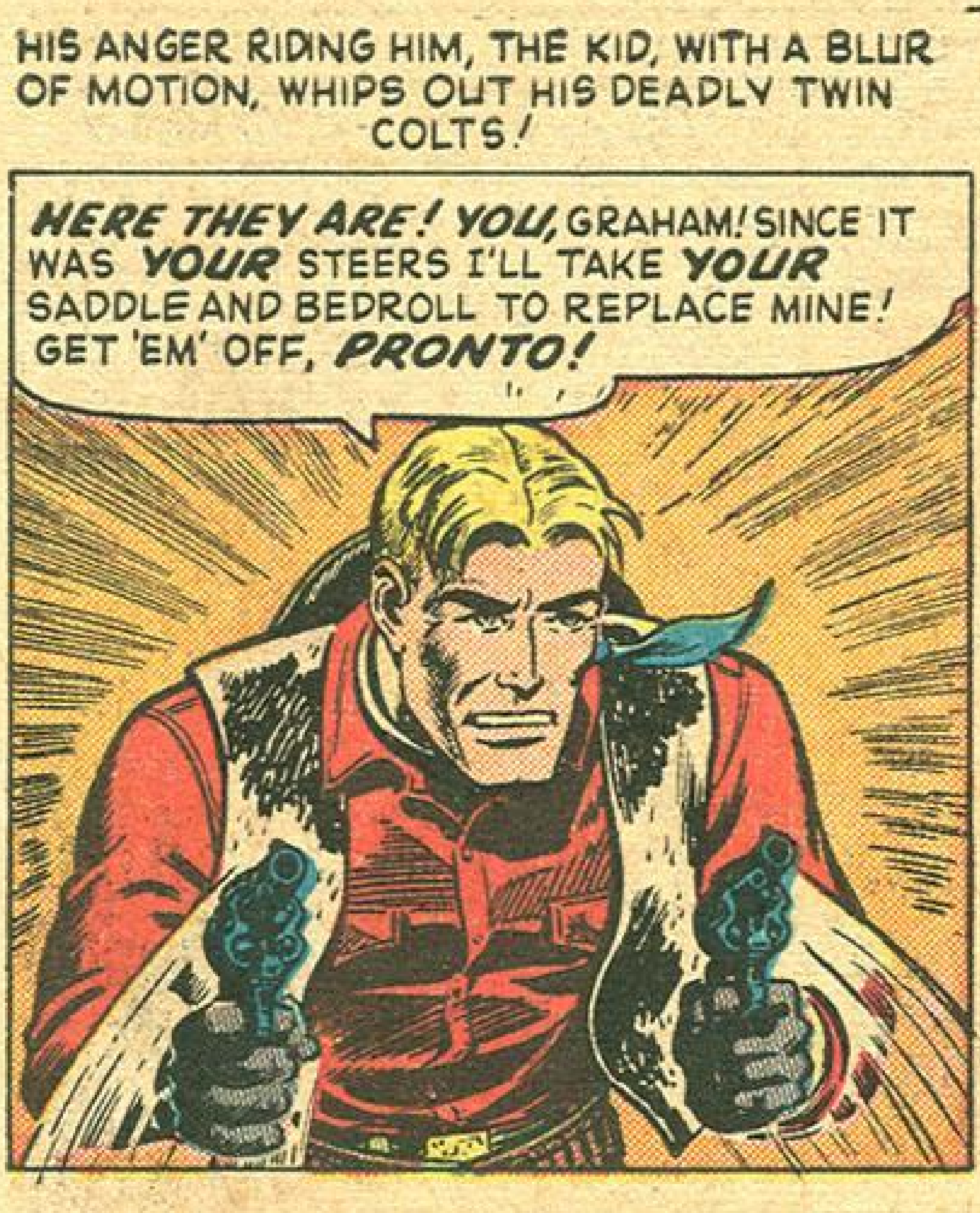
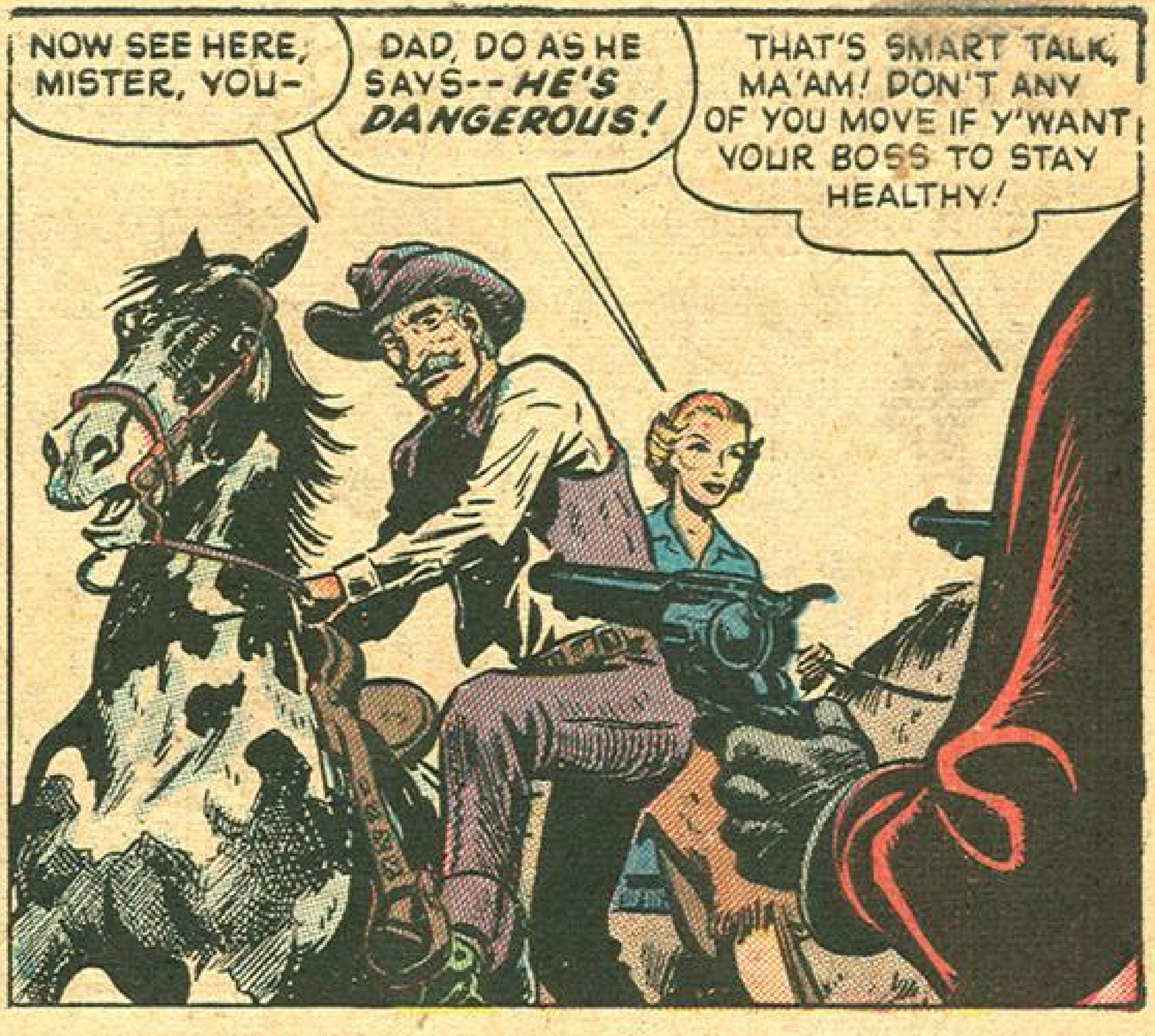

KID COLT
in
"SIX-GUN DEADLINE!"
CATTLE, DRIVEN BY COLT-QUICK HARDCASES INTO A MAD STAMPEDE, AND DESPERATE, HONEST COWMEN ATTEMPTING TO STEM THE TIDE OF THE THUNDERING RUSH SO THAT DELIVERY OF THE BEEF CAN BE MADE ON TIME! NERVED TO GUN-PLAY, CAUGHT BETWEEN TWO FACTIONS -- A SPOOKED HERD AND A WALL OF FLAME -- IS KID COLT! THIS IS THE KIND OF HARD-HITTING WESTERN THAT GIVES YOU A TRUE PICTURE OF THE CATTLE COUNTRY!
4460

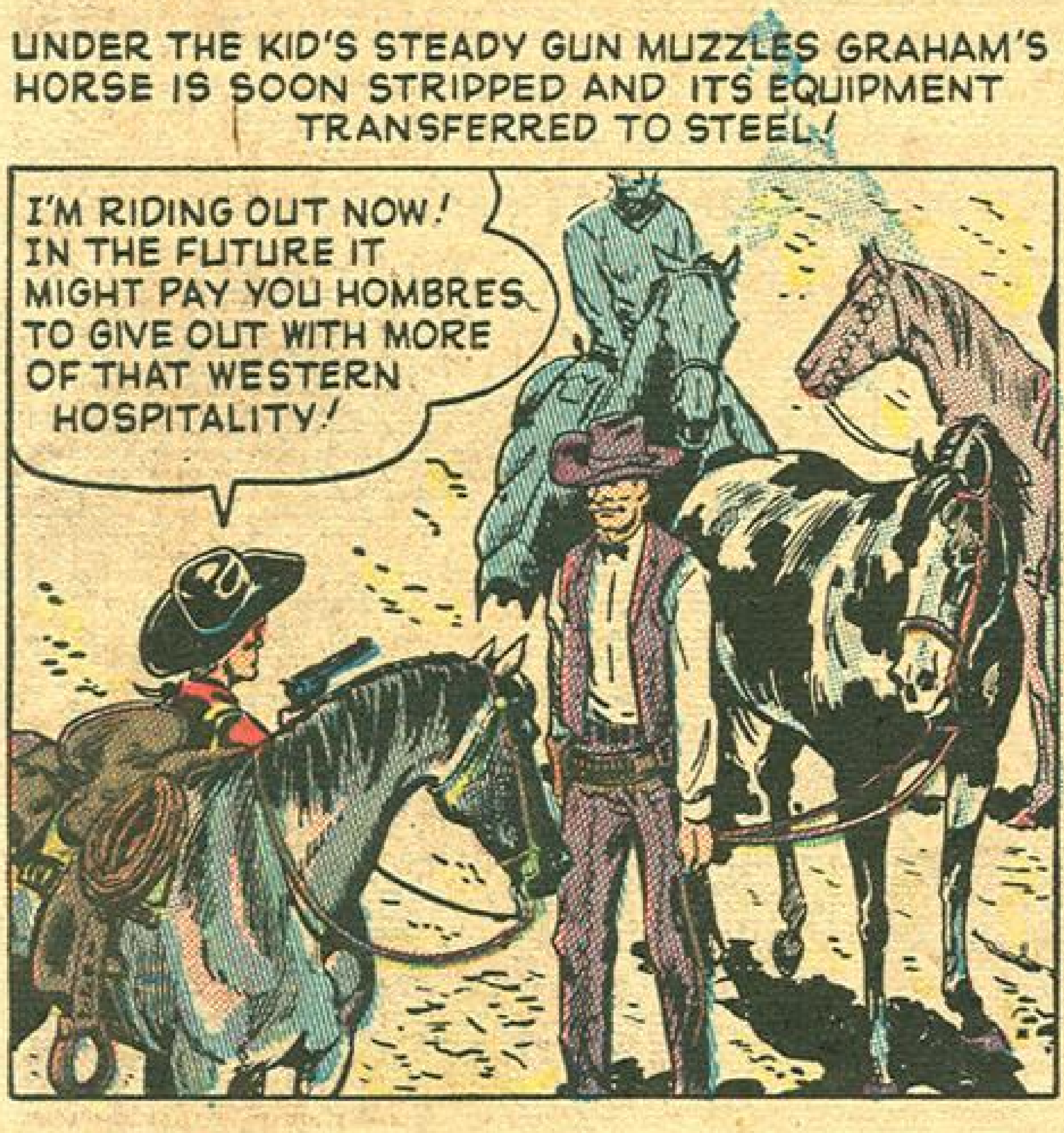

A LONELY CAMP ON THE EDGE OF THE BLACKFOOT RESERVATION! FOR KID COLT, LONE WOLF RIDER OF THE OWLHOOT TRAIL, ALL CAMPS ARE LONELY AND EACH HOUR FRAUGHT WITH DANGER!
WHAT IS IT, STEEL? WHAT DO YOU HEAR?

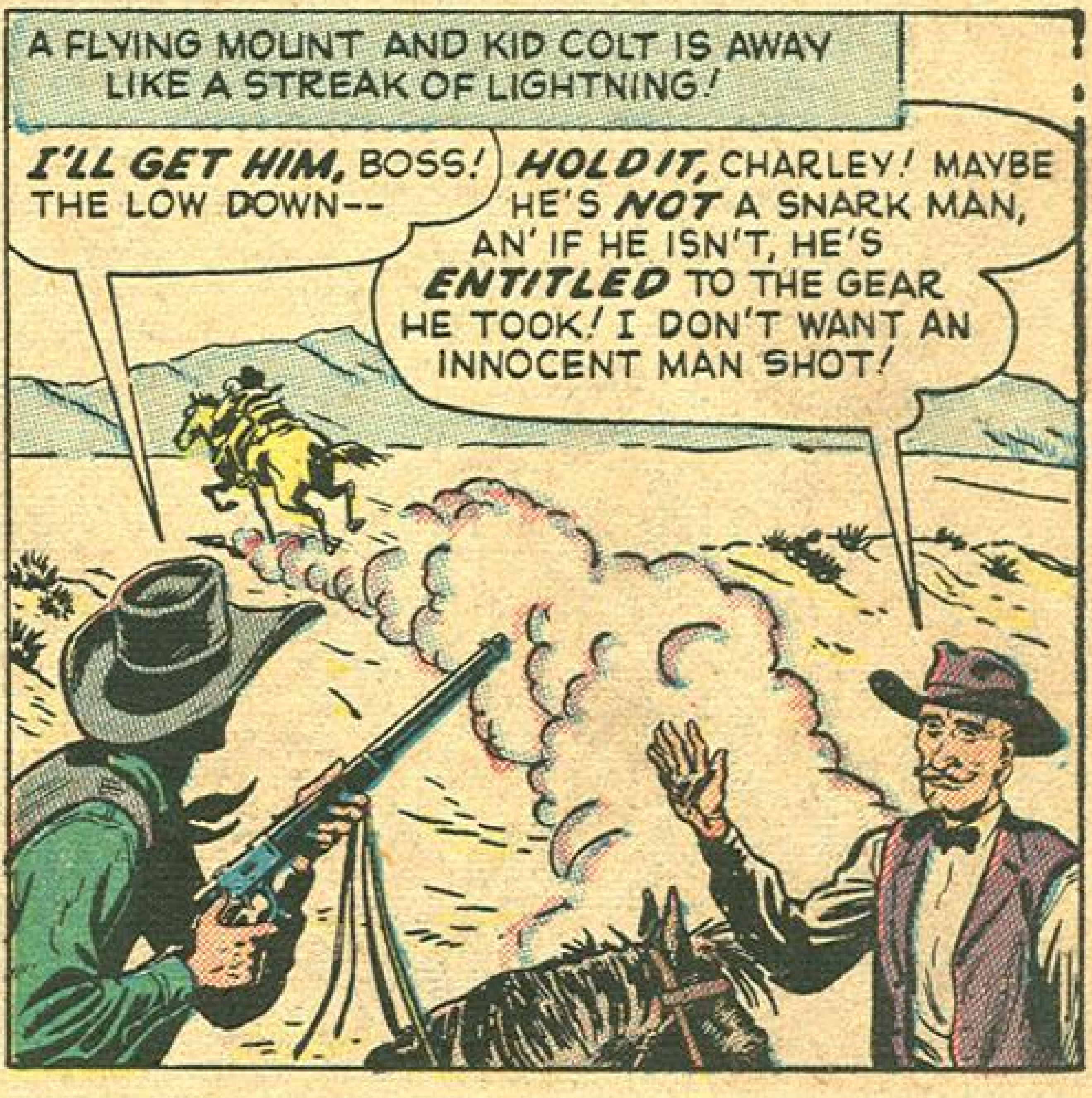

SUDDENLY THE CLICKING, THUNDERING ROAR OF STAMPEDING CATTLE REACHES THE KEEN EARS OF THE OUTLAW!
THEY'RE HEADING THIS WAY! -- QUICK, STEEL, FOLLOW ME!

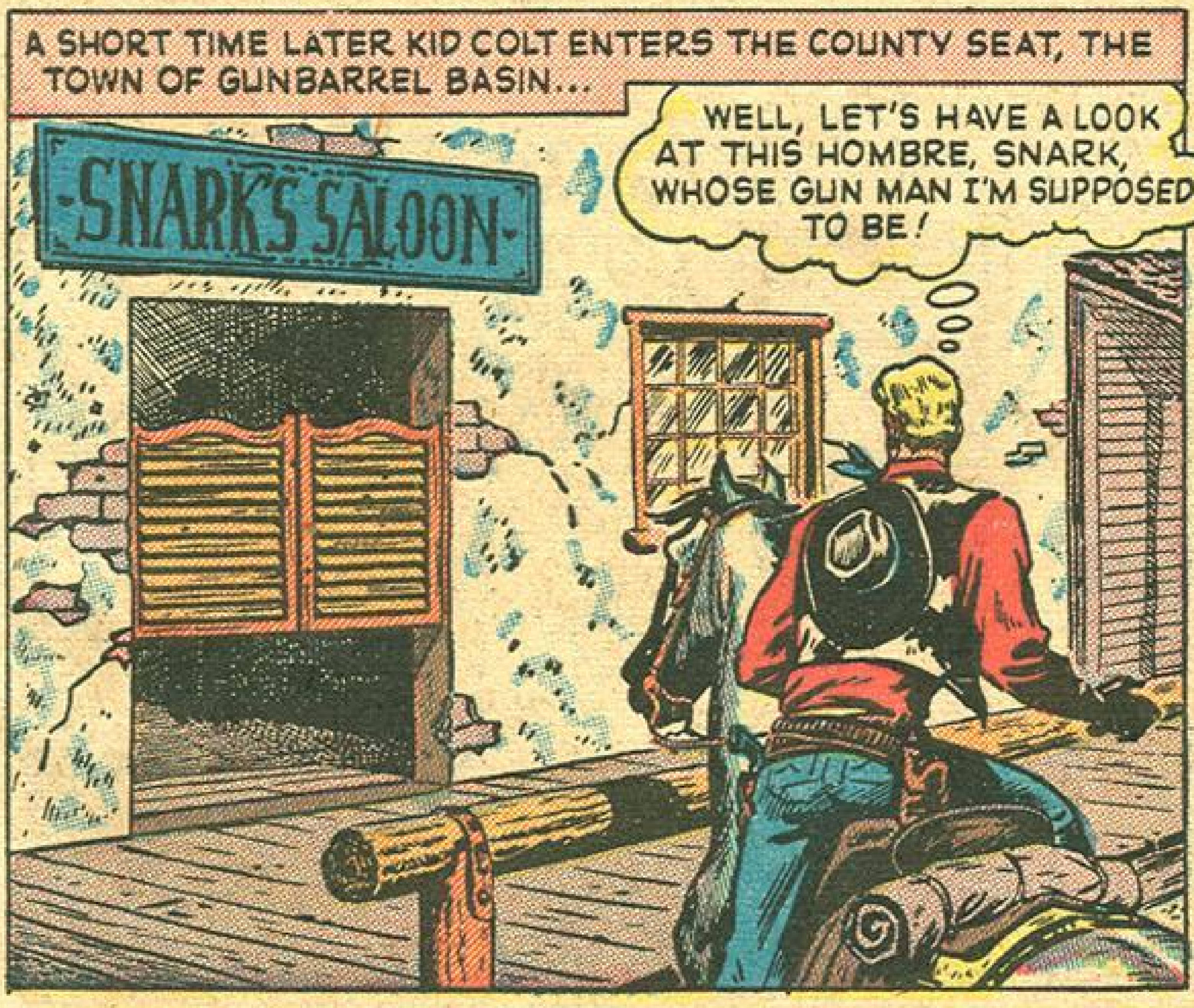

TO THE SHELTER OF THE ROCKS NEARBY, KID COLT LEADS HIS STEEL-DUST STALLION, AND NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON...
AS THE DUST OF THE STAMPEDE SETTLES...
JUST A MINUTE, GENTS!
WHO'RE YOU? SPEAK UP, MISTER!
I SURE WILL SPEAK UP! THOSE CATTLE YOU JUST CHASED THROUGH HERE RAN OVER MY BLANKETS AN' ALL MY GEAR!
WHAT'S THE TROUBLE HERE? WHO'S THIS MAN?
HE WAS CAMPIN' HERE, BOSS! LOOKS LIKE ONE OF SNARK'S IMPORTED GUN-SLINGERS TO ME!
I'M NO MAN'S GUN HAND, AND I NEVER HEARD OF SNARK! ALL I'M INTERESTED IN IS WHO'S GOIN' TO REPLACE MY RUINED GEAR?
I'M SAM GRAHAM OF THE G-CROSS RANCH! I'LL REPLACE THE GEAR MY STEERS RUINED, BUT THERE'S ONE OTHER THING, HOMBRE--
--YOU EITHER JOIN UP WITH MY OUTFIT OR WE'LL FIGURE YOU'RE A SNARK MAN AN' WE'LL RUN YOU OUT OF THE COUNTRY!
I'VE ALREADY TOLD YOU I DON'T KNOW SNARK, I'M A STRANGER HERE! AS TO THE REST--I'VE GOT TWO GOOD ARGUMENTS AGAINST BEING RUN OUT!

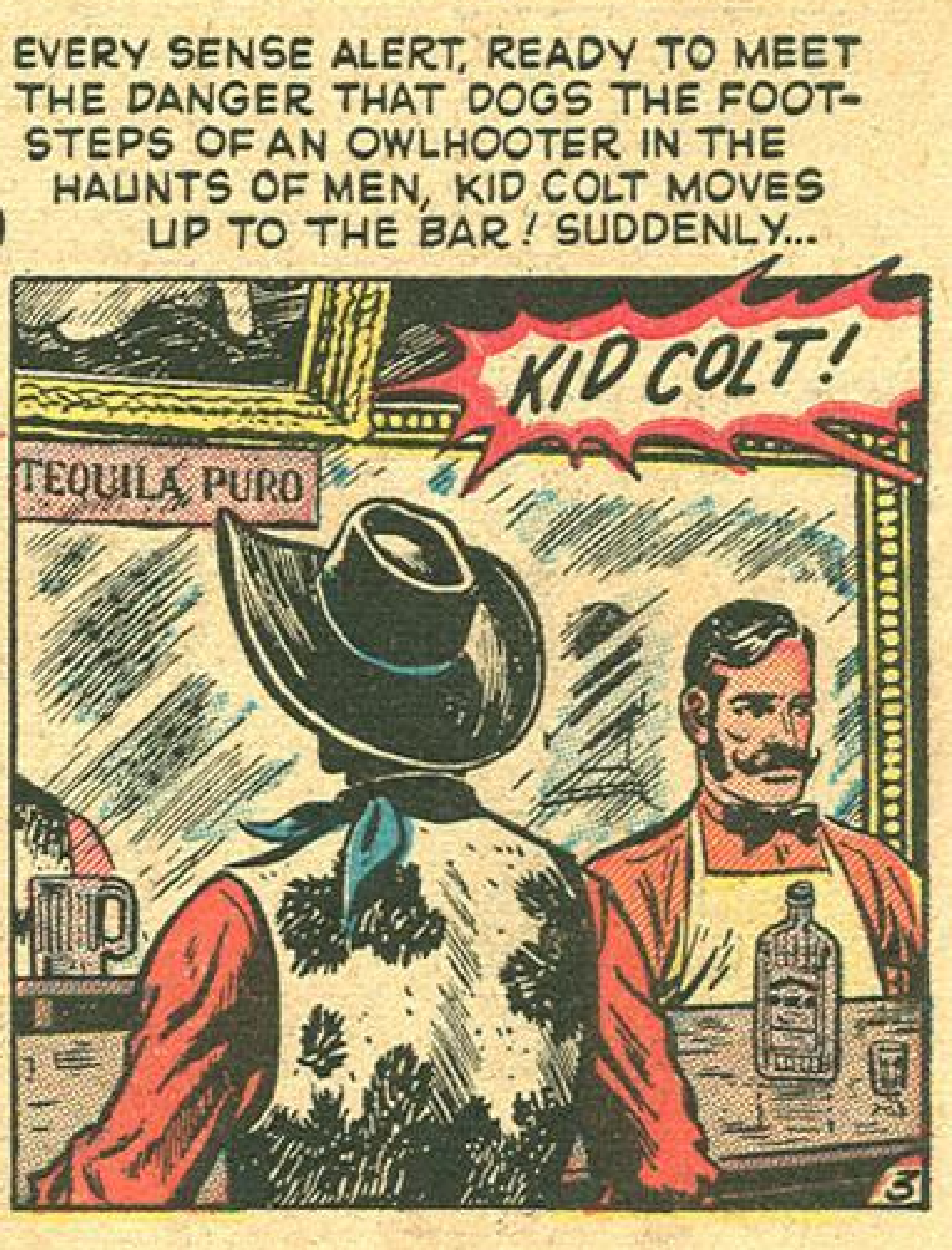

HIS ANGER RIDING HIM, THE KID, WITH A BLUR OF MOTION, WHIPS OUT HIS DEADLY TWIN COLTS!
HERE THEY ARE! YOU, GRAHAM! SINCE IT WAS YOUR STEERS I'LL TAKE YOUR SADDLE AND BEDROLL TO REPLACE MINE! GET 'EM' OFF, PRONTO!

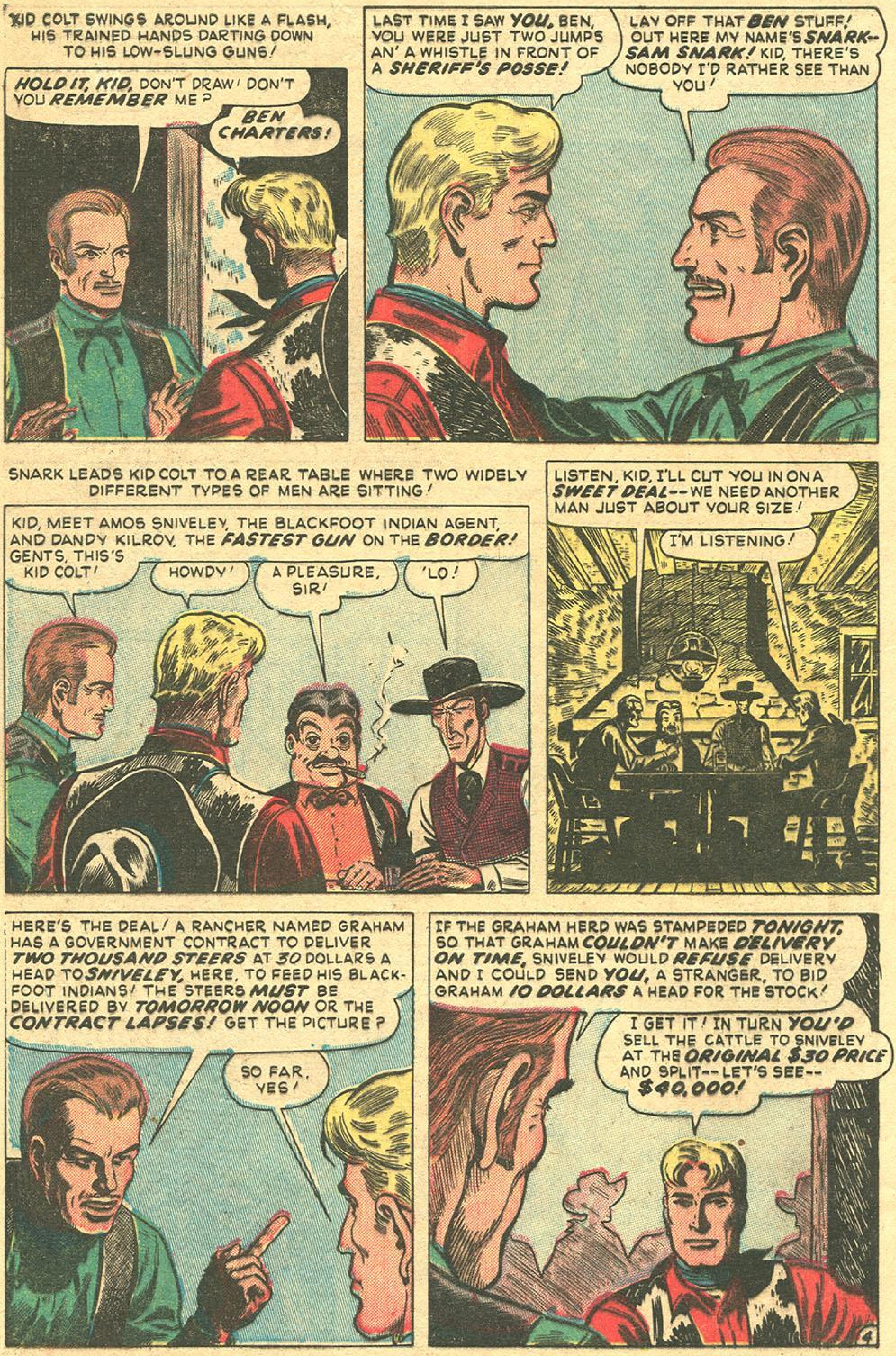

NOW SEE HERE, MISTER, YOU-
DAD, DO AS HE SAYS--HE'S DANGEROUS!
THAT'S SMART TALK, MA'AM! DON'T ANY OF YOU MOVE IF Y'WANT YOUR BOSS TO STAY HEALTHY!


UNDER THE KID'S STEADY GUN MUZZLES GRAHAM'S HORSE IS SOON STRIPPED AND ITS EQUIPMENT TRANSFERRED TO STEEL!
I'M RIDING OUT NOW! IN THE FUTURE IT MIGHT PAY YOU HOMBRES TO GIVE OUT WITH MORE OF THAT WESTERN HOSPITALITY!


A FLYING MOUNT AND KID COLT IS AWAY LIKE A STREAK OF LIGHTNING!
I'LL GET HIM, BOSS! THE LOW DOWN--
HOLD IT, CHARLEY! MAYBE HE'S NOT A SNARK MAN, AN' IF HE ISN'T, HE'S ENTITLED TO THE GEAR HE TOOK! I DON'T WANT AN INNOCENT MAN SHOT!


A SHORT TIME LATER KID COLT ENTERS THE COUNTY SEAT, THE TOWN OF GUNBARREL BASIN...
-SNARK'S SALOON-
WELL, LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT THIS HOMBRE, SNARK, WHOSE GUN MAN I'M SUPPOSED TO BE!


EVERY SENSE ALERT, READY TO MEET THE DANGER THAT DOGS THE FOOTSTEPS OF AN OWLHOOTER IN THE HAUNTS OF MEN, KID COLT MOVES UP TO THE BAR! SUDDENLY...
KID COLT!
TEQUILA PURO


KID COLT SWINGS AROUND LIKE A FLASH, HIS TRAINED HANDS DARTING DOWN TO HIS LOW-SLUNG GUNS!
HOLD IT, KID, DON'T DRAW! DON'T YOU REMEMBER ME?
BEN CHARTERS!
LAST TIME I SAW YOU, BEN, YOU WERE JUST TWO JUMPS AN' A WHISTLE IN FRONT OF A SHERIFF'S POSSE!
LAY OFF THAT BEN STUFF! OUT HERE MY NAME'S SNARK--SAM SNARK! KID, THERE'S NOBODY I'D RATHER SEE THAN YOU!
SNARK LEADS KID COLT TO A REAR TABLE WHERE TWO WIDELY DIFFERENT TYPES OF MEN ARE SITTING!
KID, MEET AMOS SNIVELEY, THE BLACKFOOT INDIAN AGENT, AND DANDY KILROY, THE FASTEST GUN ON THE BORDER! GENTS, THIS'S KID COLT!
HOWDY!
A PLEASURE, SIR!
'LO!
LISTEN, KID, I'LL CUT YOU IN ON A SWEET DEAL--WE NEED ANOTHER MAN JUST ABOUT YOUR SIZE!
I'M LISTENING!
HERE'S THE DEAL! A RANCHER NAMED GRAHAM HAS A GOVERNMENT CONTRACT TO DELIVER TWO THOUSAND STEERS AT 30 DOLLARS A HEAD TO SNIVELEY, HERE, TO FEED HIS BLACKFOOT INDIANS! THE STEERS MUST BE DELIVERED BY TOMORROW NOON OR THE CONTRACT LAPSES! GET THE PICTURE?
SO FAR, YES!
IF THE GRAHAM HERD WAS STAMPEDED TONIGHT, SO THAT GRAHAM COULDN'T MAKE DELIVERY ON TIME, SNIVELEY WOULD REFUSE DELIVERY AND I COULD SEND YOU, A STRANGER, TO BID GRAHAM 10 DOLLARS A HEAD FOR THE STOCK!
I GET IT! IN TURN YOU'D SELL THE CATTLE TO SNIVELEY AT THE ORIGINAL $30 PRICE AND SPLIT--LET'S SEE--$40,000!
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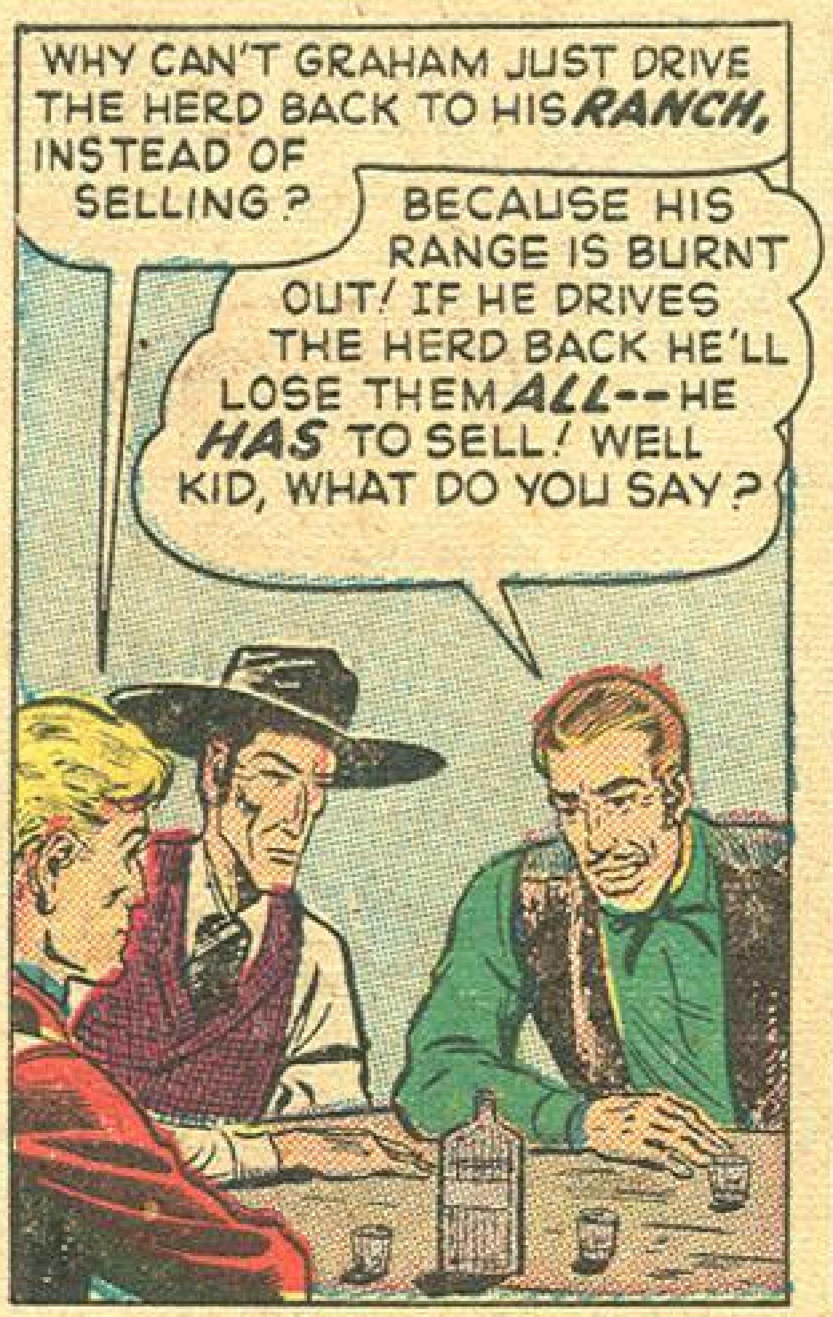
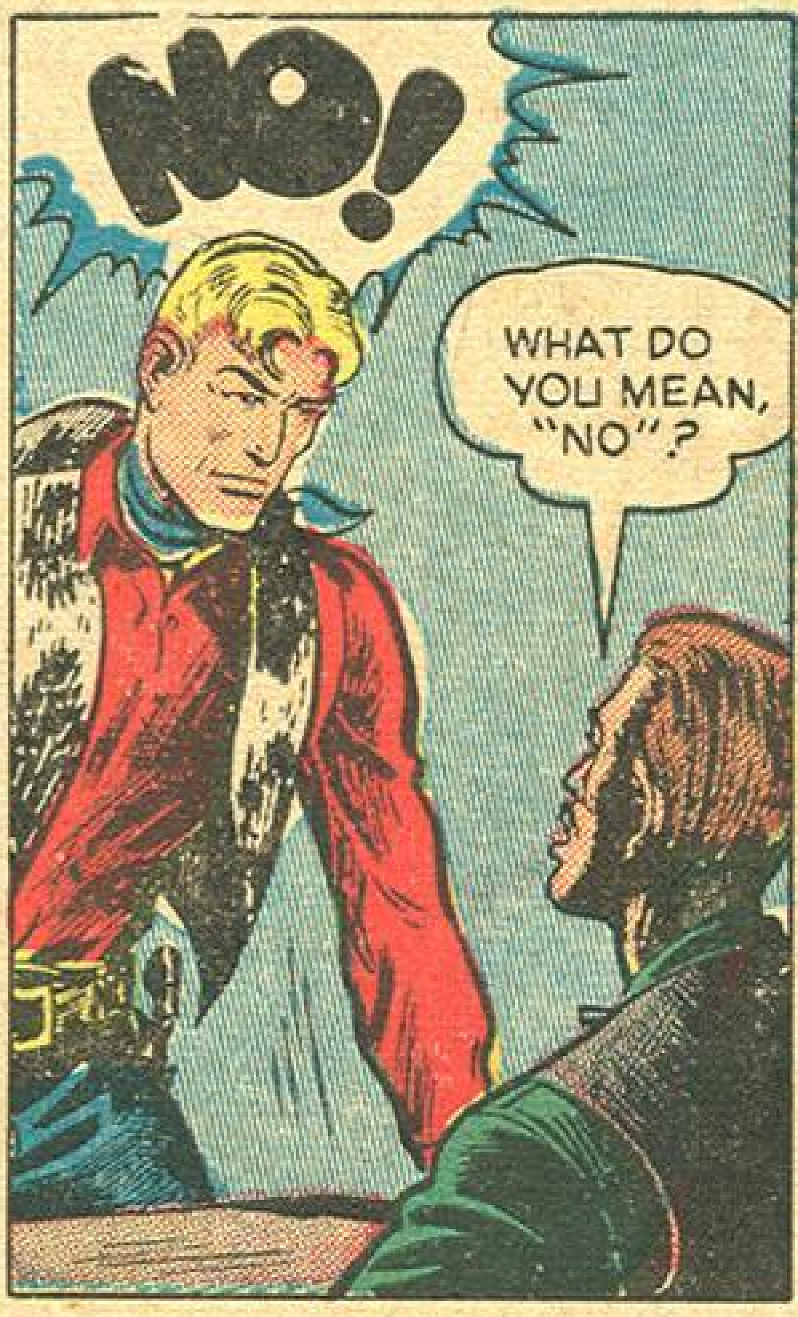
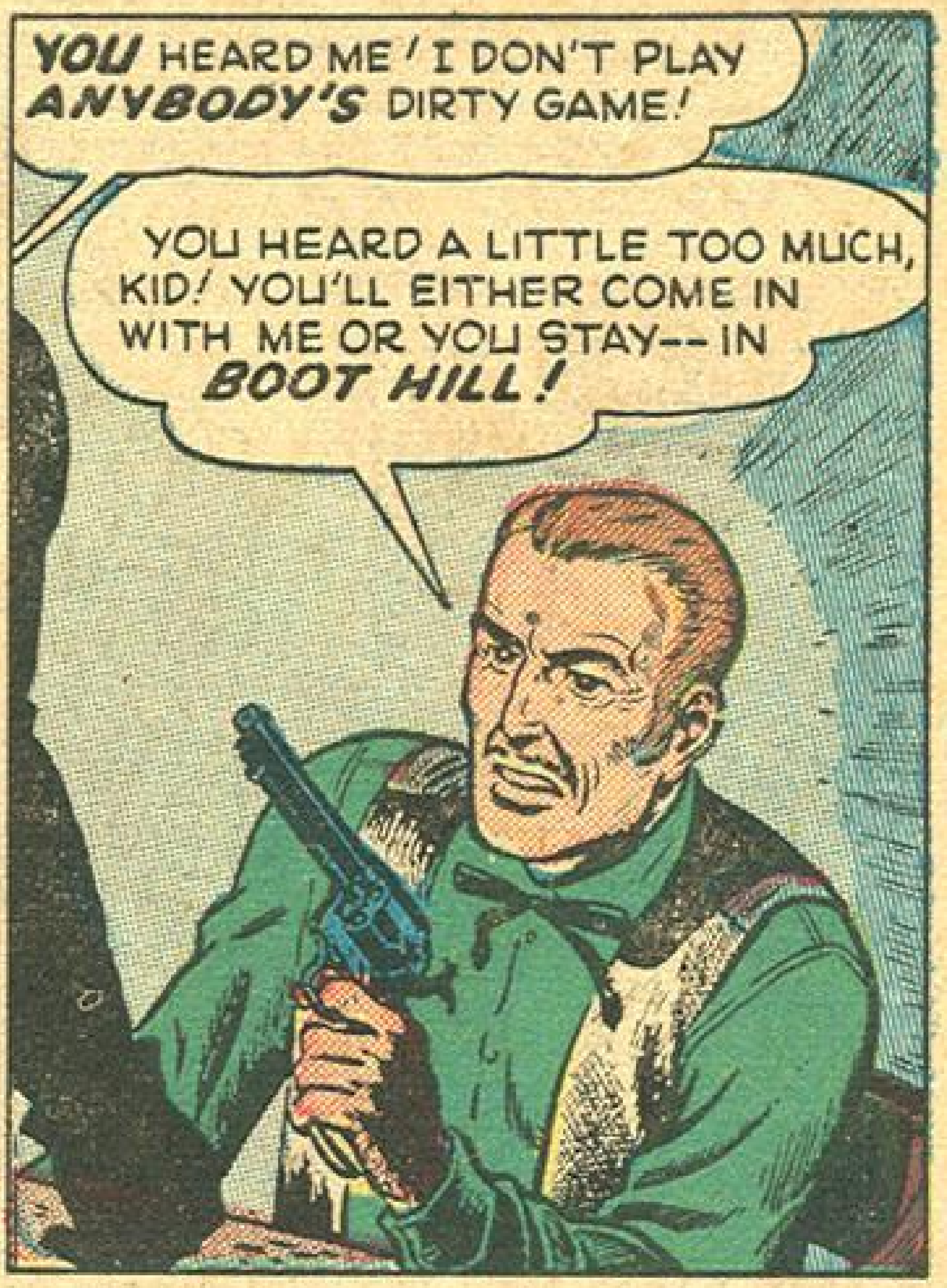
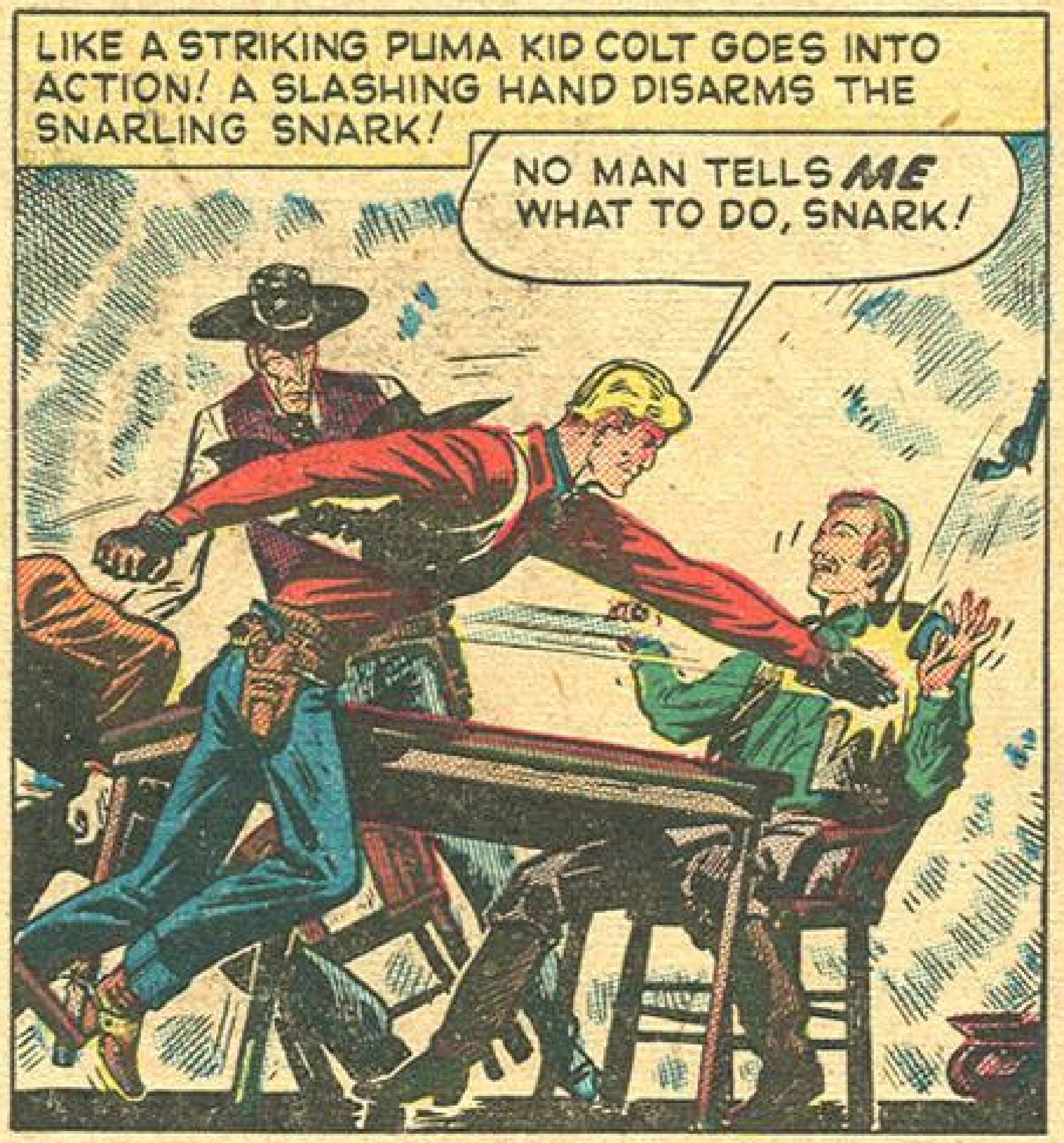
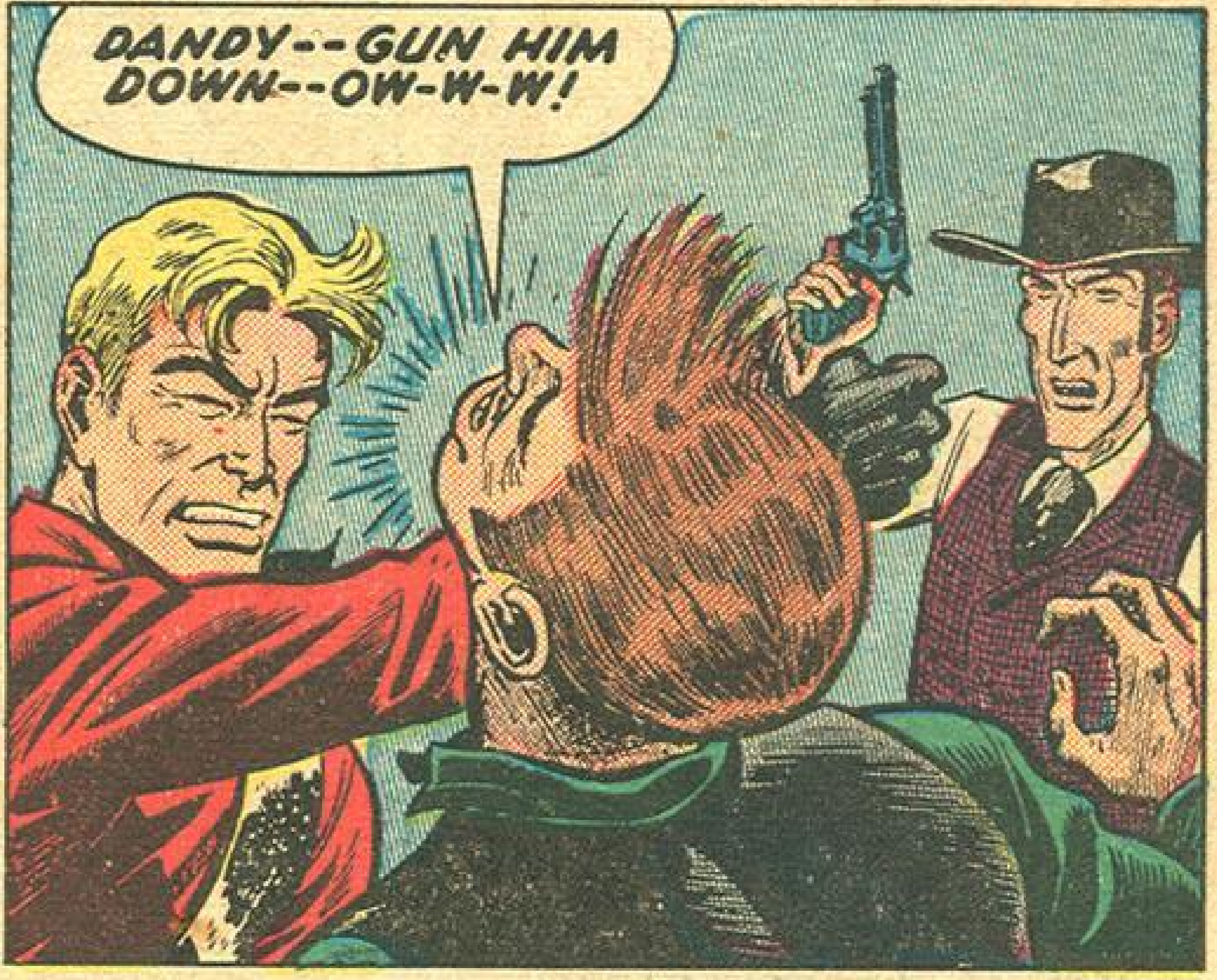

WHY CAN'T GRAHAM JUST DRIVE THE HERD BACK TO HIS **RANCH**, INSTEAD OF SELLING?
BECAUSE HIS RANGE IS BURNT OUT! IF HE DRIVES THE HERD BACK HE'LL LOSE THEM **ALL**-- HE **HAS** TO SELL! WELL KID, WHAT DO YOU SAY?


NO!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "NO"?

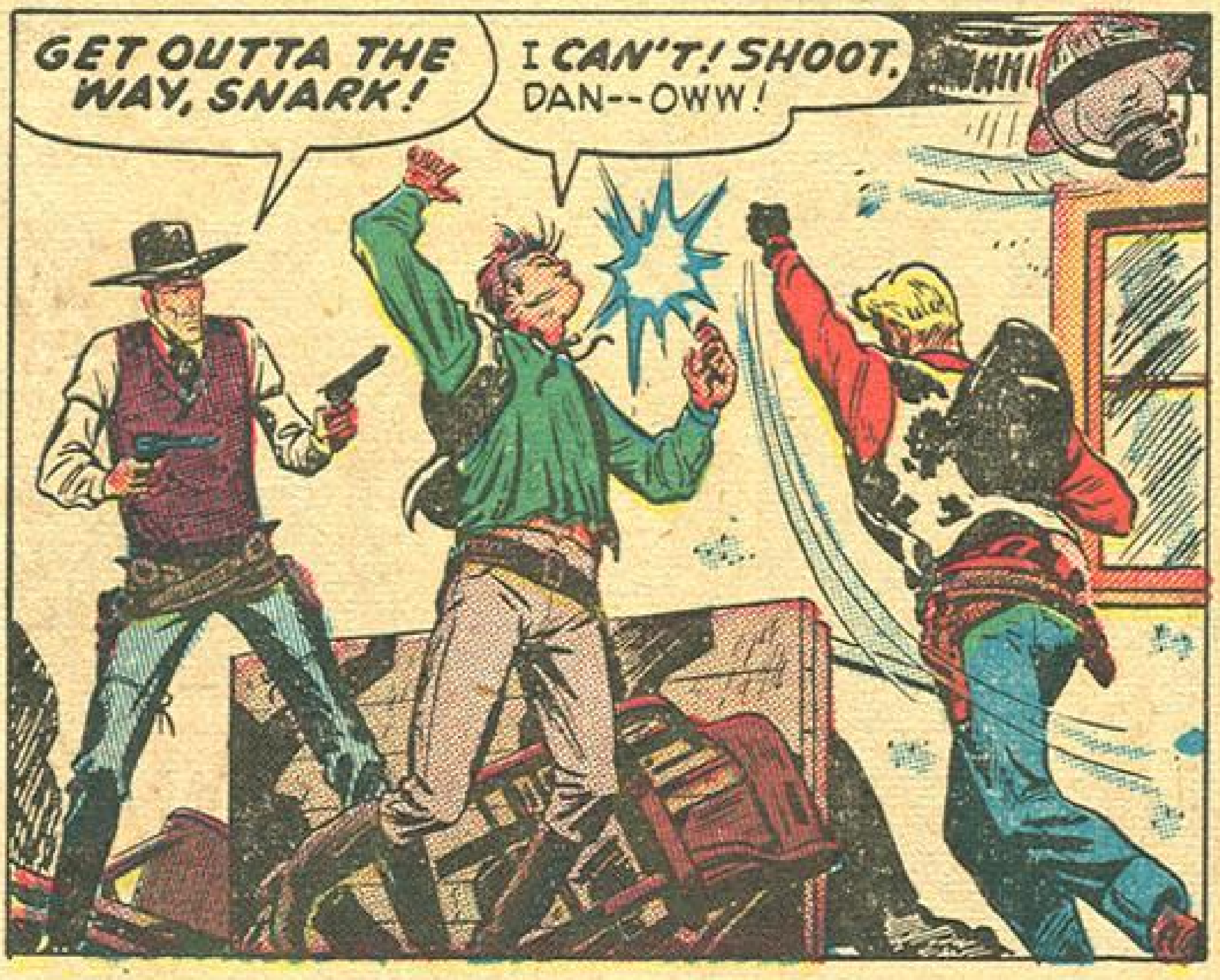

YOU HEARD ME! I DON'T PLAY **ANYBODY'S** DIRTY GAME!
YOU HEARD A LITTLE TOO MUCH, KID! YOU'LL EITHER COME IN WITH ME OR YOU STAY-- IN **BOOT HILL!**

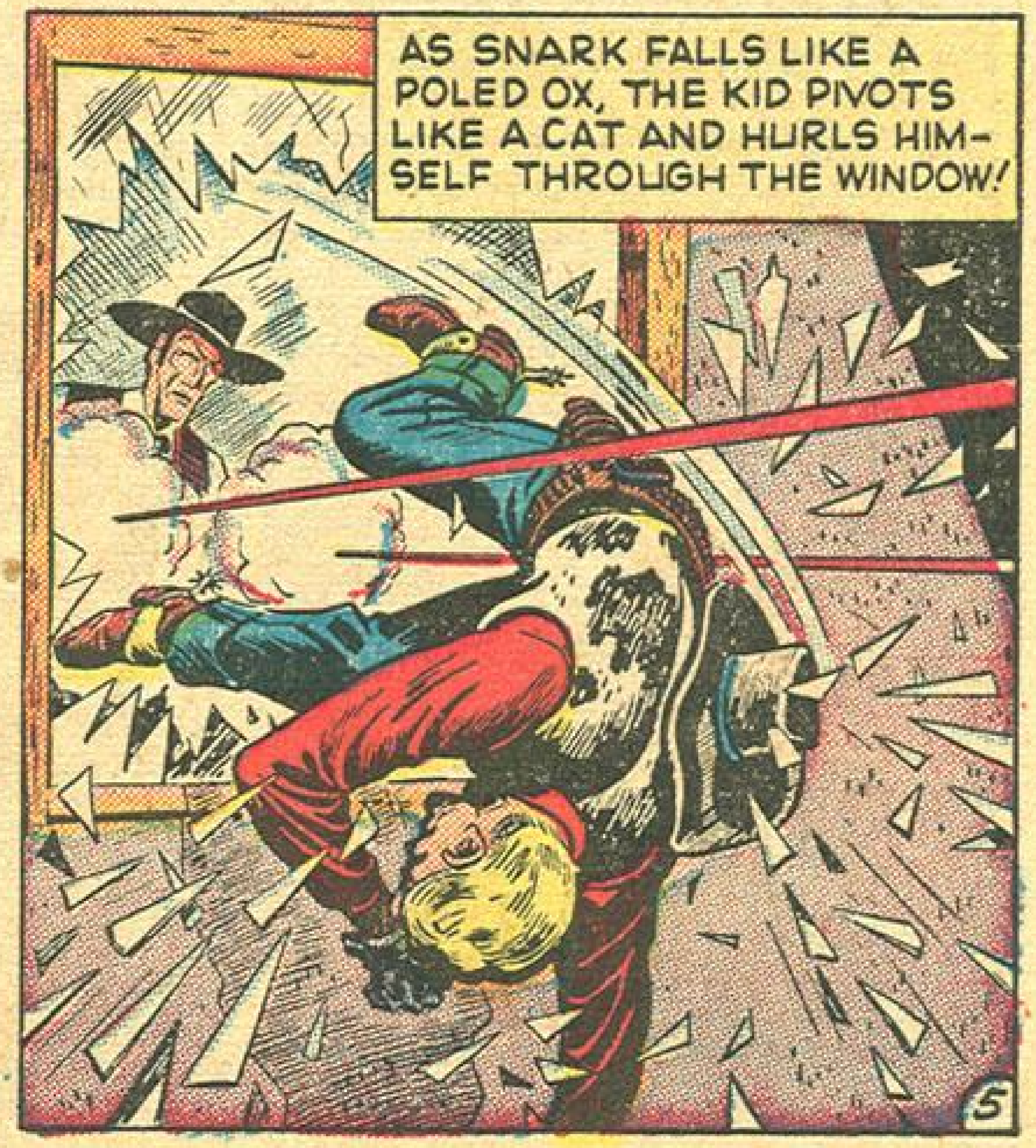

LIKE A STRIKING PUMA KID COLT GOES INTO ACTION! A SLASHING HAND DISARMS THE SNARLING SNARK!
NO MAN TELLS **ME** WHAT TO DO, SNARK!

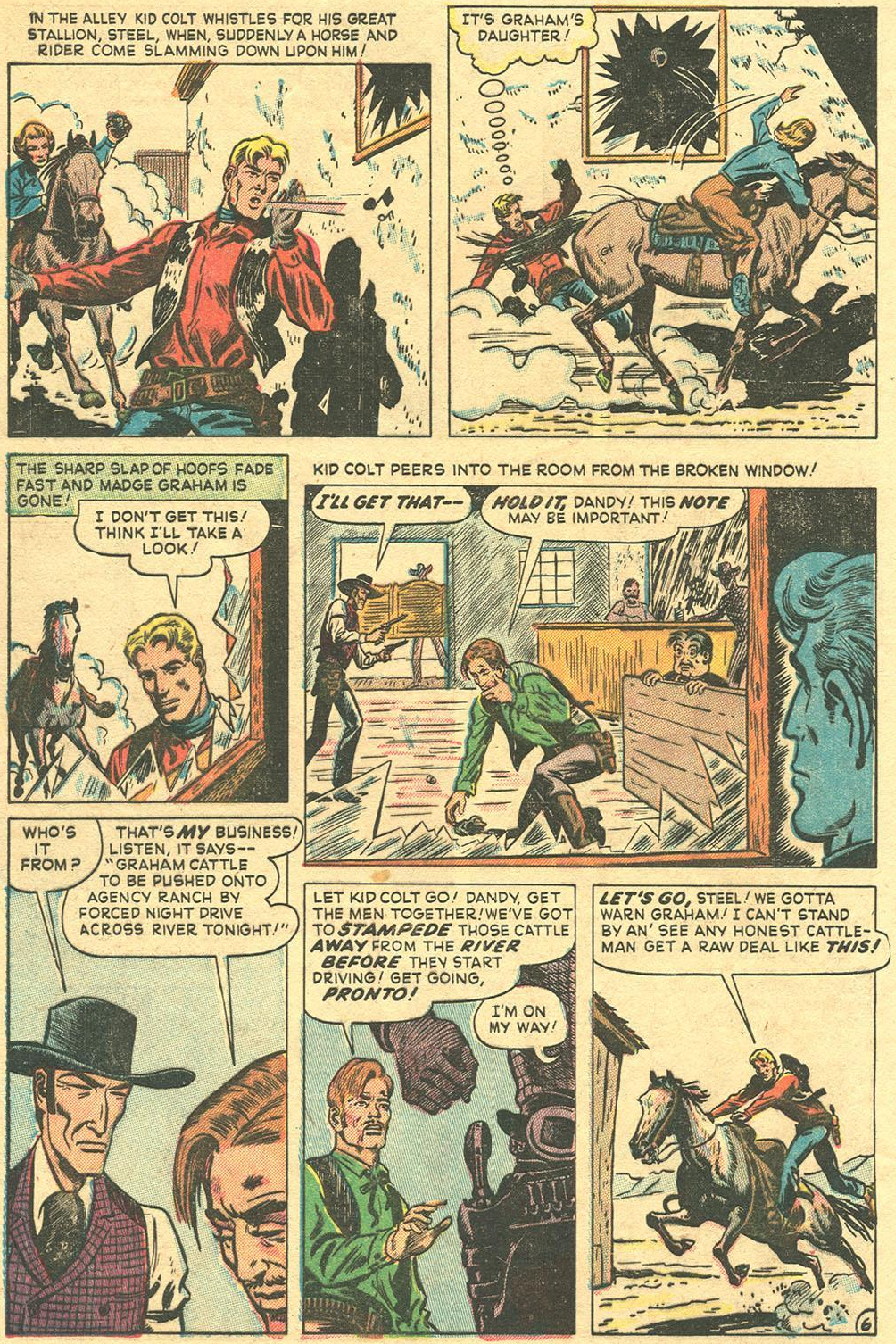
THE KID'S QUICK ANGER BLAZES! HIS EYES, LIKE TWIN SLITS OF STEEL, HE SLAMS A ROCK-HARD FIST INTO THE JAW OF HIS OPPONENT!

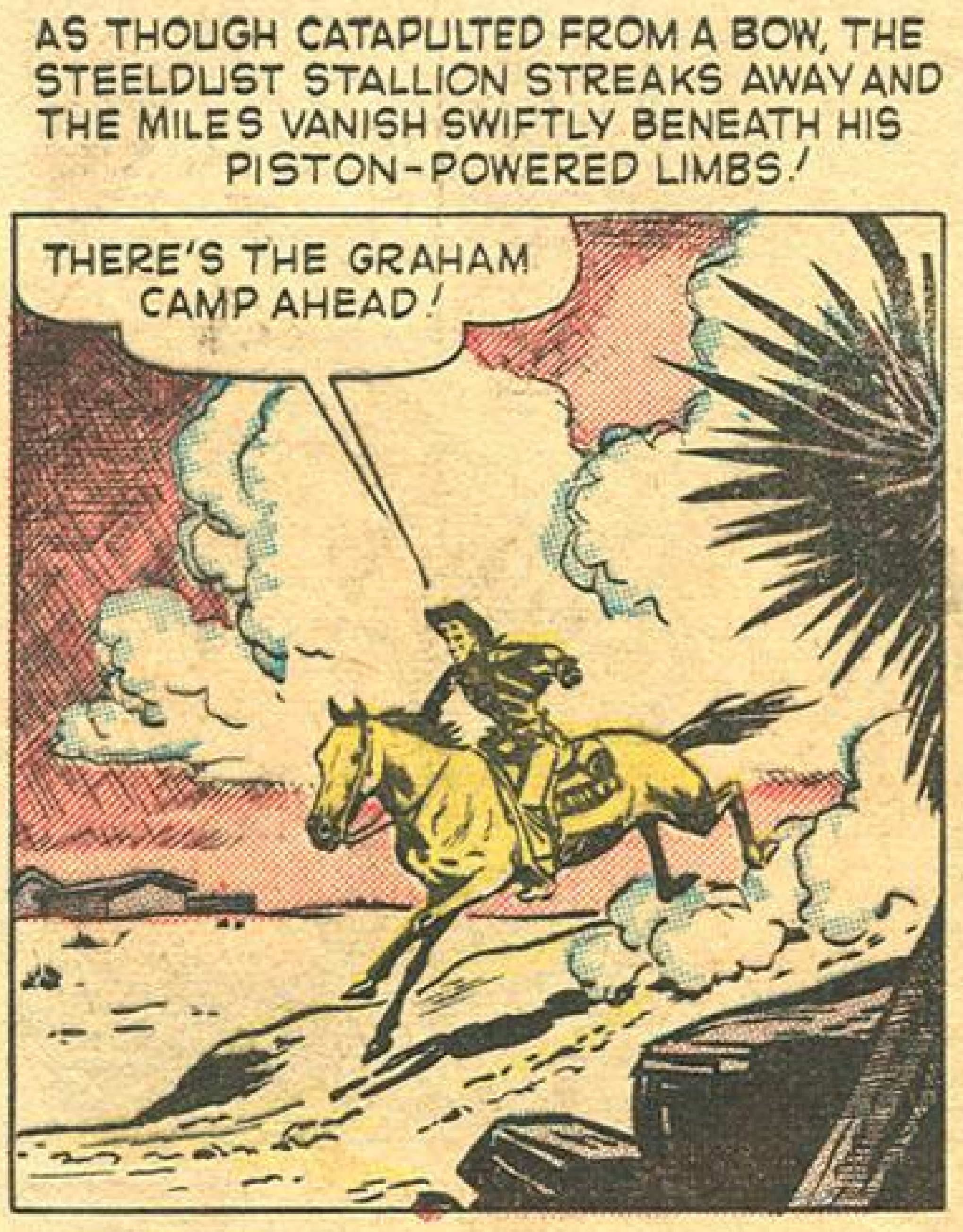

DANDY-- GUN HIM DOWN--OW-W-W!

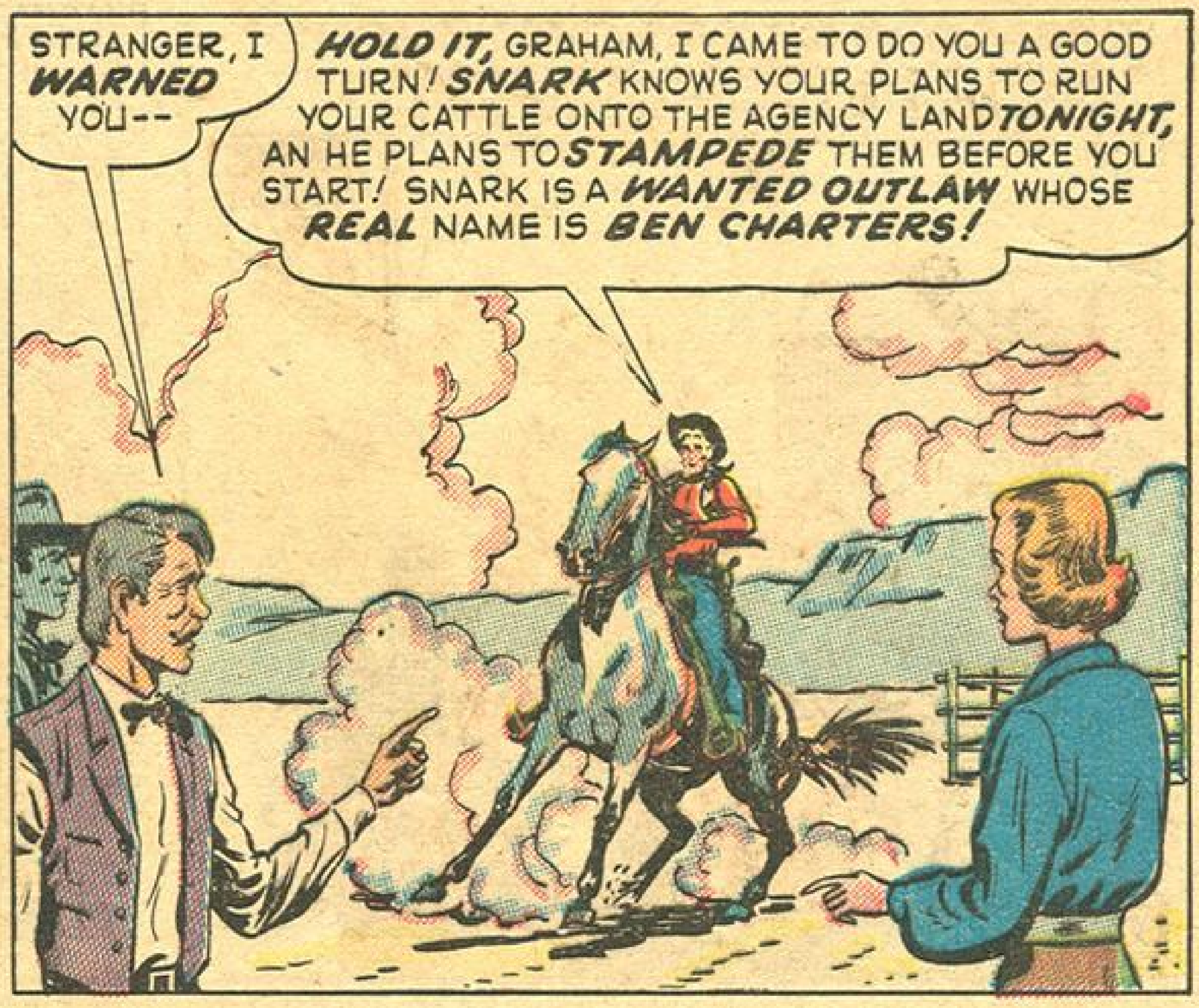
KEEPING SNARK'S BODY ALWAYS BETWEEN HIM AND THE CROUCHED GUNMAN'S DEADLY COLTS, KID COLT MANEUVERS TOWARD THE WINDOW!

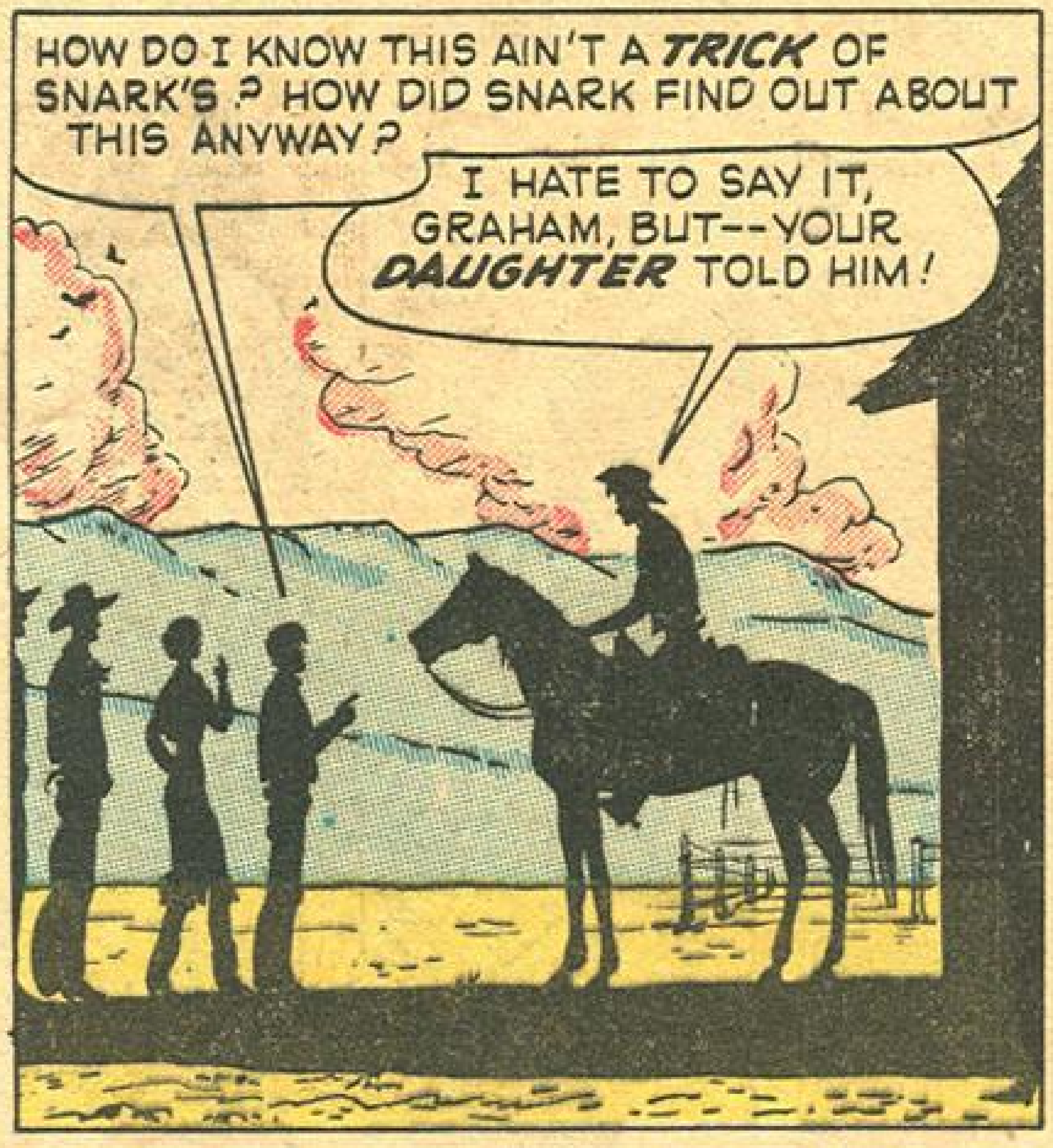

GET OUTTA THE WAY, SNARK!
I **CAN'T! SHOOT,** DAN--OWW!

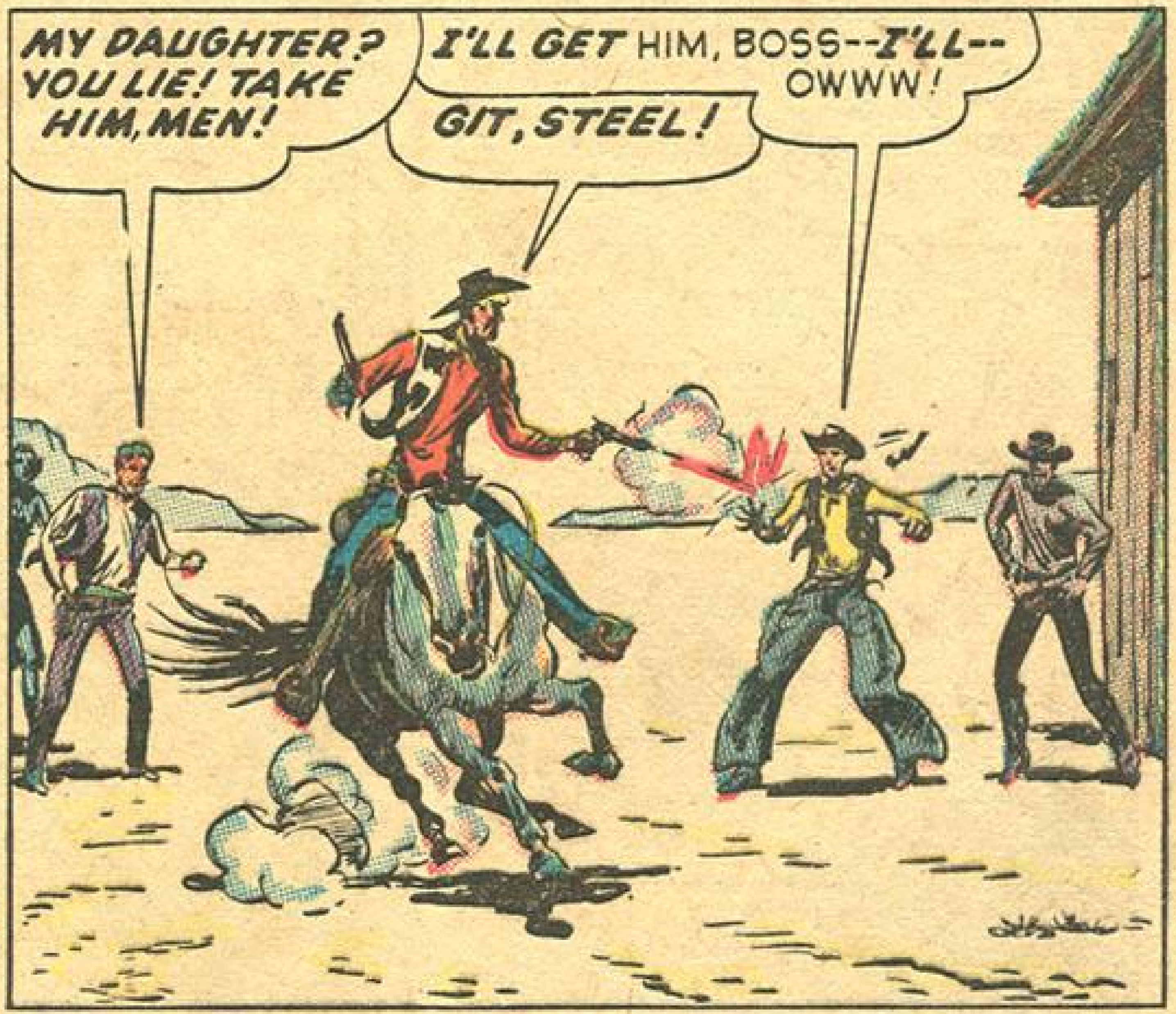

AS SNARK FALLS LIKE A POLED OX, THE KID PIVOTS LIKE A CAT AND HURLS HIMSELF THROUGH THE WINDOW!

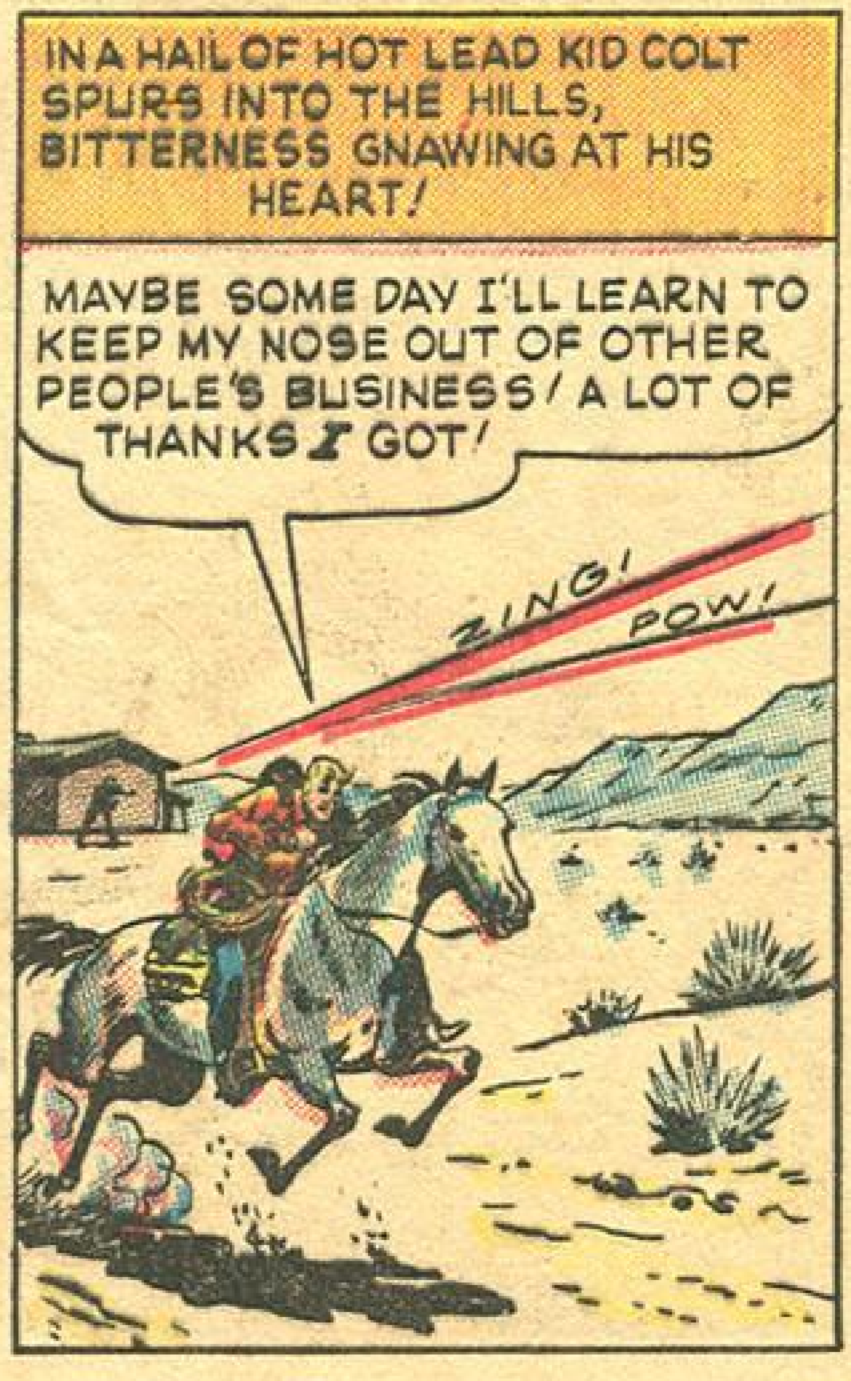

IN THE ALLEY KID COLT WHISTLES FOR HIS GREAT STALLION, STEEL, WHEN, SUDDENLY A HORSE AND RIDER COME SLAMMING DOWN UPON HIM!
IT'S GRAHAM'S DAUGHTER!
THE SHARP SLAP OF HOOFS FADE FAST AND MADGE GRAHAM IS GONE!
I DON'T GET THIS! THINK I'LL TAKE A LOOK!
KID COLT PEERS INTO THE ROOM FROM THE BROKEN WINDOW!
I'LL GET THAT--
HOLD IT, DANDY! THIS NOTE MAY BE IMPORTANT!
WHO'S IT FROM?
THAT'S MY BUSINESS! LISTEN, IT SAYS-- "GRAHAM CATTLE TO BE PUSHED ONTO AGENCY RANCH BY FORCED NIGHT DRIVE ACROSS RIVER TONIGHT!"
LET KID COLT GO! DANDY, GET THE MEN TOGETHER! WE'VE GOT TO STAMPEDE THOSE CATTLE AWAY FROM THE RIVER BEFORE THEY START DRIVING! GET GOING, PRONTO!
I'M ON MY WAY!
LET'S GO, STEEL! WE GOTTA WARN GRAHAM! I CAN'T STAND BY AN' SEE ANY HONEST CATTLEMAN GET A RAW DEAL LIKE THIS!

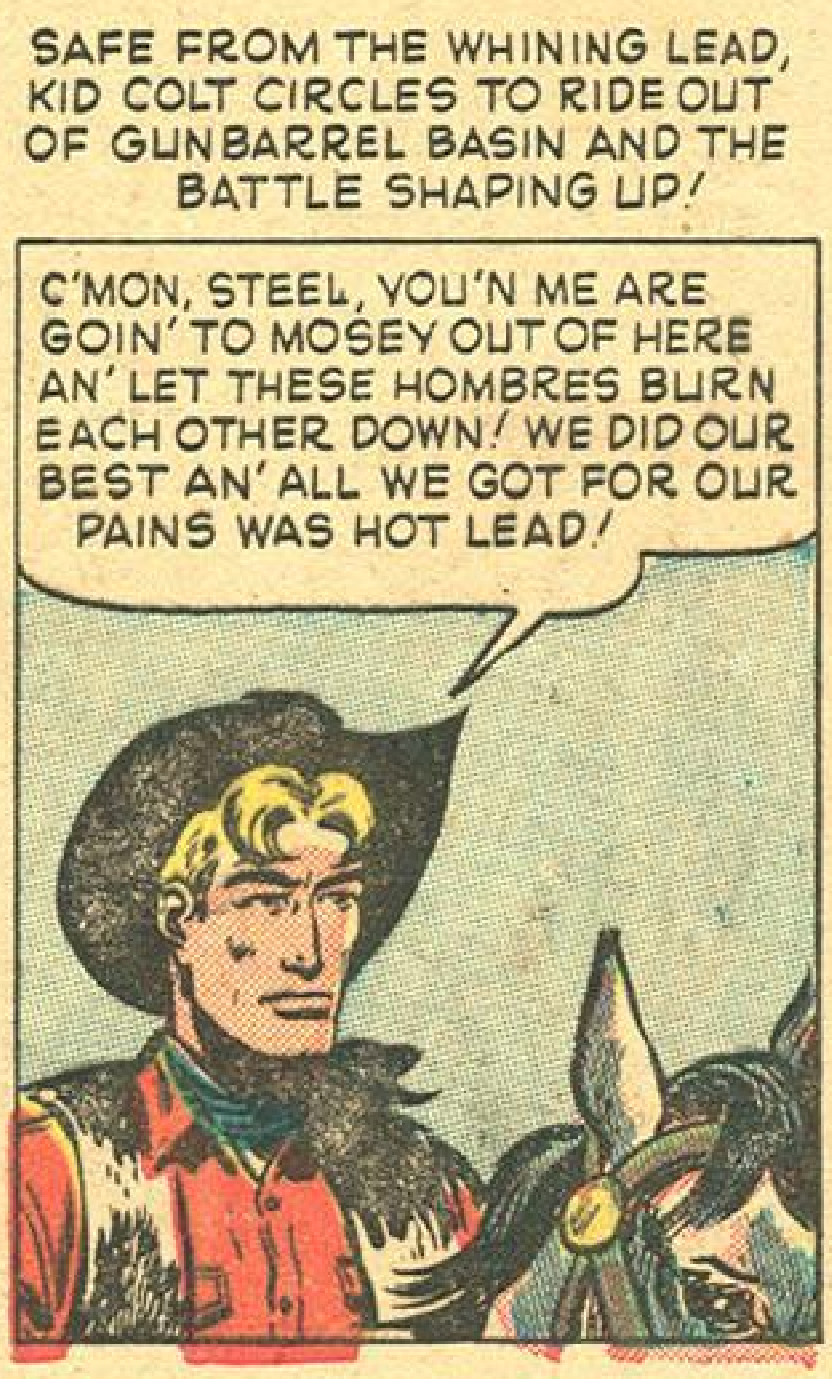

AS THOUGH CATAPULTED FROM A BOW, THE STEELDUST STALLION STREAKS AWAY AND THE MILES VANISH SWIFTLY BENEATH HIS PISTON-POWERED LIMBS!
THERE'S THE GRAHAM CAMP AHEAD!

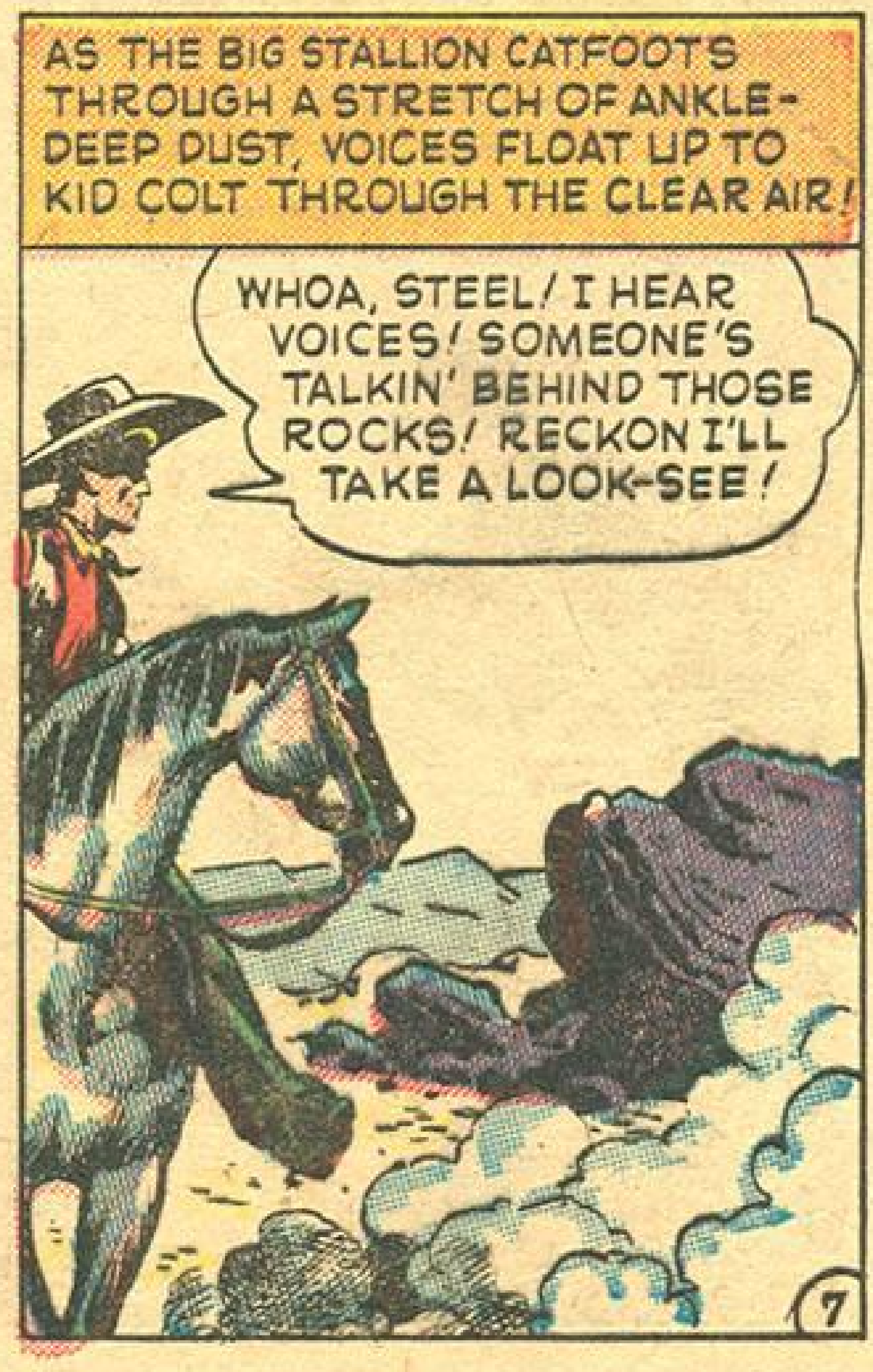

STRANGER, I **WARNED** YOU--
HOLD IT, GRAHAM, I CAME TO DO YOU A GOOD TURN! **SNARK** KNOWS YOUR PLANS TO RUN YOUR CATTLE ONTO THE AGENCY LAND **TONIGHT,** AN HE PLANS TO **STAMPEDE** THEM BEFORE YOU START! SNARK IS A **WANTED OUTLAW** WHOSE **REAL** NAME IS **BEN CHARTERS!**

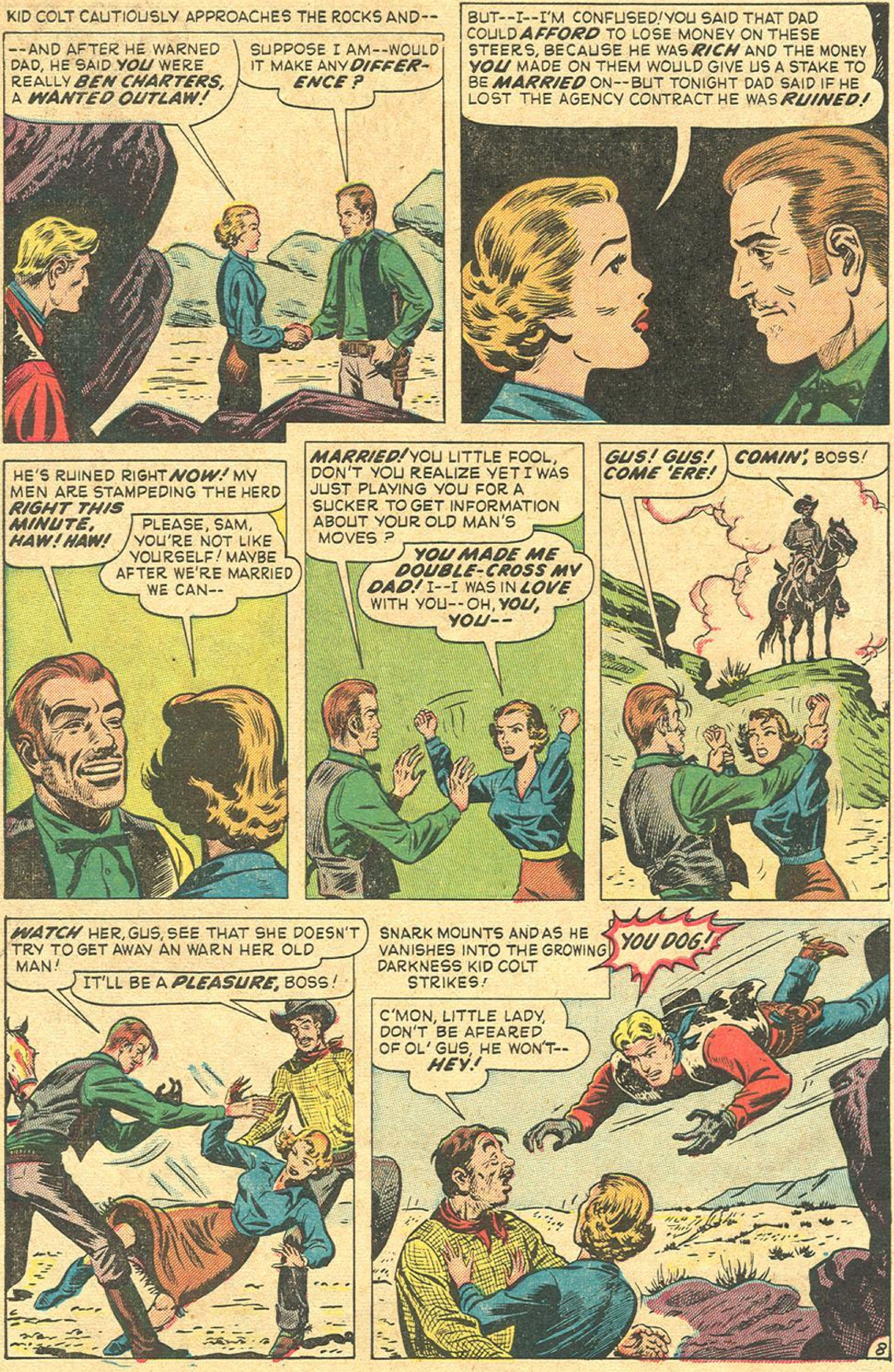

HOW DO I KNOW THIS AIN'T A **TRICK** OF SNARK'S? HOW DID SNARK FIND OUT ABOUT THIS ANYWAY?
I HATE TO SAY IT, GRAHAM, BUT--YOUR **DAUGHTER** TOLD HIM!

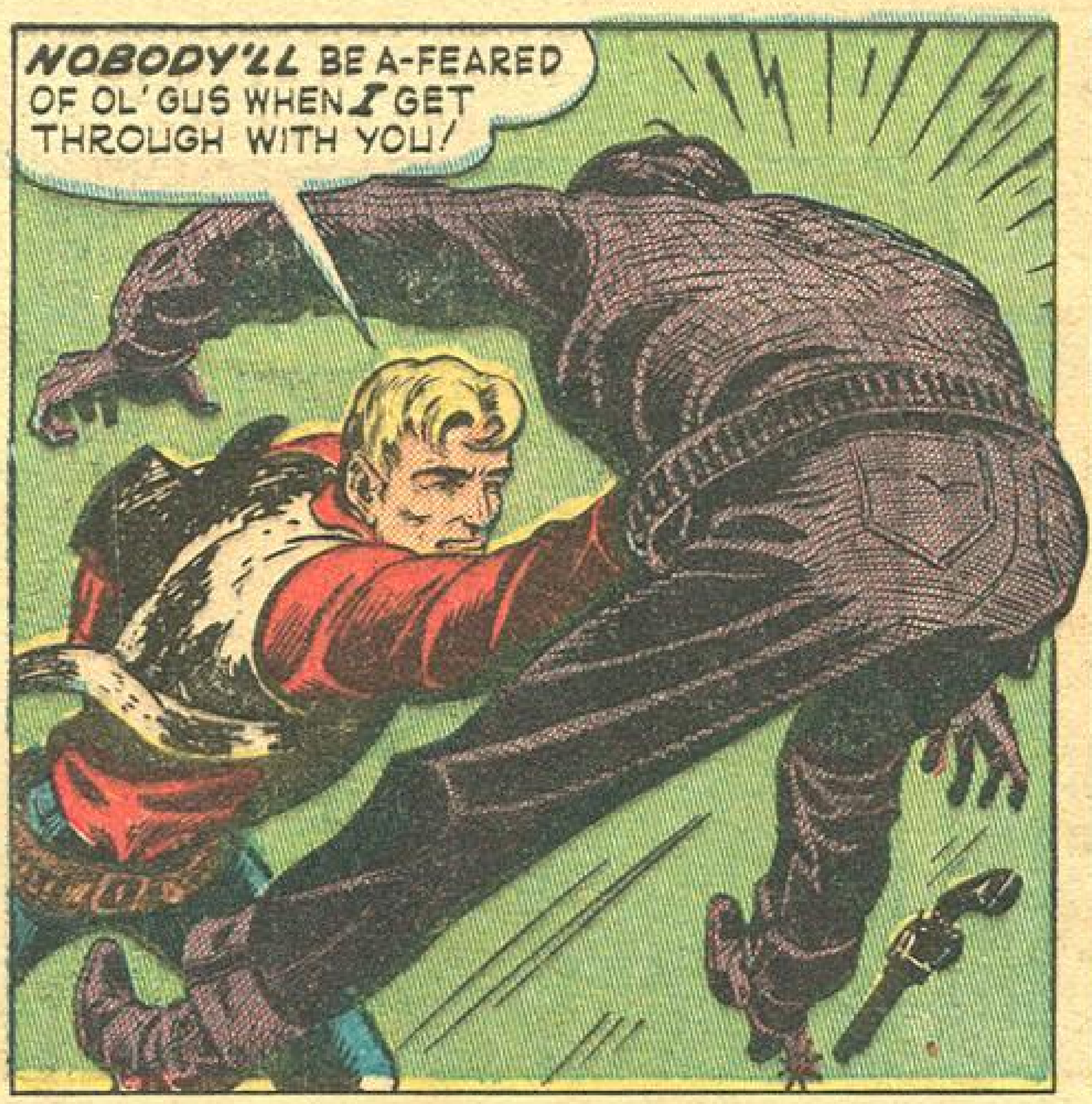

MY DAUGHTER? YOU LIE! TAKE HIM, MEN!
GIT, STEEL!
I'LL GET HIM, BOSS--**I'LL--** OWWW!

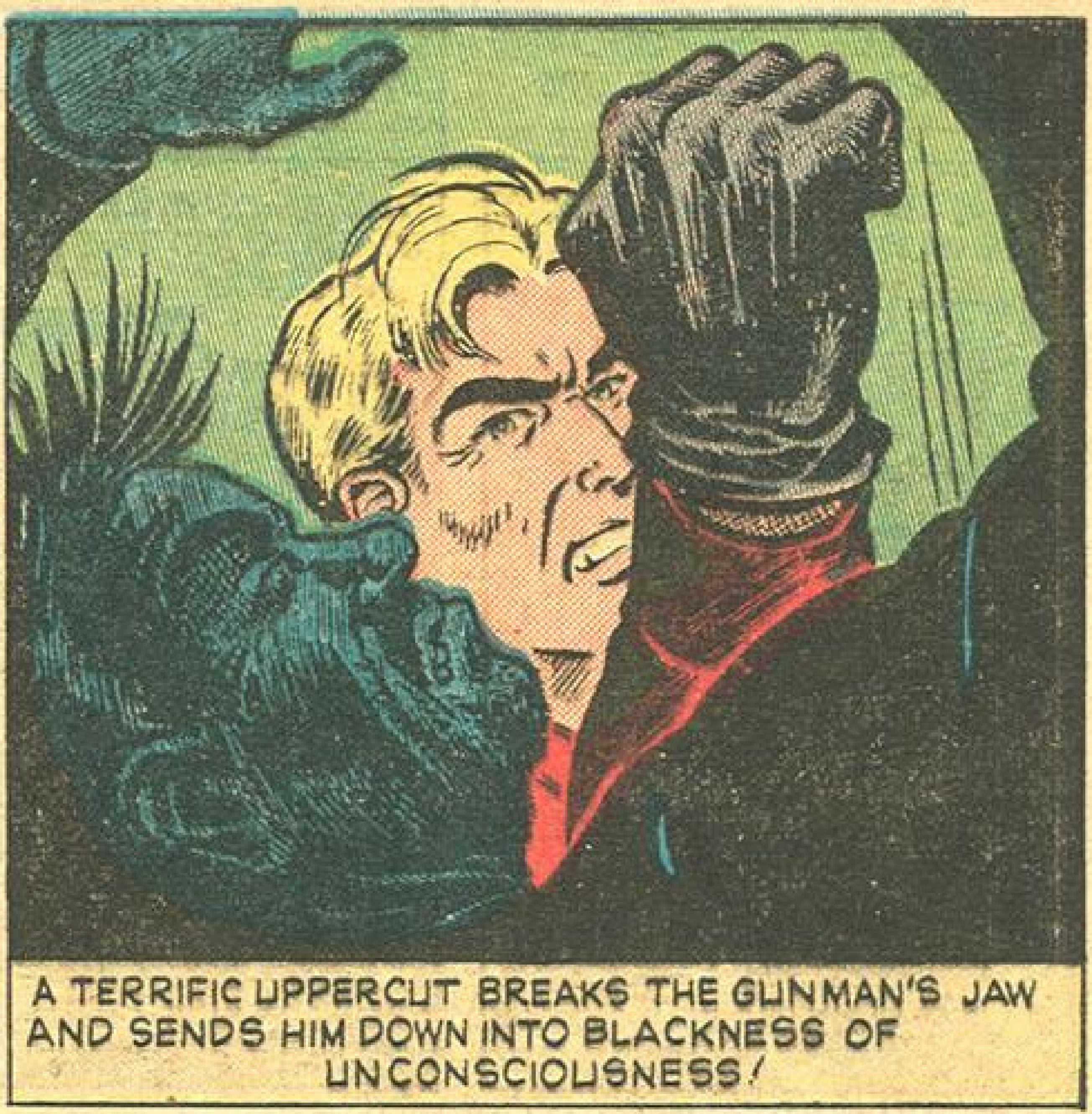

IN A HAIL OF HOT LEAD KID COLT SPURS INTO THE HILLS, BITTERNESS GNAWING AT HIS HEART!
MAYBE SOME DAY I'LL LEARN TO KEEP MY NOSE OUT OF OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS! A LOT OF THANKS **I** GOT!
ZING!
POW!

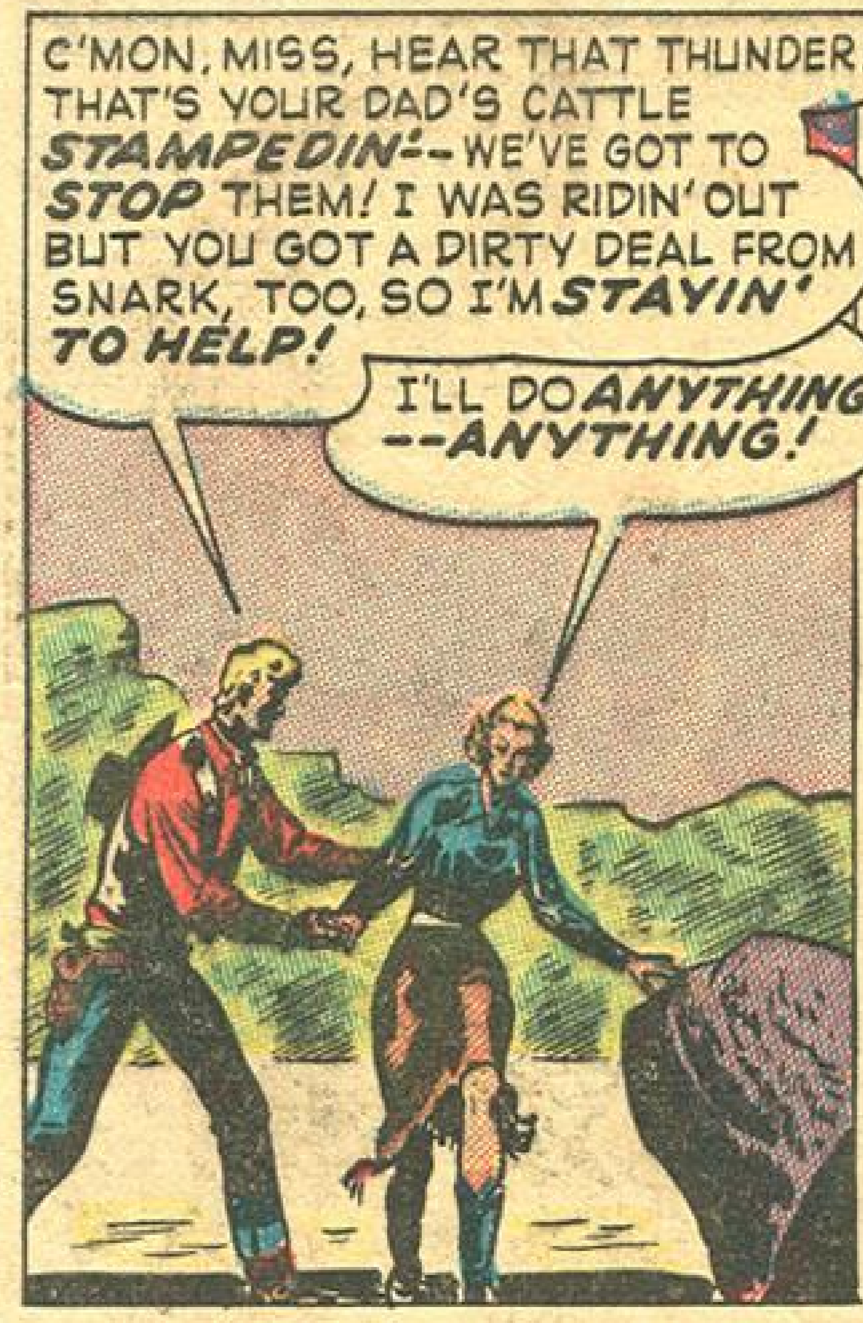

SAFE FROM THE WHINING LEAD, KID COLT CIRCLES TO RIDE OUT OF GUNBARREL BASIN AND THE BATTLE SHAPING UP!
C'MON, STEEL, YOU'N ME ARE GOIN' TO MOSEY OUT OF HERE AN' LET THESE HOMBRES BURN EACH OTHER DOWN! WE DID OUR BEST AN' ALL WE GOT FOR OUR PAINS WAS HOT LEAD!

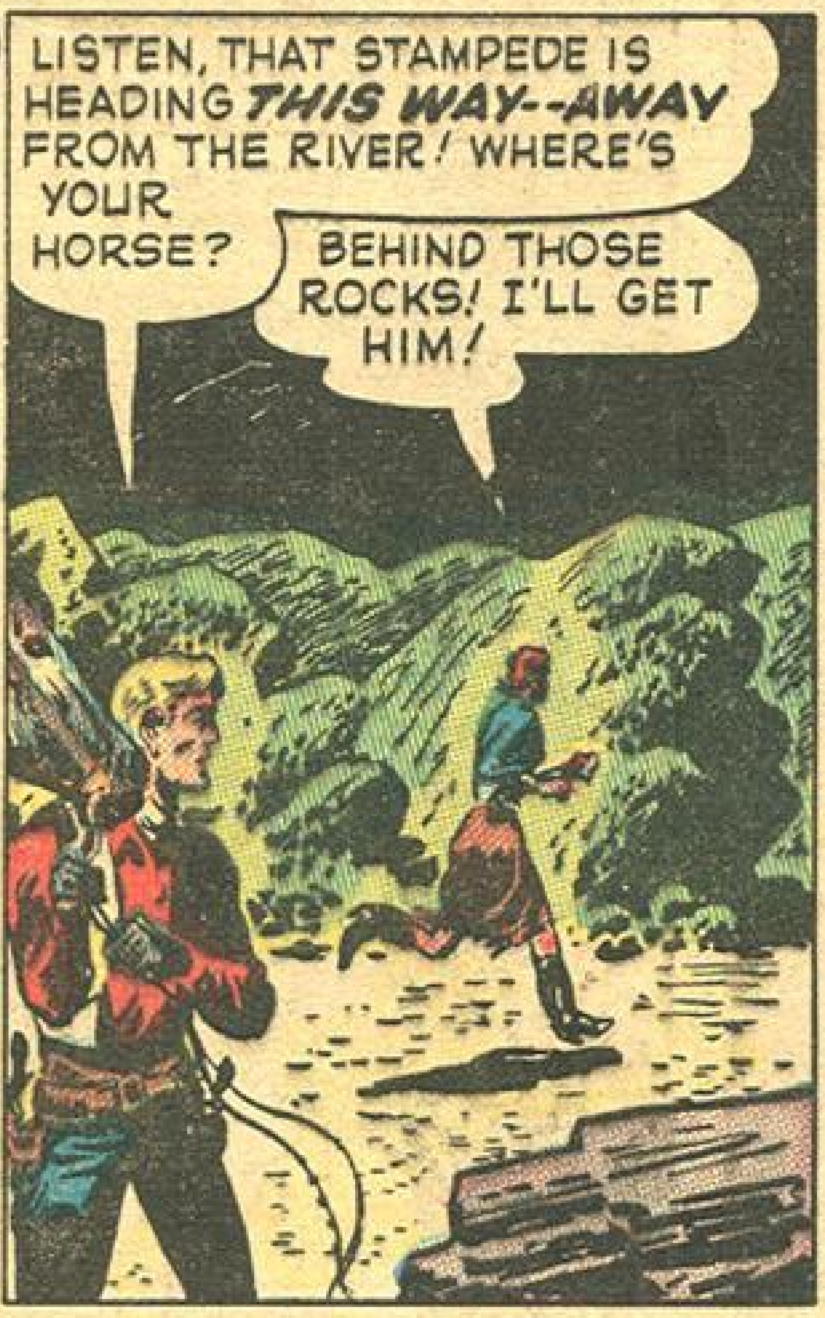

AS THE BIG STALLION CATFOOTS THROUGH A STRETCH OF ANKLE-DEEP DUST, VOICES FLOAT UP TO KID COLT THROUGH THE CLEAR AIR!
WHOA, STEEL! I HEAR VOICES! SOMEONE'S TALKIN' BEHIND THOSE ROCKS! RECKON I'LL TAKE A LOOK-SEE!

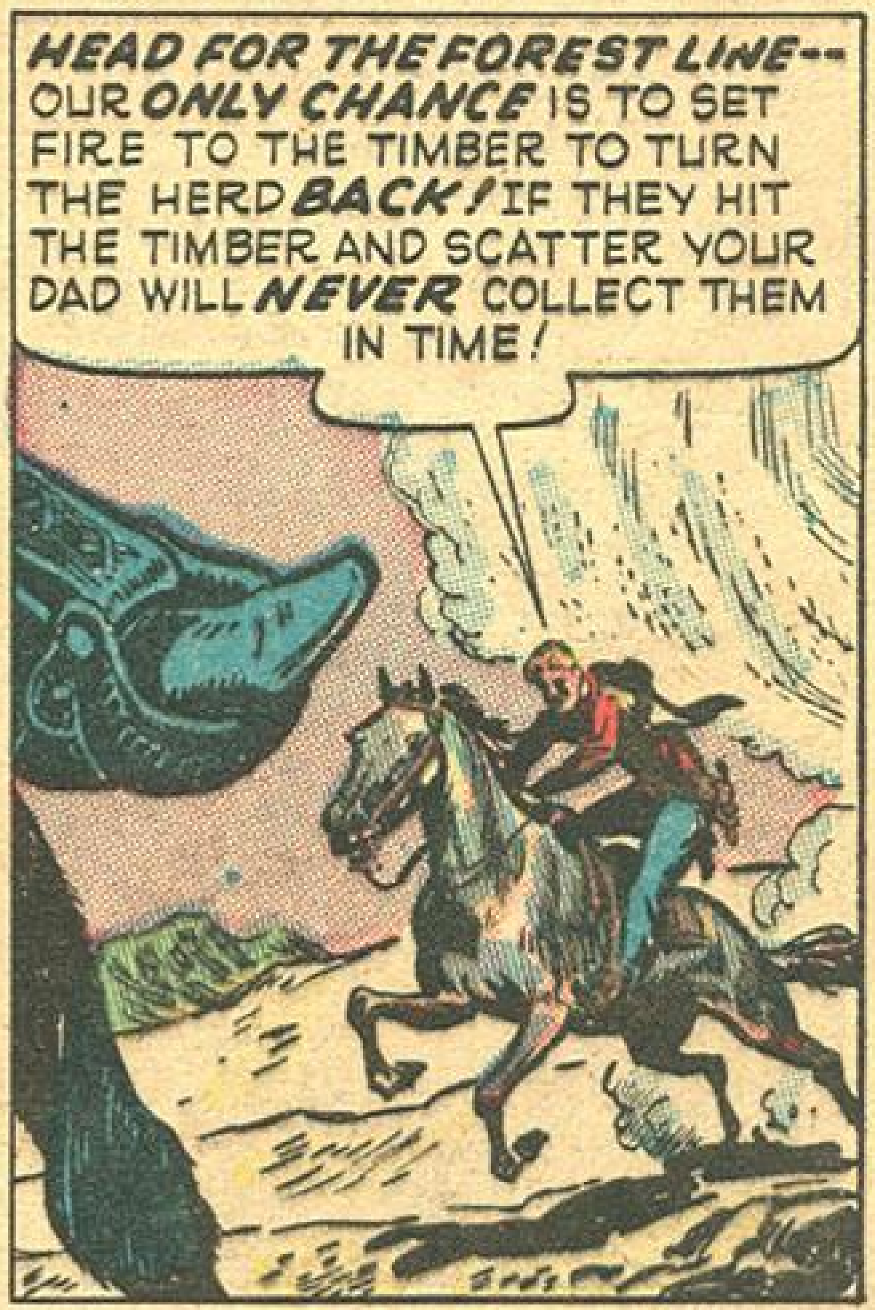

KID COLT CAUTIOUSLY APPROACHES THE ROCKS AND--
--AND AFTER HE WARNED DAD, HE SAID **YOU** WERE REALLY **BEN CHARTERS**, A **WANTED OUTLAW!**
SUPPOSE I AM--WOULD IT MAKE ANY **DIFFERENCE?**
BUT--I--I'M CONFUSED! YOU SAID THAT DAD COULD **AFFORD** TO LOSE MONEY ON THESE STEERS, BECAUSE HE WAS **RICH** AND THE MONEY **YOU** MADE ON THEM WOULD GIVE US A STAKE TO BE **MARRIED** ON--BUT TONIGHT DAD SAID IF HE LOST THE AGENCY CONTRACT HE WAS **RUINED!**
HE'S RUINED RIGHT **NOW!** MY MEN ARE STAMPEDING THE HERD **RIGHT THIS MINUTE. HAW! HAW!**
PLEASE, SAM, YOU'RE NOT LIKE YOURSELF! MAYBE AFTER WE'RE MARRIED WE CAN--
MARRIED! YOU LITTLE FOOL, DON'T YOU REALIZE YET I WAS JUST PLAYING YOU FOR A SUCKER TO GET INFORMATION ABOUT YOUR OLD MAN'S MOVES?
YOU MADE ME DOUBLE-CROSS MY DAD! I--I WAS IN **LOVE** WITH YOU--OH, **YOU, YOU--**
GUS! GUS! COME 'ERE!
COMIN', BOSS!
WATCH HER, GUS, SEE THAT SHE DOESN'T TRY TO GET AWAY AN WARN HER OLD MAN!
IT'LL BE A **PLEASURE**, BOSS!
SNARK MOUNTS AND AS HE VANISHES INTO THE GROWING DARKNESS KID COLT STRIKES!
YOU DOG!
C'MON, LITTLE LADY, DON'T BE AFEARED OF OL' GUS, HE WON'T-- **HEY!**

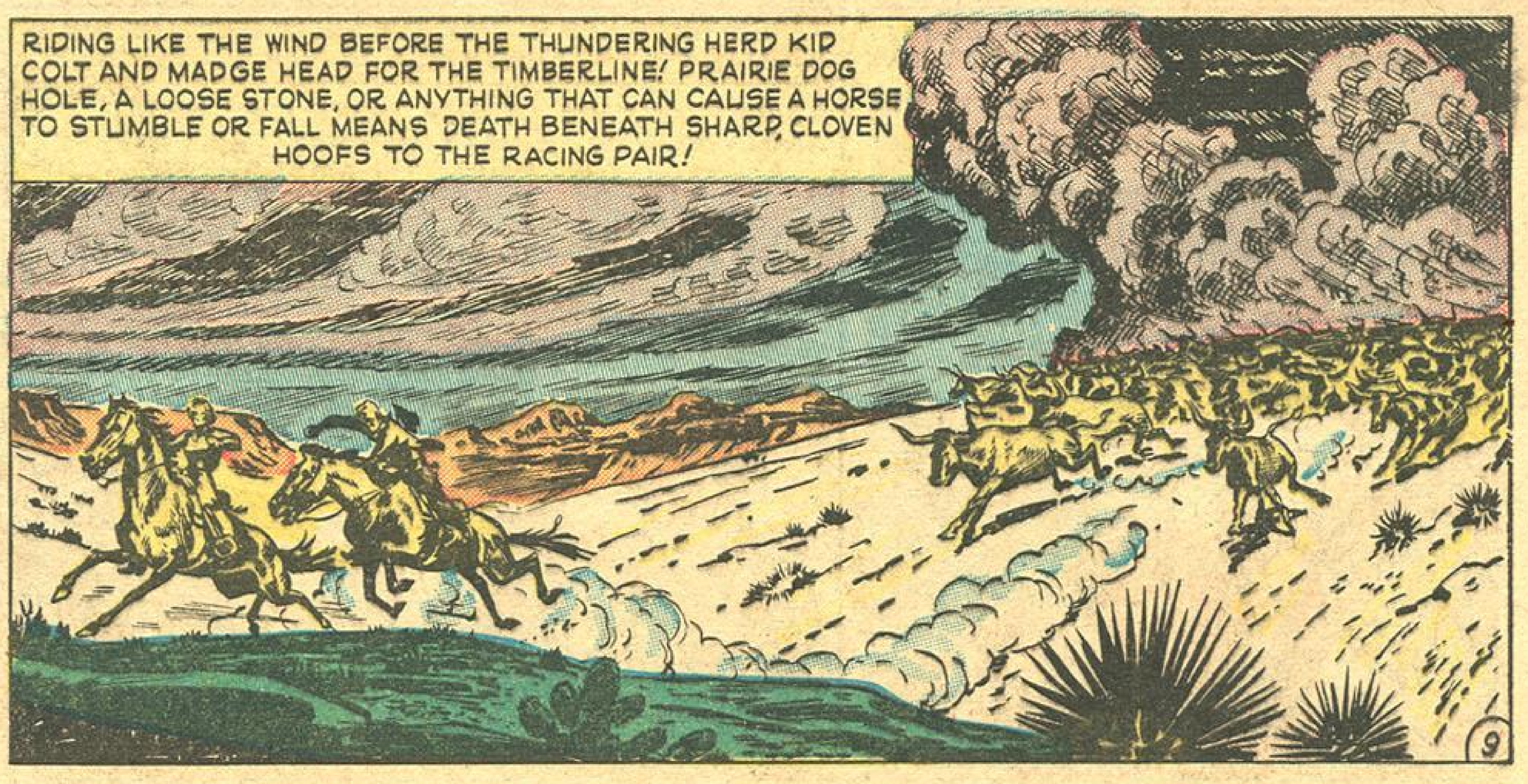

NOBODY'LL BE A-FEARED OF OL' GUS WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH YOU!

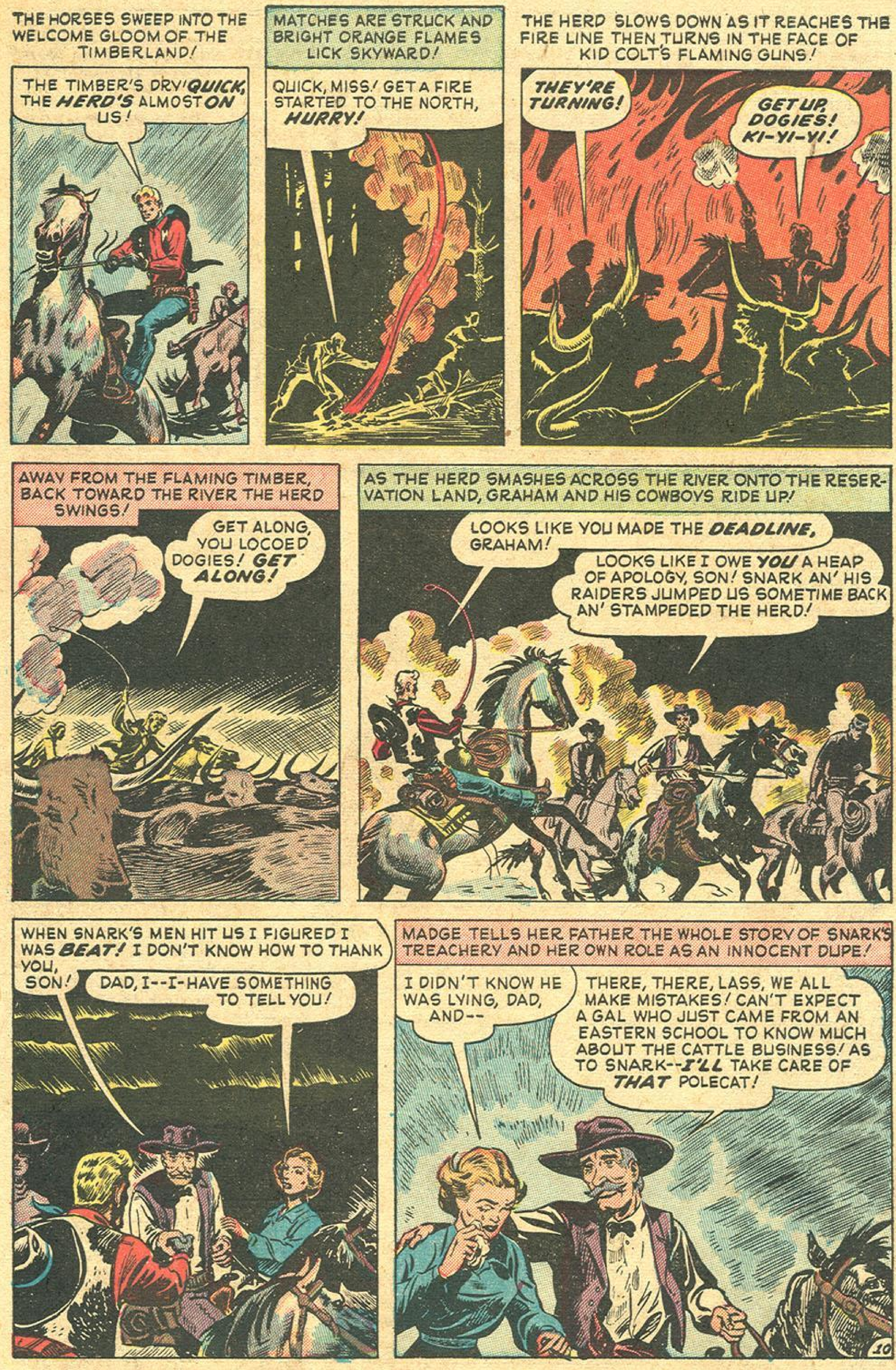

A TERRIFIC UPPERCUT BREAKS THE GUNMAN'S JAW AND SENDS HIM DOWN INTO BLACKNESS OF UNCONSCIOUSNESS!

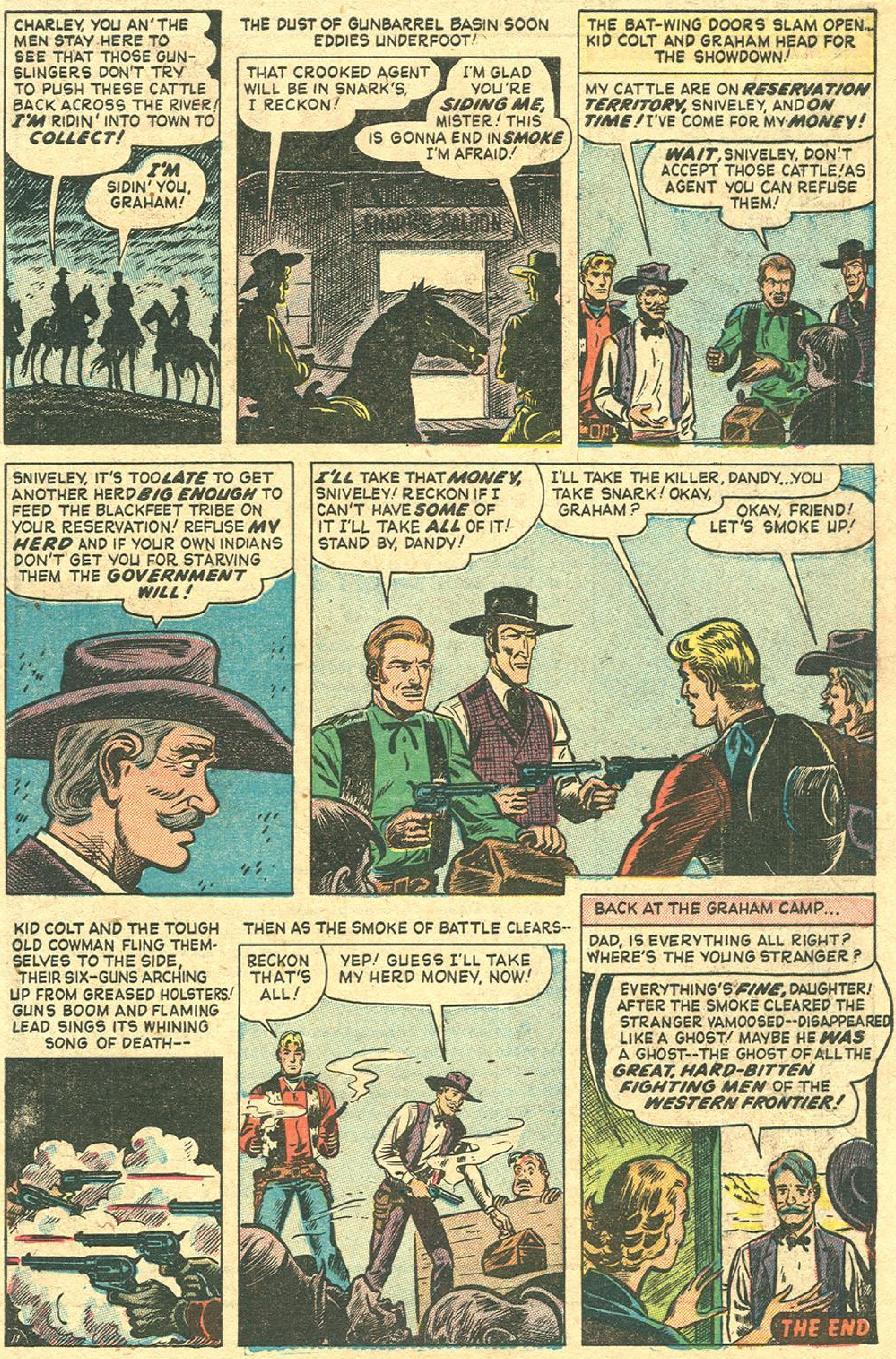

C'MON, MISS, HEAR THAT THUNDER? THAT'S YOUR DAD'S CATTLE STAMPEDIN'--WE'VE GOT TO STOP THEM! I WAS RIDIN' OUT BUT YOU GOT A DIRTY DEAL FROM SNARK, TOO, SO I'M STAYIN' TO HELP!
I'LL DO ANYTHING, --ANYTHING!


LISTEN, THAT STAMPEDE IS HEADING THIS WAY--AWAY FROM THE RIVER! WHERE'S YOUR HORSE?
BEHIND THOSE ROCKS! I'LL GET HIM!


HEAD FOR THE FOREST LINE--OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO SET FIRE TO THE TIMBER TO TURN THE HERD BACK! IF THEY HIT THE TIMBER AND SCATTER YOUR DAD WILL NEVER COLLECT THEM IN TIME!


RIDING LIKE THE WIND BEFORE THE THUNDERING HERD KID COLT AND MADGE HEAD FOR THE TIMBERLINE! PRAIRIE DOG HOLE, A LOOSE STONE, OR ANYTHING THAT CAN CAUSE A HORSE TO STUMBLE OR FALL MEANS DEATH BENEATH SHARP, CLOVEN HOOFS TO THE RACING PAIR!


THE HORSES SWEEP INTO THE WELCOME GLOOM OF THE TIMBERLAND!
THE TIMBER'S DRY! QUICK, THE HERD'S ALMOST ON US!
MATCHES ARE STRUCK AND BRIGHT ORANGE FLAMES LICK SKYWARD!
QUICK, MISS! GET A FIRE STARTED TO THE NORTH, HURRY!
THE HERD SLOWS DOWN AS IT REACHES THE FIRE LINE THEN TURNS IN THE FACE OF KID COLT'S FLAMING GUNS!
THEY'RE TURNING!
GET UP, DOGIES! KI-YI-YI!
AWAY FROM THE FLAMING TIMBER, BACK TOWARD THE RIVER THE HERD SWINGS!
GET ALONG, YOU LOCOED DOGIES! GET ALONG!
AS THE HERD SMASHES ACROSS THE RIVER ONTO THE RESERVATION LAND, GRAHAM AND HIS COWBOYS RIDE UP!
LOOKS LIKE YOU MADE THE DEADLINE, GRAHAM!
LOOKS LIKE I OWE YOU A HEAP OF APOLOGY, SON! SNARK AN' HIS RAIDERS JUMPED US SOMETIME BACK AN' STAMPEDED THE HERD!
WHEN SNARK'S MEN HIT US I FIGURED I WAS BEAT! I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU, SON!
DAD, I--I-HAVE SOMETHING TO TELL YOU!
MADGE TELLS HER FATHER THE WHOLE STORY OF SNARK'S TREACHERY AND HER OWN ROLE AS AN INNOCENT DUPE!
I DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS LYING, DAD, AND--
THERE, THERE, LASS, WE ALL MAKE MISTAKES! CAN'T EXPECT A GAL WHO JUST CAME FROM AN EASTERN SCHOOL TO KNOW MUCH ABOUT THE CATTLE BUSINESS! AS TO SNARK--I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT POLECAT!
10


CHARLEY, YOU AN' THE MEN STAY HERE TO SEE THAT THOSE GUN-SLINGERS DON'T TRY TO PUSH THESE CATTLE BACK ACROSS THE RIVER! **I'M** RIDIN' INTO TOWN TO **COLLECT!**
I'M SIDIN' YOU, GRAHAM!
THE DUST OF GUNBARREL BASIN SOON EDDIES UNDERFOOT!
THAT CROOKED AGENT WILL BE IN SNARK'S, I RECKON!
I'M GLAD YOU'RE **SIDING ME,** MISTER! THIS IS GONNA END IN **SMOKE** I'M AFRAID!
SNARK'S SALOON
THE BAT-WING DOORS SLAM OPEN... KID COLT AND GRAHAM HEAD FOR THE SHOWDOWN!
MY CATTLE ARE ON **RESERVATION TERRITORY,** SNIVELEY, AND **ON TIME!** I'VE COME FOR MY **MONEY!**
WAIT, SNIVELEY, DON'T ACCEPT THOSE CATTLE! AS AGENT YOU CAN REFUSE THEM!
SNIVELEY, IT'S TOO **LATE** TO GET ANOTHER HERD **BIG ENOUGH** TO FEED THE BLACKFEET TRIBE ON YOUR RESERVATION! REFUSE **MY HERD** AND IF YOUR OWN INDIANS DON'T GET YOU FOR STARVING THEM THE **GOVERNMENT WILL!**
I'LL TAKE THAT **MONEY,** SNIVELEY! RECKON IF I CAN'T HAVE **SOME** OF IT I'LL TAKE **ALL** OF IT! STAND BY, DANDY!
I'LL TAKE THE KILLER, DANDY... YOU TAKE SNARK! OKAY, GRAHAM?
OKAY, FRIEND! LET'S SMOKE UP!
KID COLT AND THE TOUGH OLD COWMAN FLING THEMSELVES TO THE SIDE, THEIR SIX-GUNS ARCHING UP FROM GREASED HOLSTERS! GUNS BOOM AND FLAMING LEAD SINGS ITS WHINING SONG OF DEATH--
THEN AS THE SMOKE OF BATTLE CLEARS--
RECKON THAT'S ALL!
YEP! GUESS I'LL TAKE MY HERD MONEY, NOW!
BACK AT THE GRAHAM CAMP...
DAD, IS EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT? WHERE'S THE YOUNG STRANGER?
EVERYTHING'S **FINE,** DAUGHTER! AFTER THE SMOKE CLEARED THE STRANGER VAMOOSED--DISAPPEARED LIKE A GHOST! MAYBE HE **WAS** A GHOST--THE GHOST OF ALL THE **GREAT, HARD-BITTEN FIGHTING MEN** OF THE **WESTERN FRONTIER!**
THE END

RED UNIT

ANNIE OAKLEY
BLACKSTONE THE MAGICIAN
BLONDE PHANTOM
COMPLETE MYSTERY STORIES
CRIMEFIGHTERS ALWAYS WIN
GEORGIE
IDEAL COMICS
JOKER COMICS
JUSTICE
LAWBREAKERS ALWAYS LOSE
MARGIE
MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS
MILLIE THE MODEL
NAMORA
NELLIE THE NURSE
PATSY WALKER
SUB-MARINER
SUN GIRL
TEEN COMICS
TESSIE THE TYPIST
TEX MORGAN
TWO-GUN KID
WILD WESTERN
WILLIE

BLUE-YELLOW UNIT

ALL-TRUE CRIME CASES
ALL WINNERS
BLAZE CARSON
CAPTAIN AMERICA
CINDY
COMEDY COMICS
CRIME EXPOSED
FRANKIE
GAY COMICS
HEDY DE VINE
HUMAN TORCH
JEANIE
JUNIOR MISS
KID COLT
KRAZY KOMICS
LANA
MITZI
MY ROMANCE
OSCAR
POWERHOUSE PEPPER
RUSTY
SUPER RABBIT
TEX TAYLOR
THE WITNESS
VENUS
WACKY DUCK

MARVEL
COMIC GROUP

HI FRIENDS:

Lately there has been quite a debate about comics raging in the pages of the Saturday Review of Literature, one of America's most respected magazines. In an article, a Dr. Wertham discussed the problem of juvenile delinquency in America today, and pinned the blame for some of these cases on comic magazines, simply because many of the delinquent youngsters had read comics.

93% of all young people (from 8 to 16 years of age) read comics. Naturally a few young people get into some kind of trouble . . . so do a lot of older ones . . . and of course many of the kids who get into trouble do read comics. But what the article does not state is the fact that 93% of the boys and girls who get into *no trouble at all* also read comics.

Let us quote a letter from David Pace Wigransky, a 14 year old reader of comics, published in the July 24th issue of the Saturday Review:

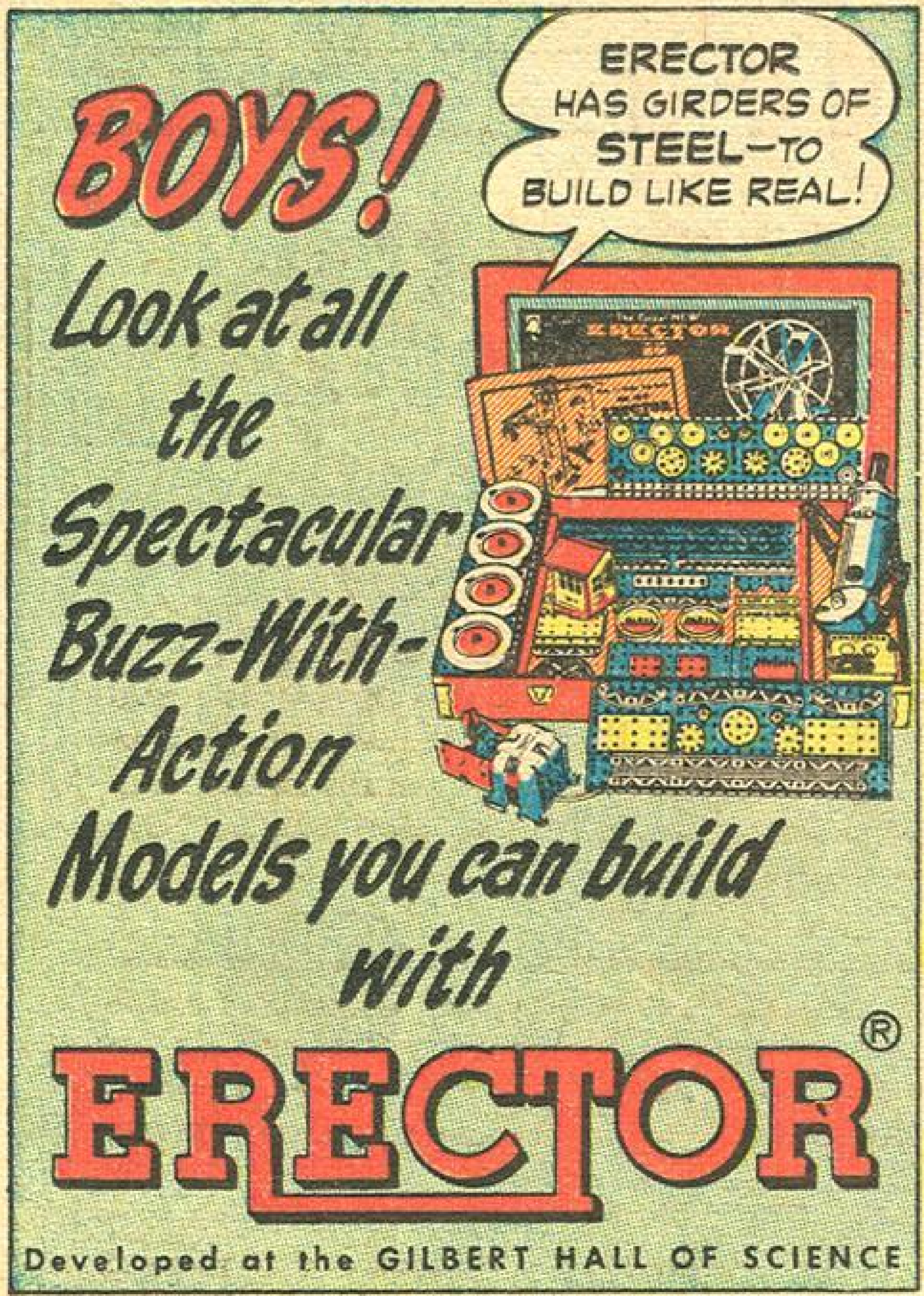
". . . In none of these cases was it proved that reading comic books was the cause of the delinquency. A good many of the delinquents mentioned happened to be readers of comic magazines, just as are 69,999,975 perfectly healthy, happy, normal American boys and girls, men and women, who also read comics.

". . . It appears that his [Dr. Wertham's] $64 question to a child being psychoanalyzed is, 'Do you read COMIC BOOKS, my little man?' Of course the juvenile delinquent, *being a normal child in at least that way,* will answer 'Yes'."

In other words, the case is just as we stated it above. Since almost all kids of any kind read comics, naturally some of the delinquents read comics too. But since the same percentage holds true among the millions of youngsters who have committed *no offense at all,* why not give the comics credit for the good influence they have been on these millions of healthy, normal kids, instead of just blaming them for our handful of delinquents?

Once again let us remind you to show our magazines, or any of the other *good* comics, to people who criticize this form of entertainment. Show those people that your favorite magazines are not harmful. Let them see Dr. Thompson's endorsement on the first page of every one of our magazines, and prove to one and all that the comics you buy and read are *good for you.*

THE EDITORS
MARVEL COMIC GROUP


BOYS!
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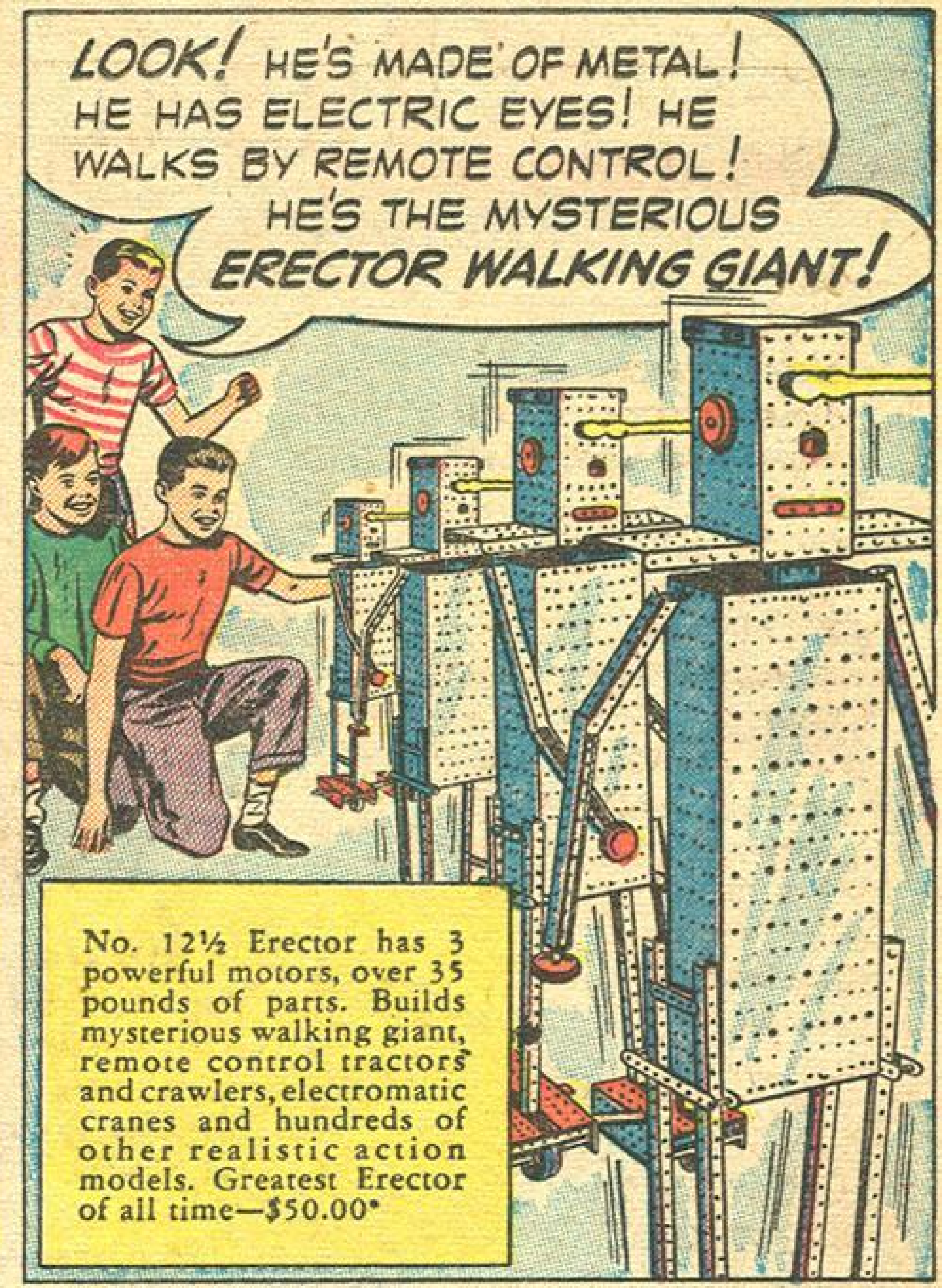
LOOK! HE'S MADE OF METAL! HE HAS ELECTRIC EYES! HE WALKS BY REMOTE CONTROL! HE'S THE MYSTERIOUS ERECTOR WALKING GIANT!

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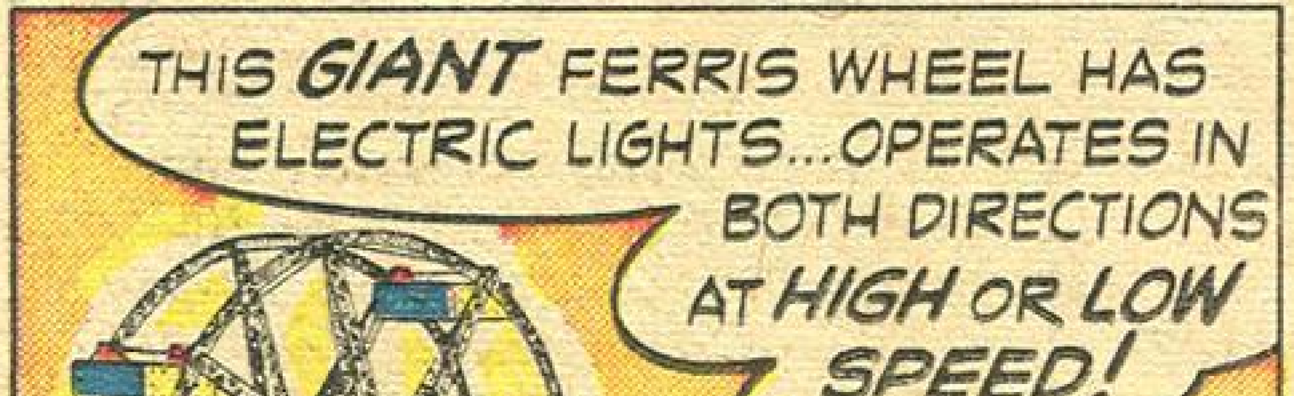
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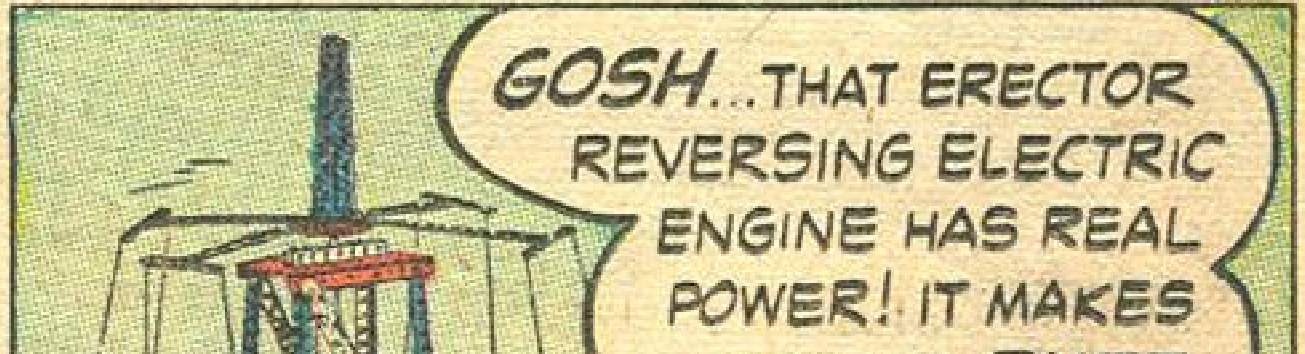
GOSH...THAT ERECTOR REVERSING ELECTRIC ENGINE HAS REAL POWER! IT MAKES MODELS BUZZ WITH ACTION!

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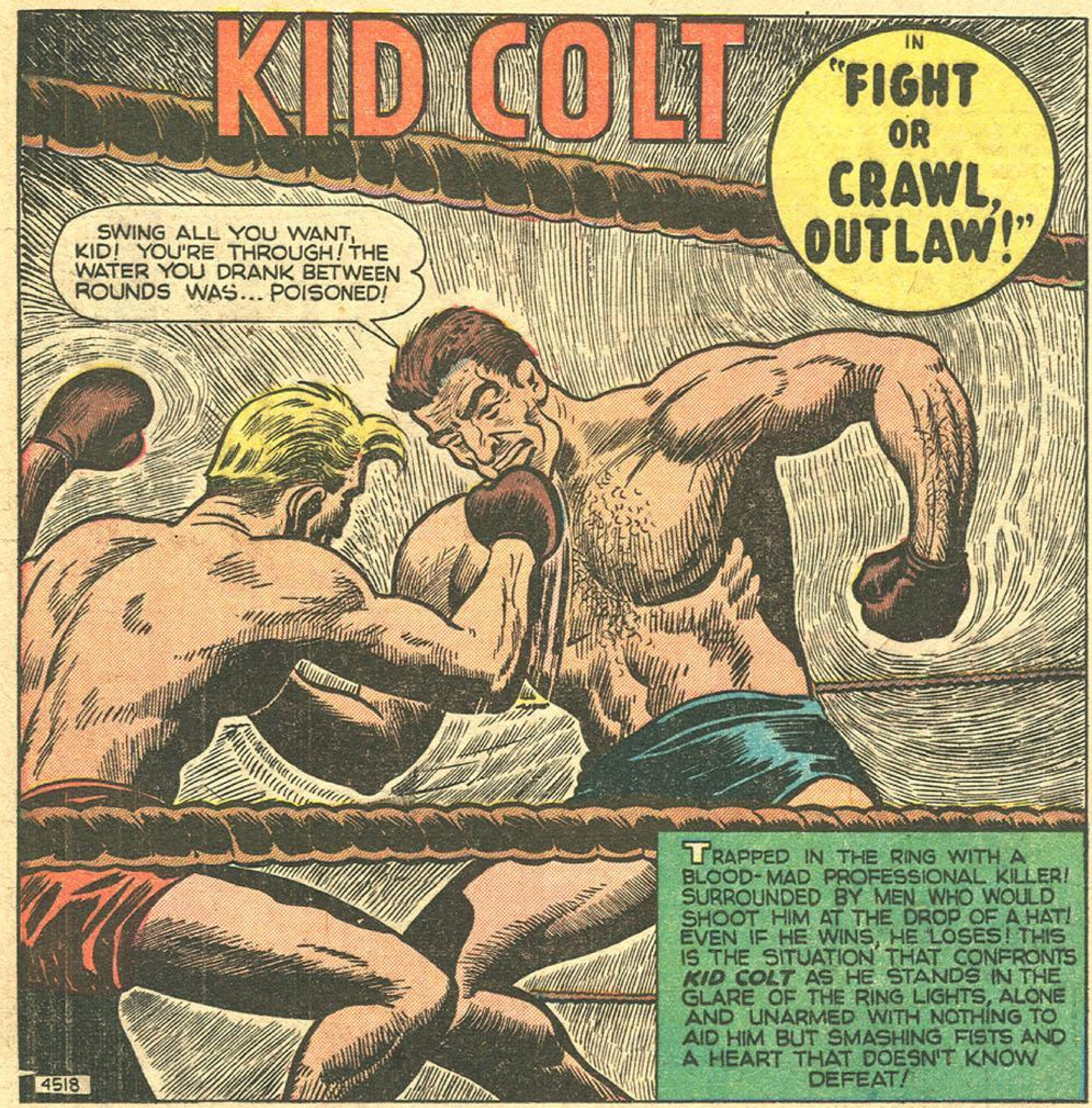
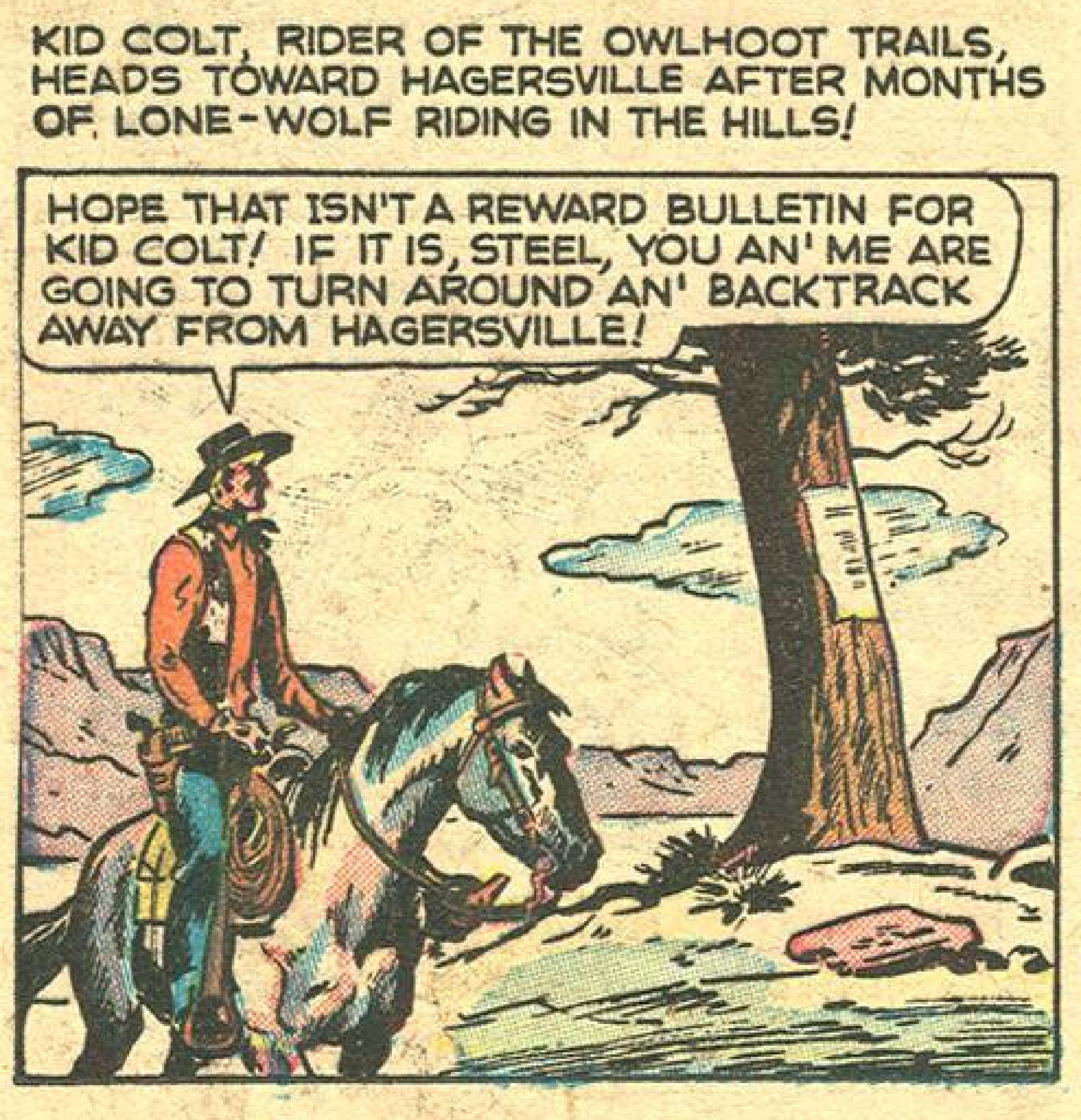
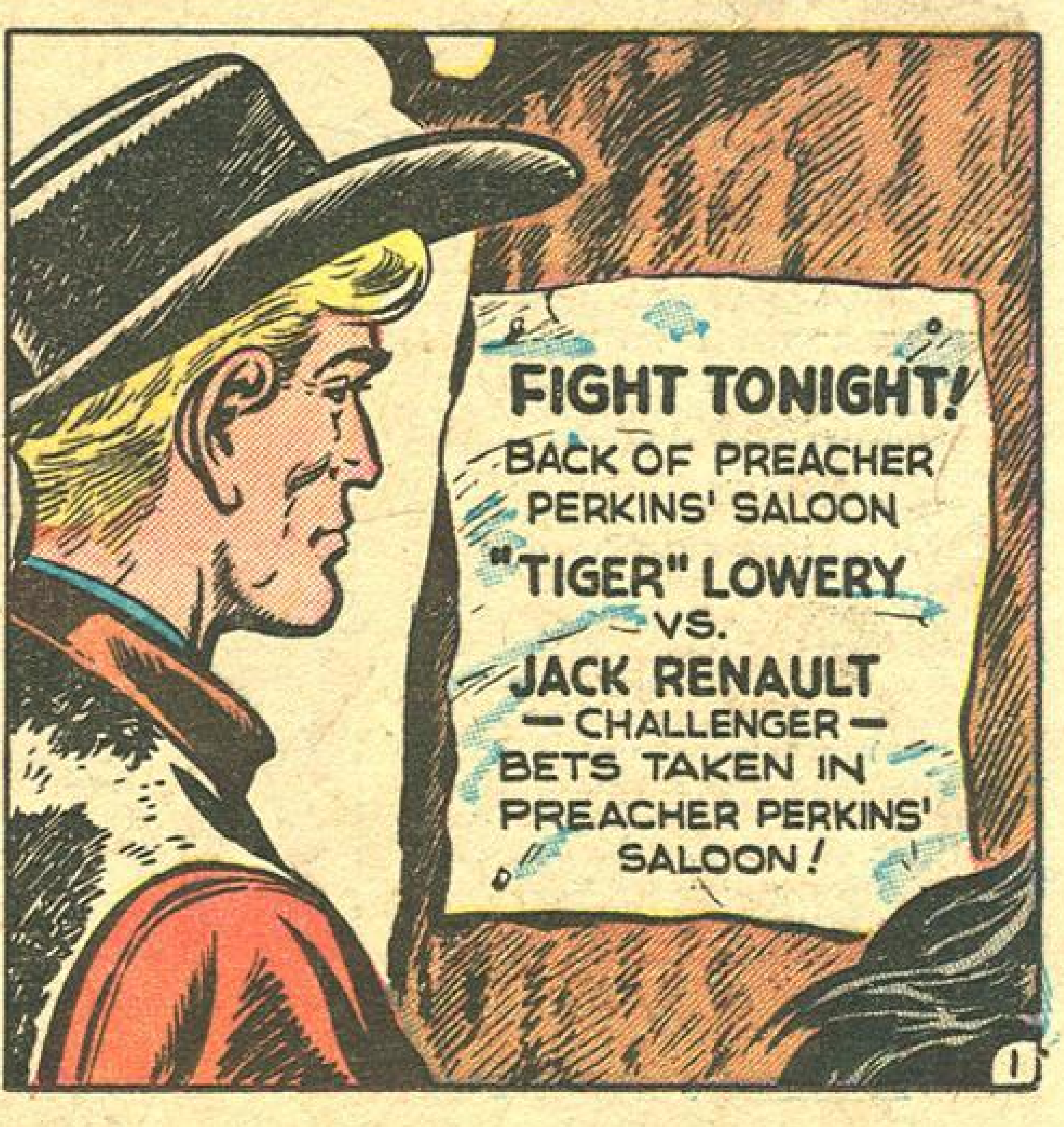
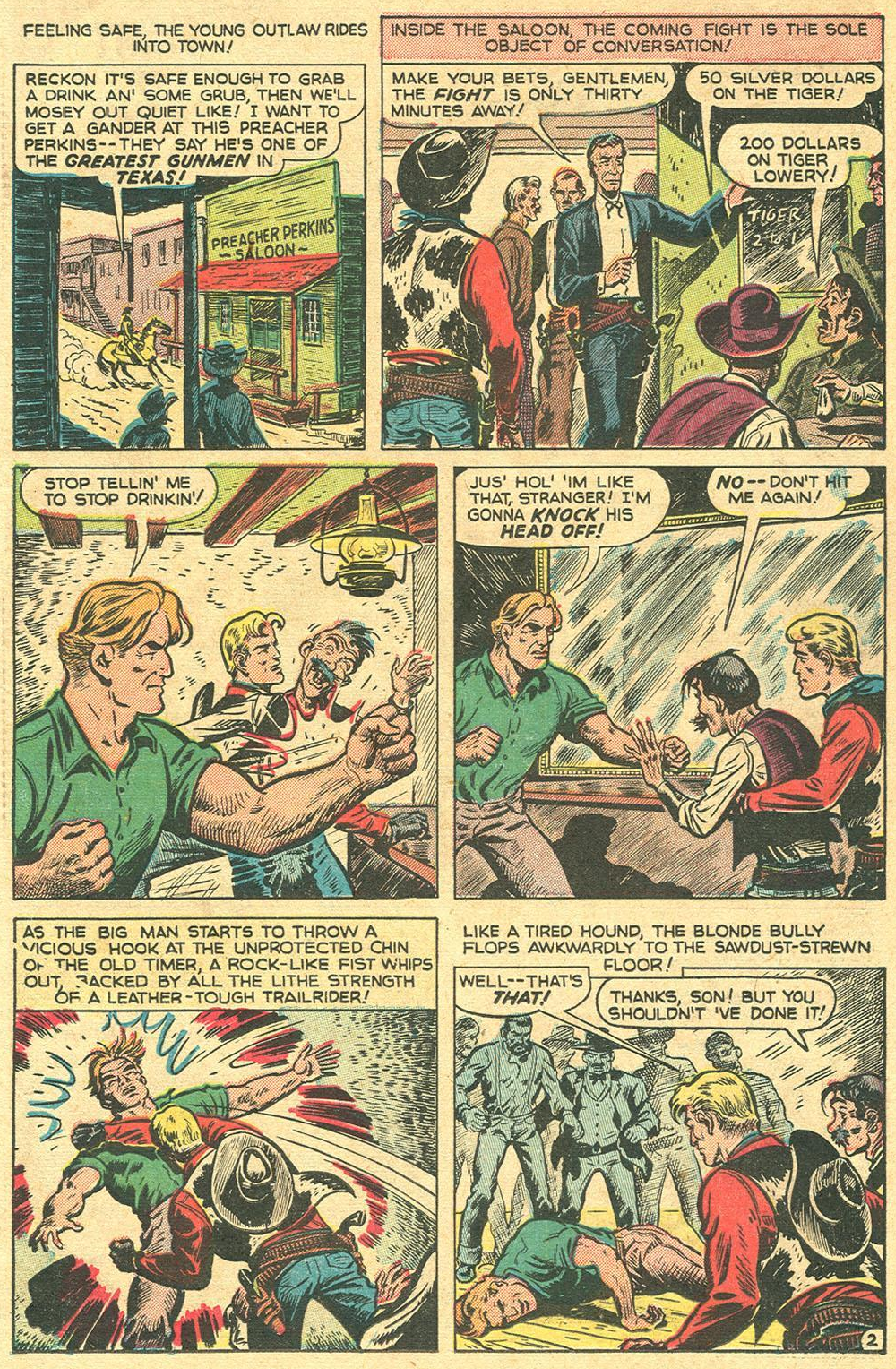
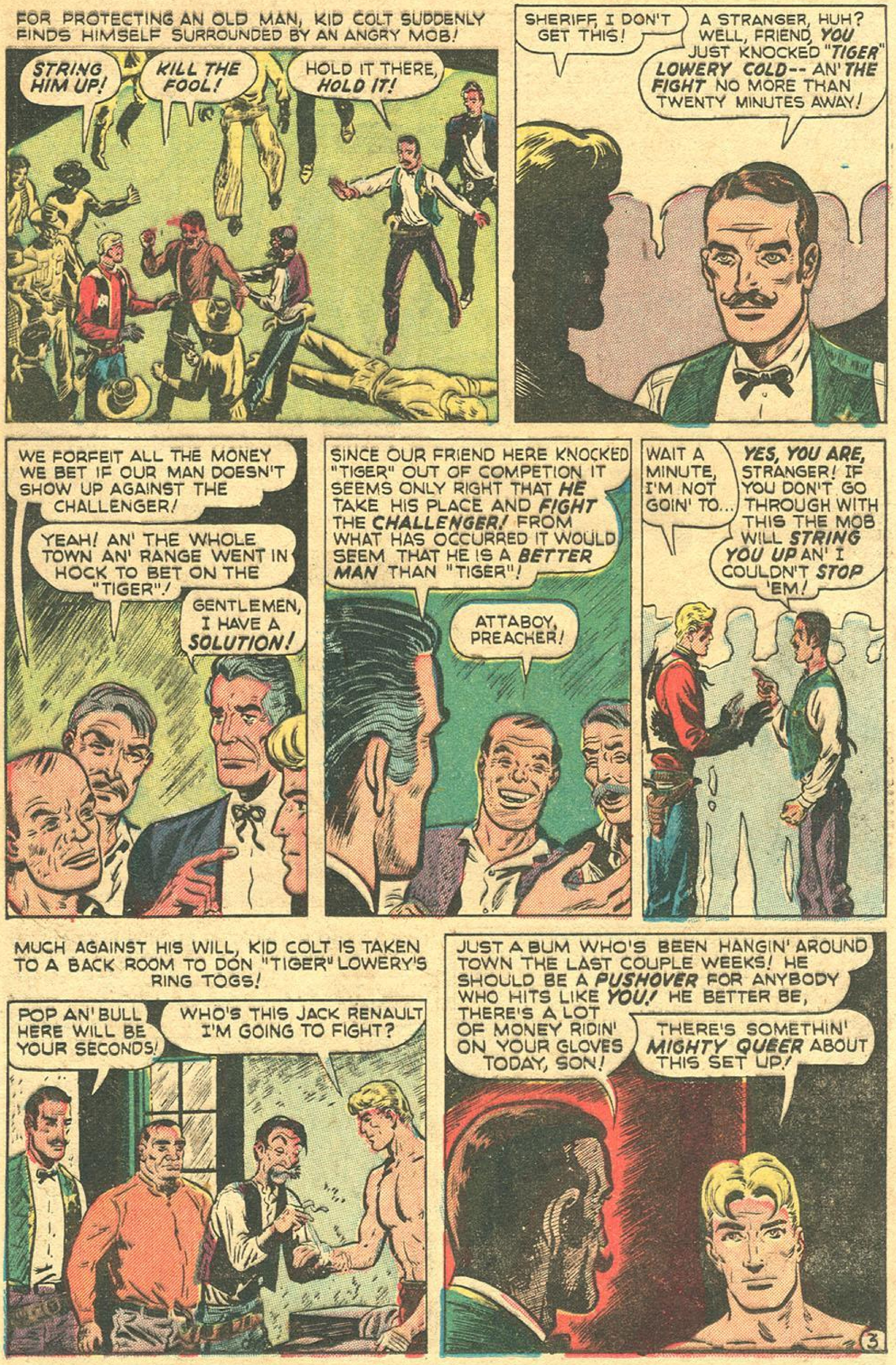
KID COLT IN "FIGHT OR CRAWL, OUTLAW!"

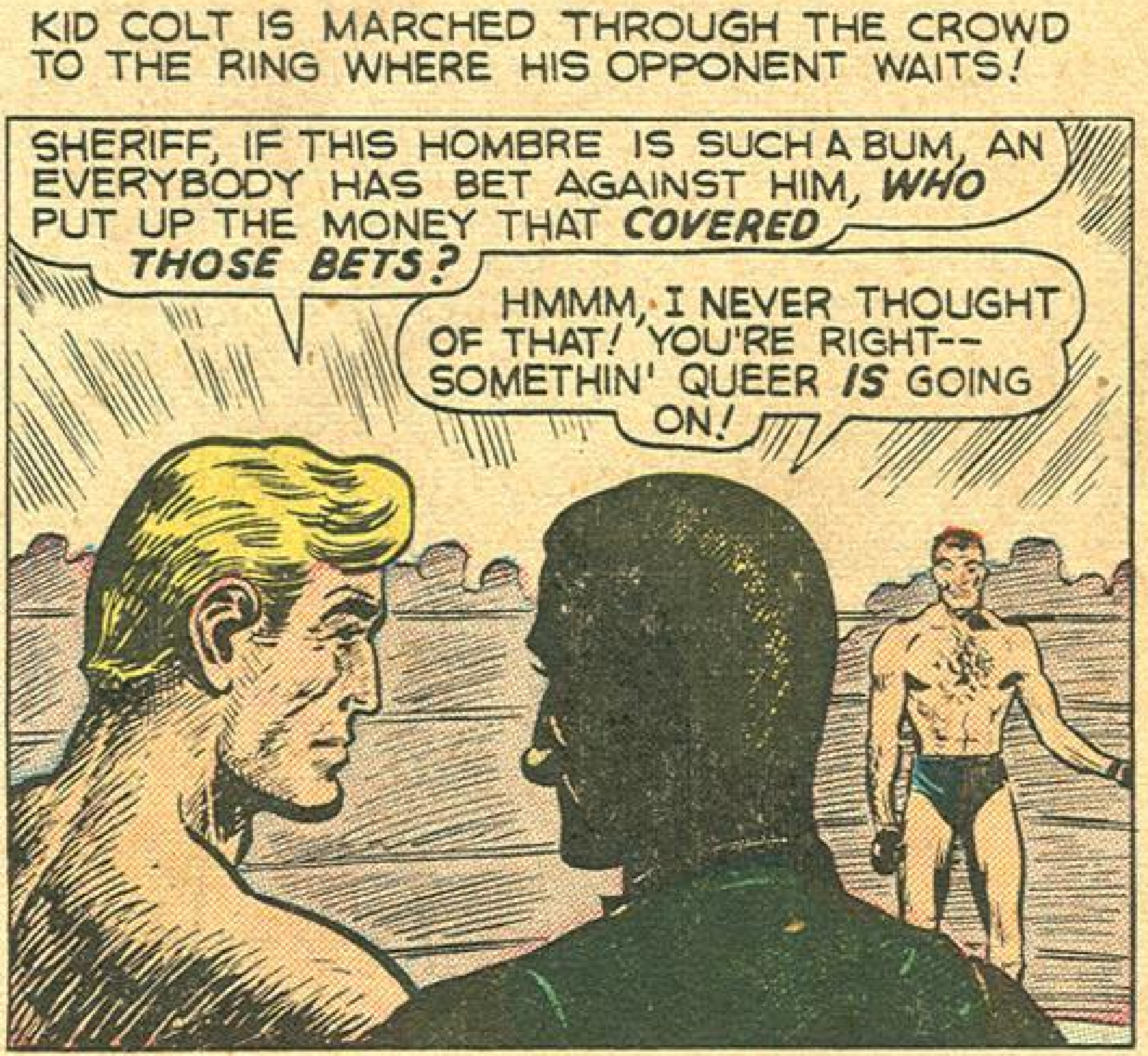

KID COLT
IN
"FIGHT OR CRAWL, OUTLAW!"
SWING ALL YOU WANT, KID! YOU'RE THROUGH! THE WATER YOU DRANK BETWEEN ROUNDS WAS... POISONED!
TRAPPED IN THE RING WITH A BLOOD-MAD PROFESSIONAL KILLER! SURROUNDED BY MEN WHO WOULD SHOOT HIM AT THE DROP OF A HAT! EVEN IF HE WINS, HE LOSES! THIS IS THE SITUATION THAT CONFRONTS ***KID COLT*** AS HE STANDS IN THE GLARE OF THE RING LIGHTS, ALONE AND UNARMED WITH NOTHING TO AID HIM BUT SMASHING FISTS AND A HEART THAT DOESN'T KNOW DEFEAT!
4518

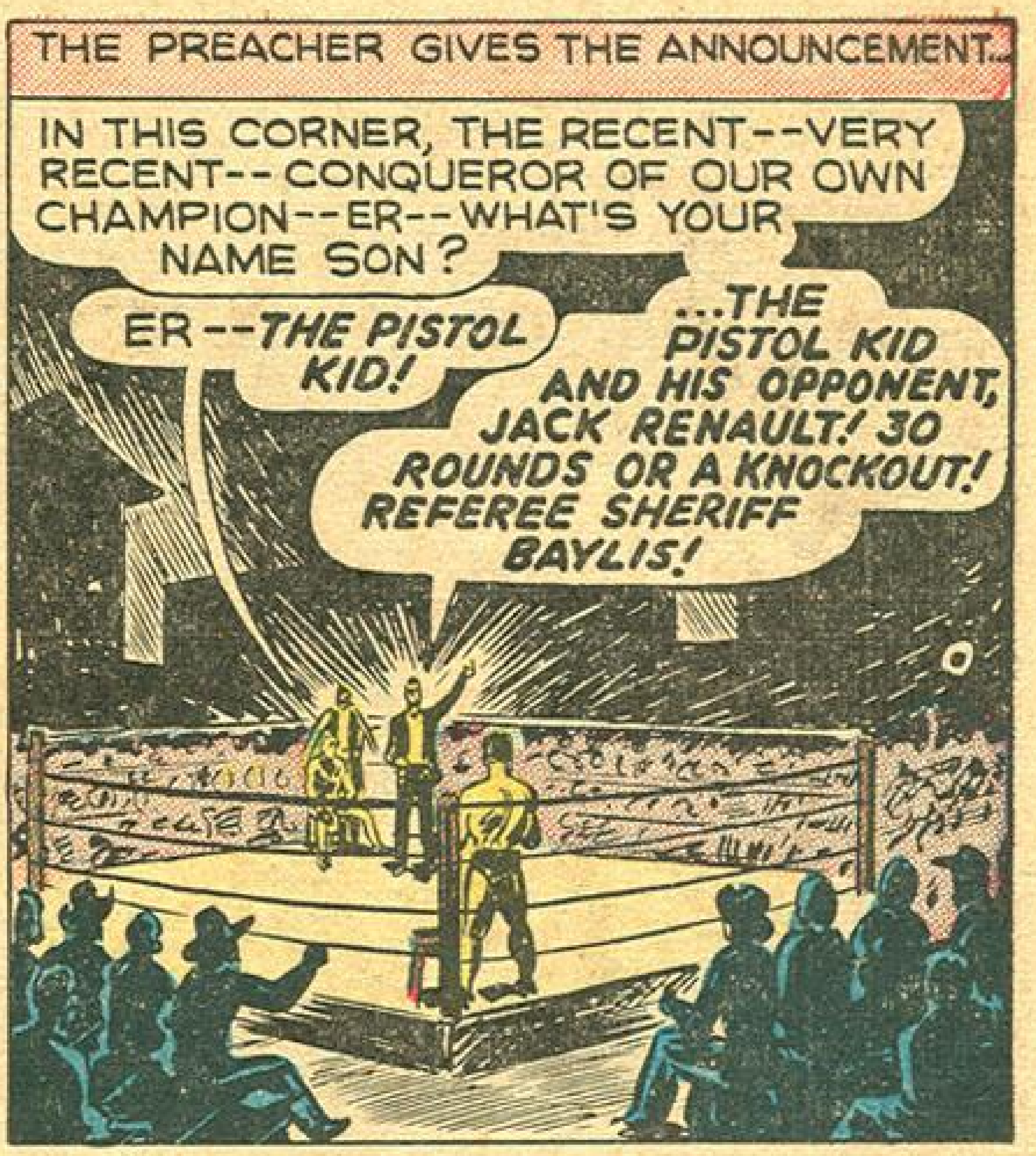

KID COLT, RIDER OF THE OWLHOOT TRAILS, HEADS TOWARD HAGERSVILLE AFTER MONTHS OF LONE-WOLF RIDING IN THE HILLS!
HOPE THAT ISN'T A REWARD BULLETIN FOR KID COLT! IF IT IS, STEEL, YOU AN' ME ARE GOING TO TURN AROUND AN' BACKTRACK AWAY FROM HAGERSVILLE!

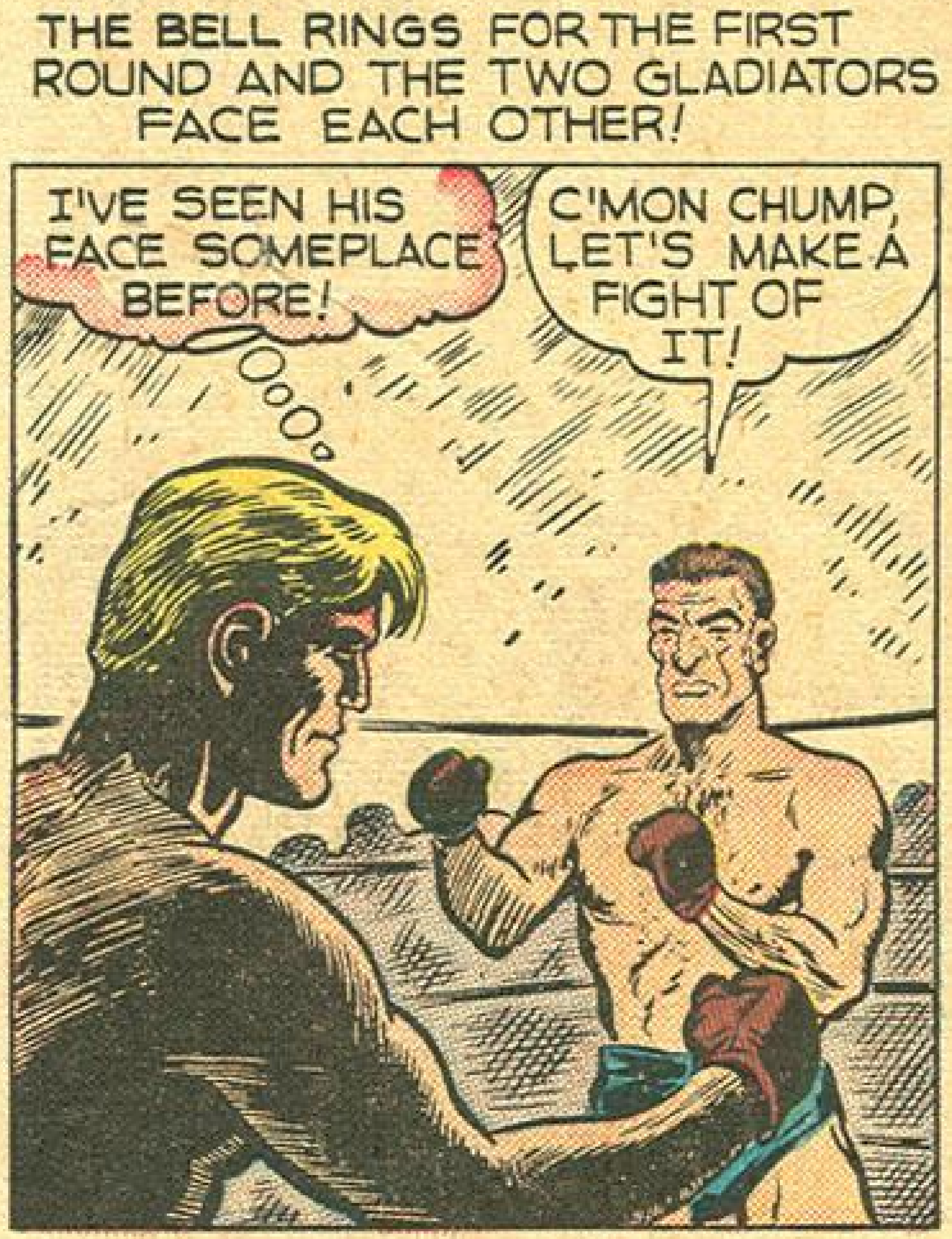

FIGHT TONIGHT!
BACK OF PREACHER PERKINS' SALOON
"TIGER" LOWERY
VS.
JACK RENAULT
— CHALLENGER —
BETS TAKEN IN PREACHER PERKINS' SALOON!

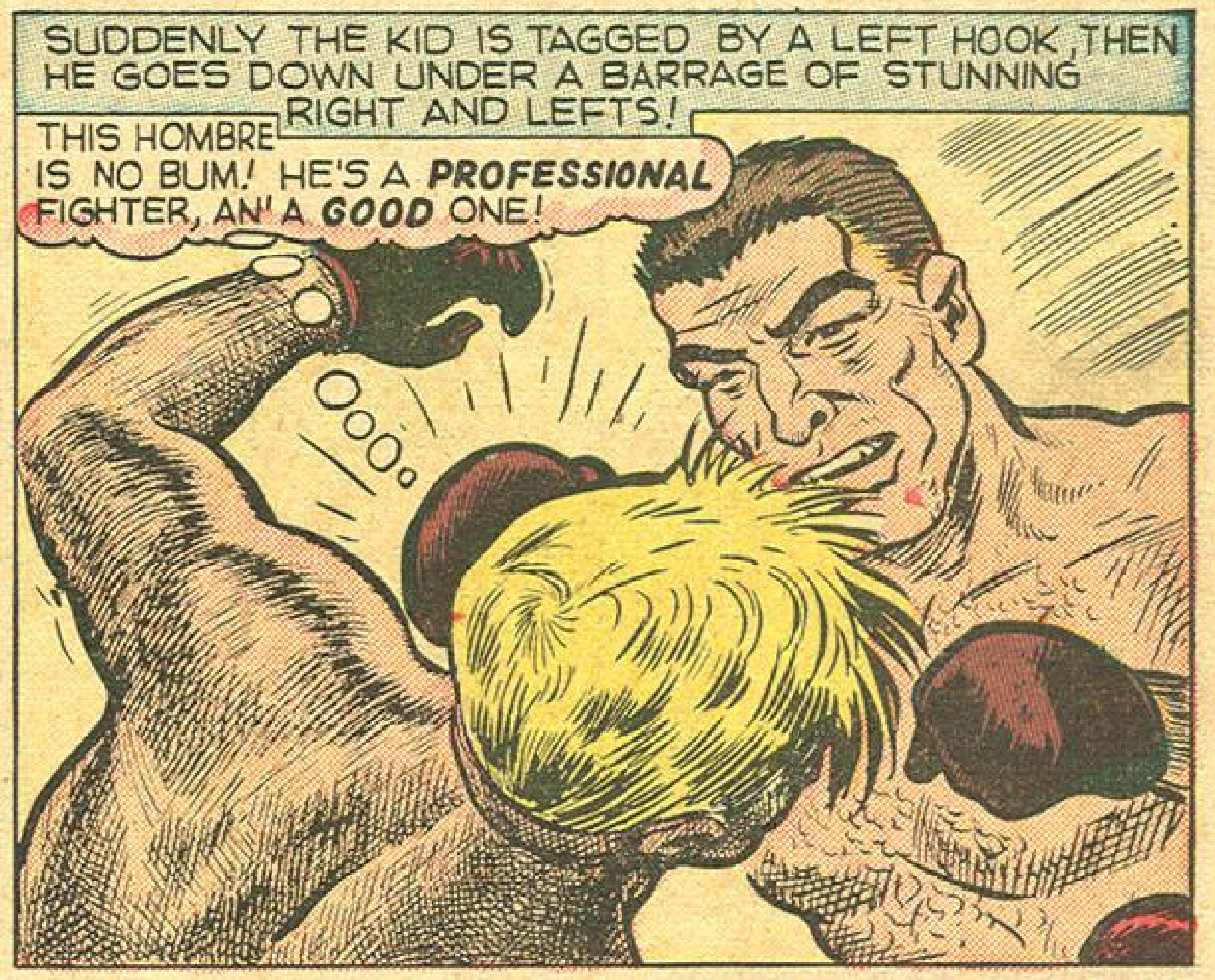

FEELING SAFE, THE YOUNG OUTLAW RIDES INTO TOWN!
RECKON IT'S SAFE ENOUGH TO GRAB A DRINK AN' SOME GRUB, THEN WE'LL MOSEY OUT QUIET LIKE! I WANT TO GET A GANDER AT THIS PREACHER PERKINS--THEY SAY HE'S ONE OF THE GREATEST GUNMEN IN TEXAS!
PREACHER PERKINS ~SALOON~
INSIDE THE SALOON, THE COMING FIGHT IS THE SOLE OBJECT OF CONVERSATION!
MAKE YOUR BETS, GENTLEMEN, THE FIGHT IS ONLY THIRTY MINUTES AWAY!
50 SILVER DOLLARS ON THE TIGER!
200 DOLLARS ON TIGER LOWERY!
TIGER 2 to 1
STOP TELLIN' ME TO STOP DRINKIN'!
JUS' HOL' 'IM LIKE THAT, STRANGER! I'M GONNA KNOCK HIS HEAD OFF!
NO--DON'T HIT ME AGAIN!
AS THE BIG MAN STARTS TO THROW A VICIOUS HOOK AT THE UNPROTECTED CHIN OF THE OLD TIMER, A ROCK-LIKE FIST WHIPS OUT, BACKED BY ALL THE LITHE STRENGTH OF A LEATHER-TOUGH TRAILRIDER!
LIKE A TIRED HOUND, THE BLONDE BULLY FLOPS AWKWARDLY TO THE SAWDUST-STREWN FLOOR!
WELL--THAT'S THAT!
THANKS, SON! BUT YOU SHOULDN'T 'VE DONE IT!

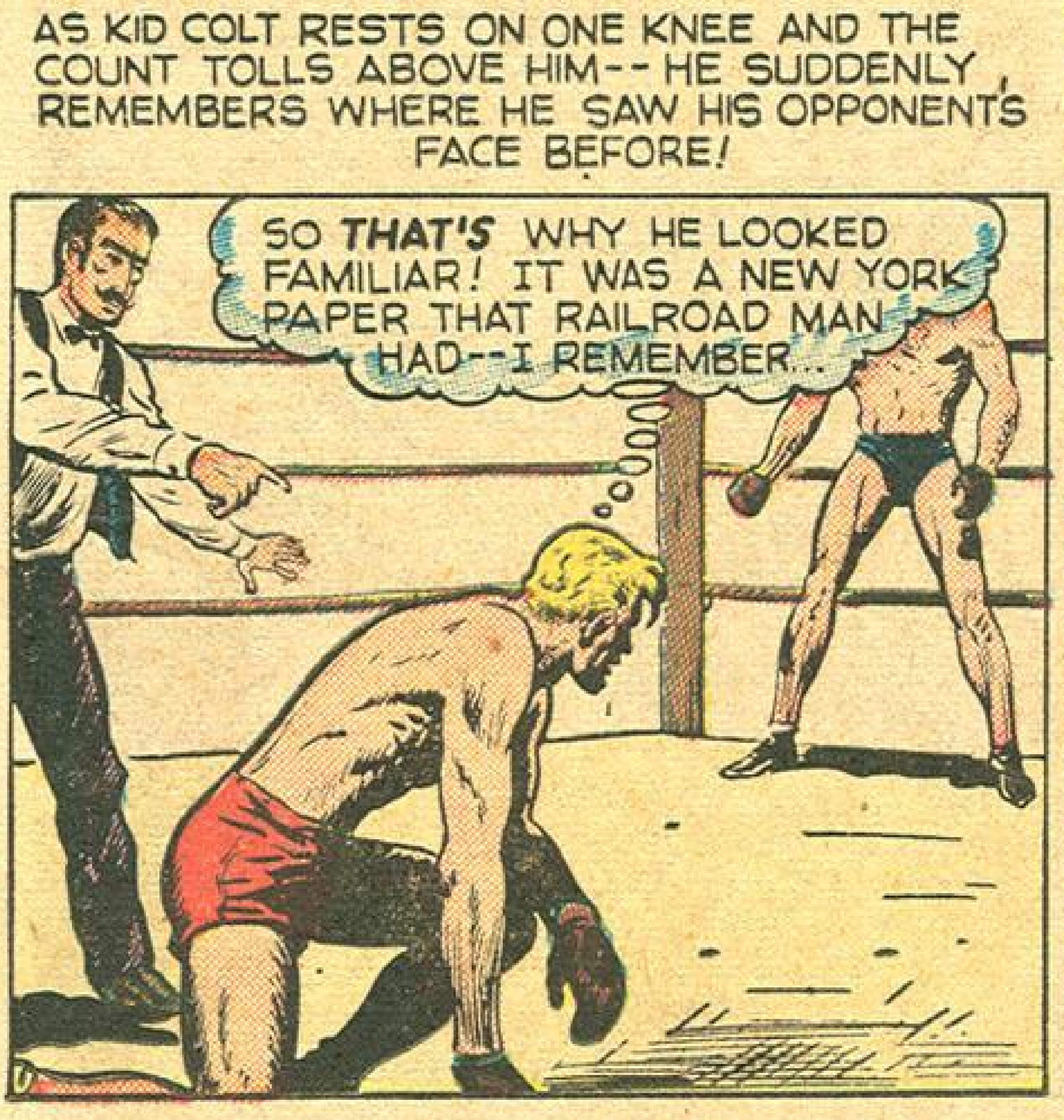

FOR PROTECTING AN OLD MAN, KID COLT SUDDENLY FINDS HIMSELF SURROUNDED BY AN ANGRY MOB!
STRING HIM UP!
KILL THE FOOL!
HOLD IT THERE, HOLD IT!
SHERIFF, I DON'T GET THIS!
A STRANGER, HUH? WELL, FRIEND, YOU JUST KNOCKED "TIGER" LOWERY COLD-- AN' THE FIGHT NO MORE THAN TWENTY MINUTES AWAY!
WE FORFEIT ALL THE MONEY WE BET IF OUR MAN DOESN'T SHOW UP AGAINST THE CHALLENGER!
YEAH! AN' THE WHOLE TOWN AN' RANGE WENT IN HOCK TO BET ON THE "TIGER"!
GENTLEMEN, I HAVE A SOLUTION!
SINCE OUR FRIEND HERE KNOCKED "TIGER" OUT OF COMPETION IT SEEMS ONLY RIGHT THAT HE TAKE HIS PLACE AND FIGHT THE CHALLENGER! FROM WHAT HAS OCCURRED IT WOULD SEEM THAT HE IS A BETTER MAN THAN "TIGER"!
ATTABOY, PREACHER!
WAIT A MINUTE, I'M NOT GOIN' TO...
YES, YOU ARE, STRANGER! IF YOU DON'T GO THROUGH WITH THIS THE MOB WILL STRING YOU UP AN' I COULDN'T STOP 'EM!
MUCH AGAINST HIS WILL, KID COLT IS TAKEN TO A BACK ROOM TO DON "TIGER" LOWERY'S RING TOGS!
POP AN' BULL HERE WILL BE YOUR SECONDS!
WHO'S THIS JACK RENAULT I'M GOING TO FIGHT?
JUST A BUM WHO'S BEEN HANGIN' AROUND TOWN THE LAST COUPLE WEEKS! HE SHOULD BE A PUSHOVER FOR ANYBODY WHO HITS LIKE YOU! HE BETTER BE, THERE'S A LOT OF MONEY RIDIN' ON YOUR GLOVES TODAY, SON!
THERE'S SOMETHIN' MIGHTY QUEER ABOUT THIS SET UP!

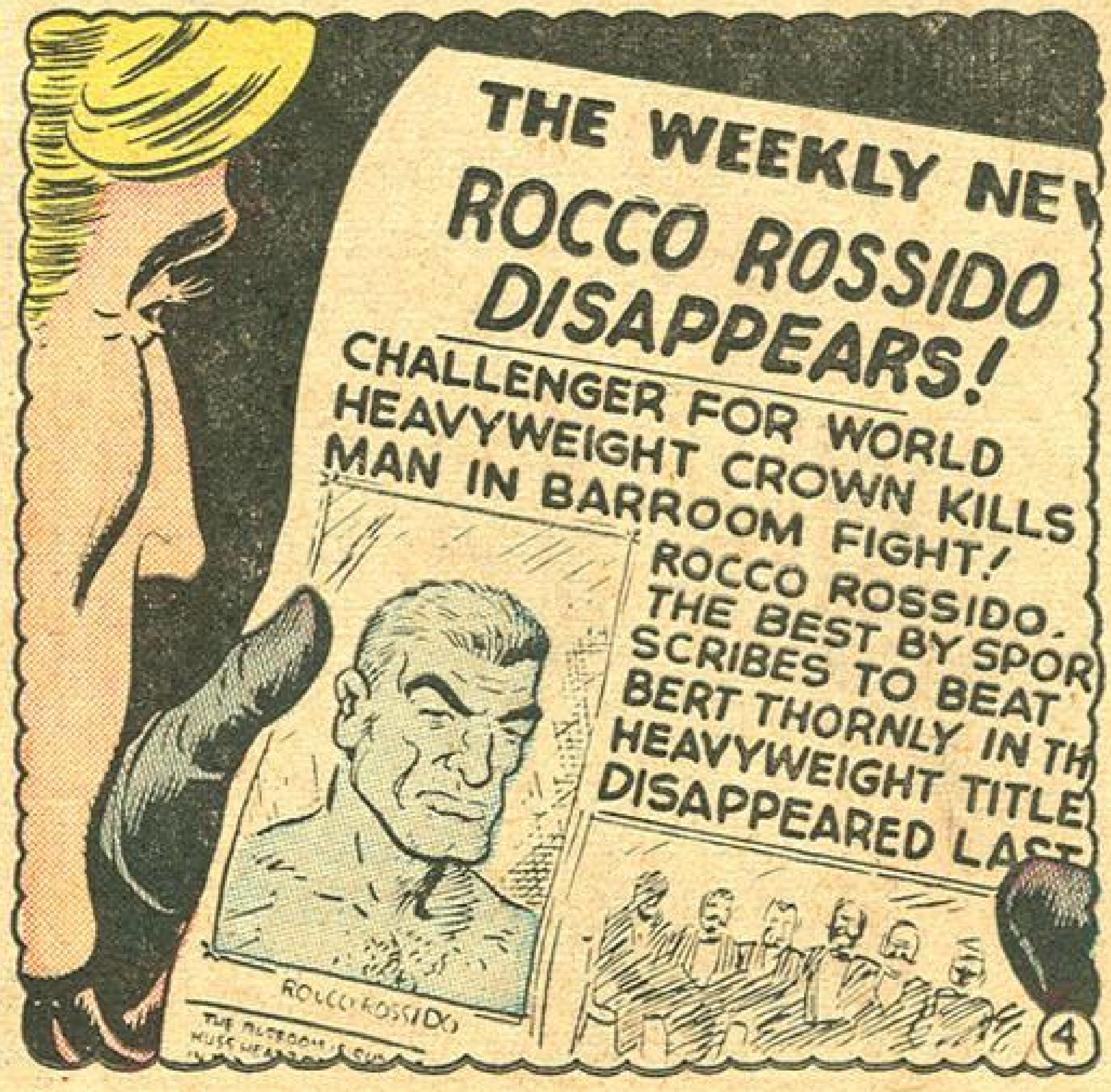

KID COLT IS MARCHED THROUGH THE CROWD TO THE RING WHERE HIS OPPONENT WAITS!
SHERIFF, IF THIS HOMBRE IS SUCH A BUM, AN EVERYBODY HAS BET AGAINST HIM, WHO PUT UP THE MONEY THAT COVERED THOSE BETS?
HMMM, I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT! YOU'RE RIGHT-- SOMETHIN' QUEER IS GOING ON!


THE PREACHER GIVES THE ANNOUNCEMENT...
IN THIS CORNER, THE RECENT--VERY RECENT--CONQUEROR OF OUR OWN CHAMPION--ER--WHAT'S YOUR NAME SON?
ER--THE PISTOL KID!
...THE PISTOL KID AND HIS OPPONENT, JACK RENAULT! 30 ROUNDS OR A KNOCKOUT! REFEREE SHERIFF BAYLIS!

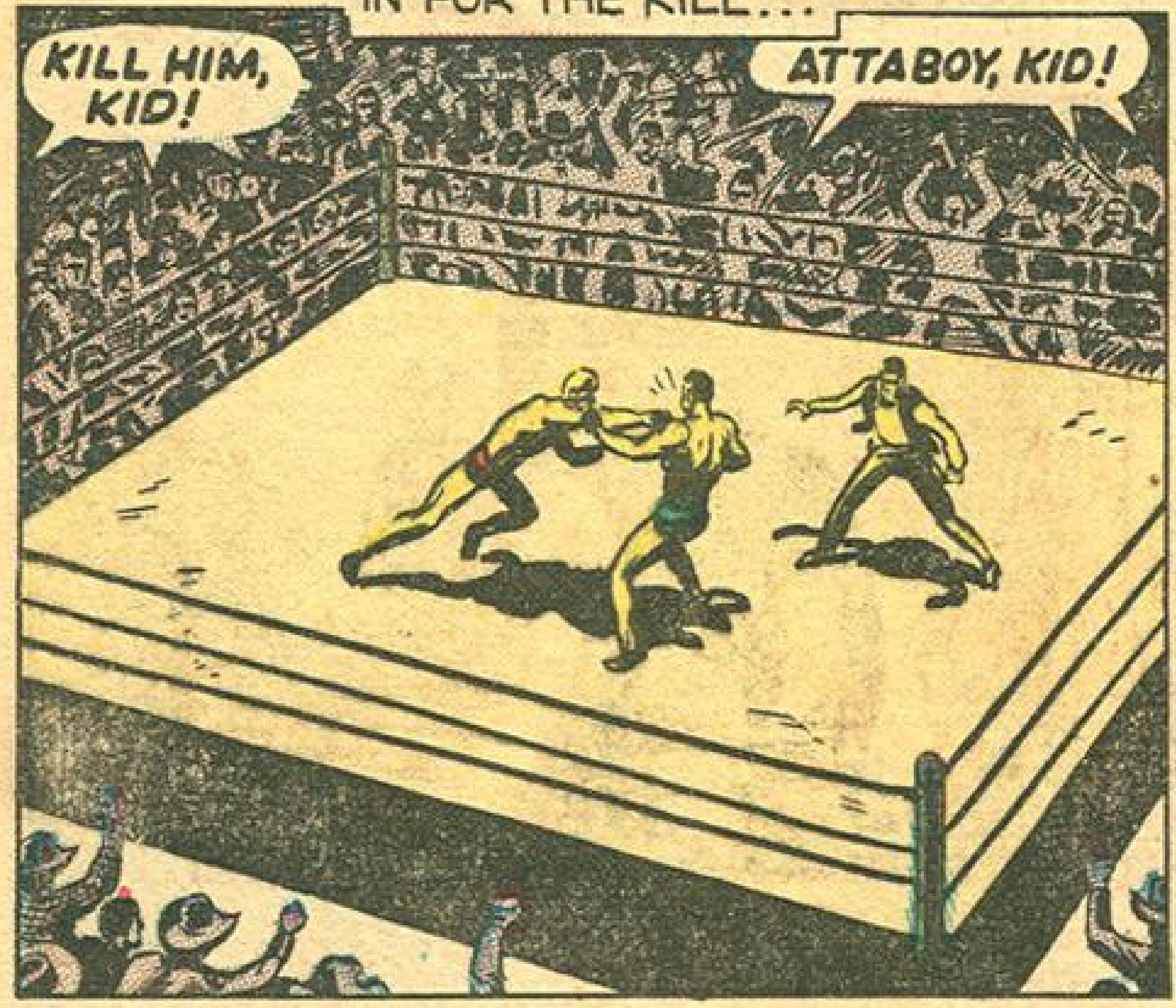

THE BELL RINGS FOR THE FIRST ROUND AND THE TWO GLADIATORS FACE EACH OTHER!
I'VE SEEN HIS FACE SOMEPLACE BEFORE!
C'MON CHUMP, LET'S MAKE A FIGHT OF IT!

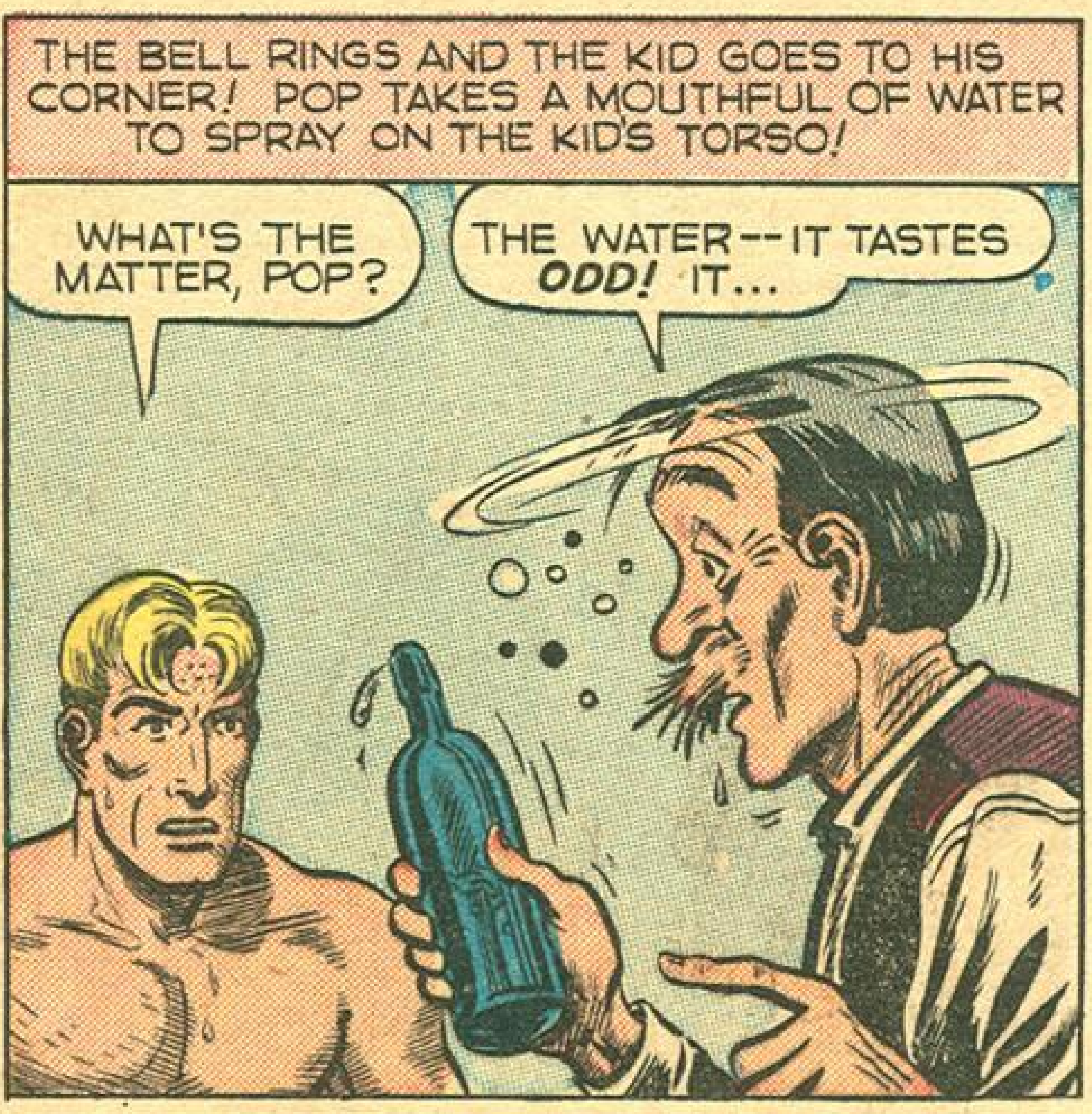

SUDDENLY THE KID IS TAGGED BY A LEFT HOOK, THEN HE GOES DOWN UNDER A BARRAGE OF STUNNING RIGHT AND LEFTS!
THIS HOMBRE IS NO BUM! HE'S A PROFESSIONAL FIGHTER, AN' A GOOD ONE!

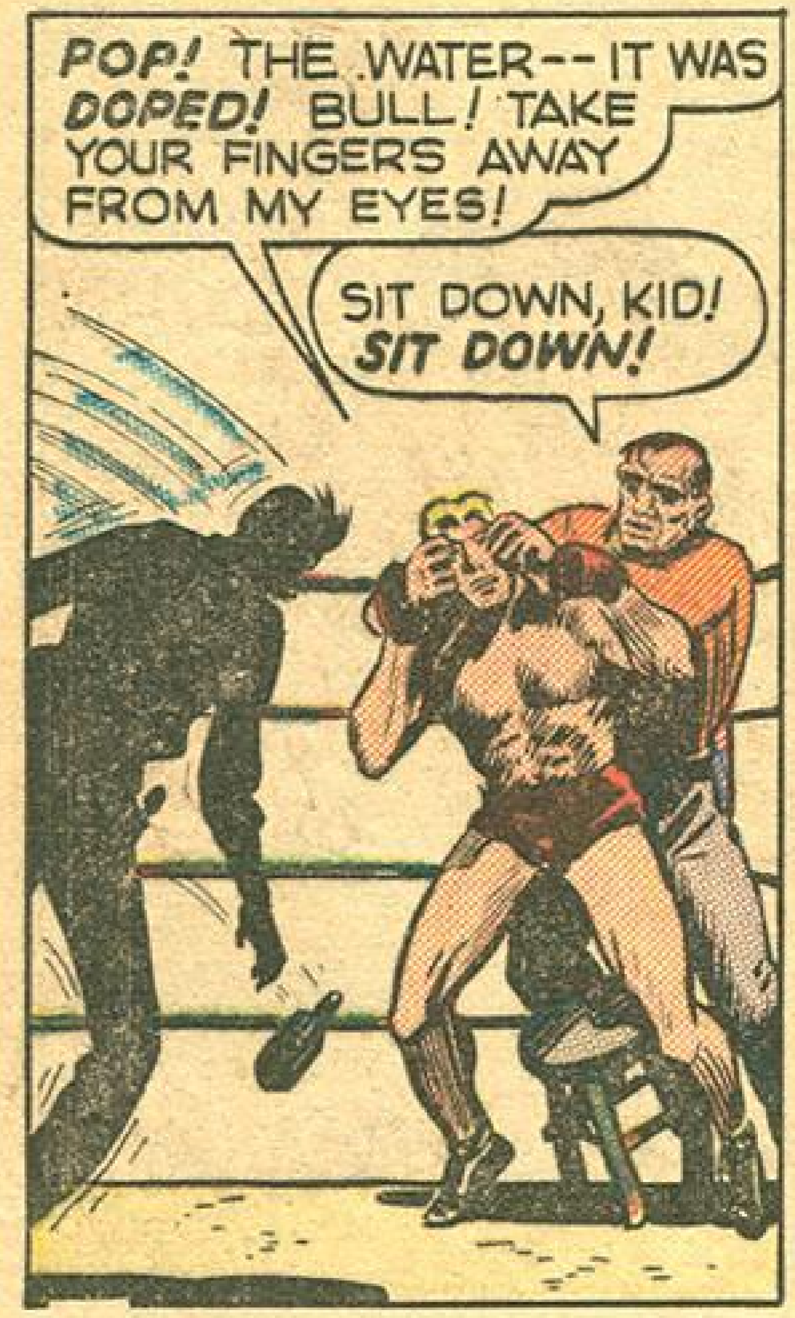

AS KID COLT RESTS ON ONE KNEE AND THE COUNT TOLLS ABOVE HIM--HE SUDDENLY REMEMBERS WHERE HE SAW HIS OPPONENT'S FACE BEFORE!
SO THAT'S WHY HE LOOKED FAMILIAR! IT WAS A NEW YORK PAPER THAT RAILROAD MAN HAD--I REMEMBER..

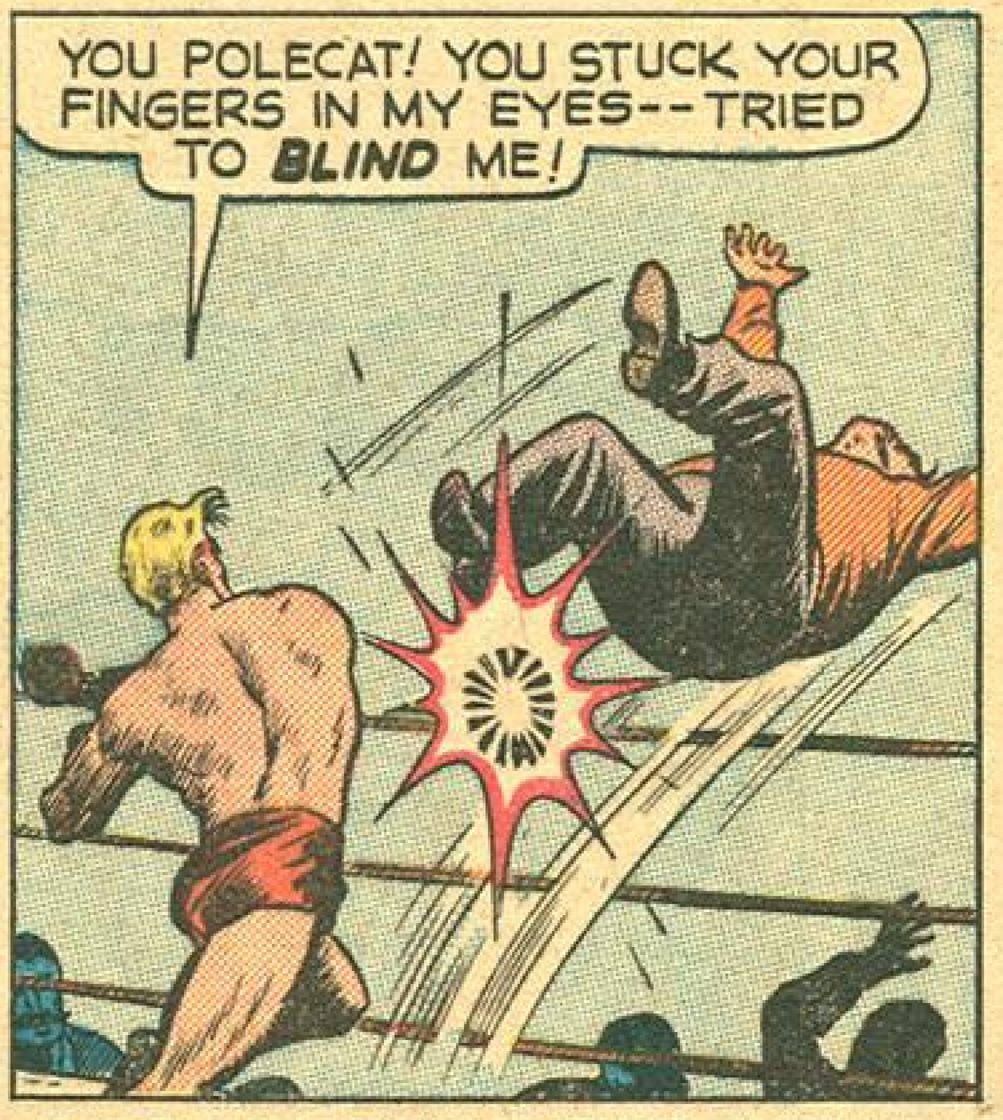

THE WEEKLY NE
ROCCO ROSSIDO DISAPPEARS!
CHALLENGER FOR WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CROWN KILLS MAN IN BARROOM FIGHT!
ROCCO ROSSIDO. THE BEST BY SPOR SCRIBES TO BEAT BERT THORNLY IN TH HEAVYWEIGHT TITLE DISAPPEARED LAS
ROCCO ROSSIDO

THE KID'S MIND SNAPS BACK TO THE PRESENT AS THE COUNT REACHES NINE! HE LEAPS ERECT, AND AS HIS FOEMAN RUSHES IN FOR THE KILL...

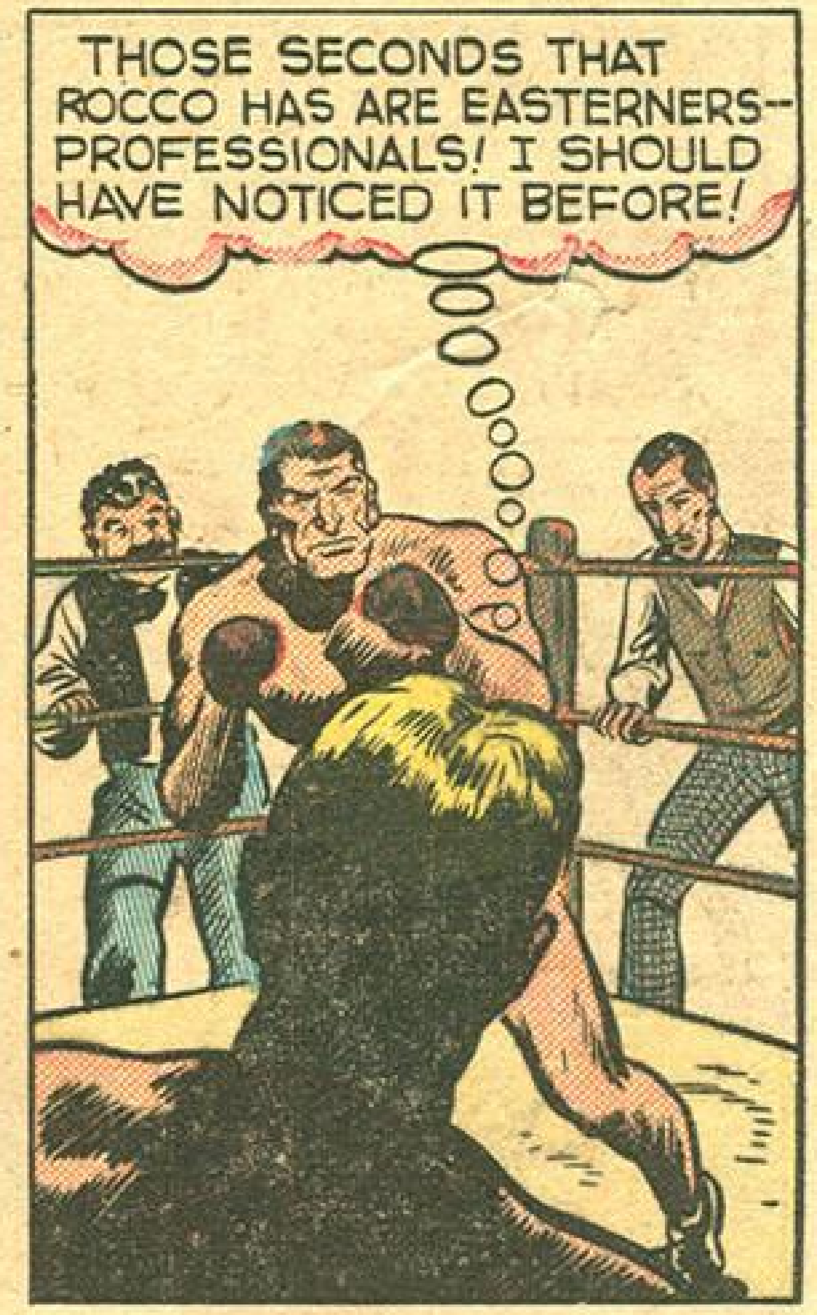

KILL HIM, KID!
ATTABOY, KID!


THE BELL RINGS AND THE KID GOES TO HIS CORNER! POP TAKES A MOUTHFUL OF WATER TO SPRAY ON THE KID'S TORSO!
WHAT'S THE MATTER, POP?
THE WATER--IT TASTES *ODD!* IT...

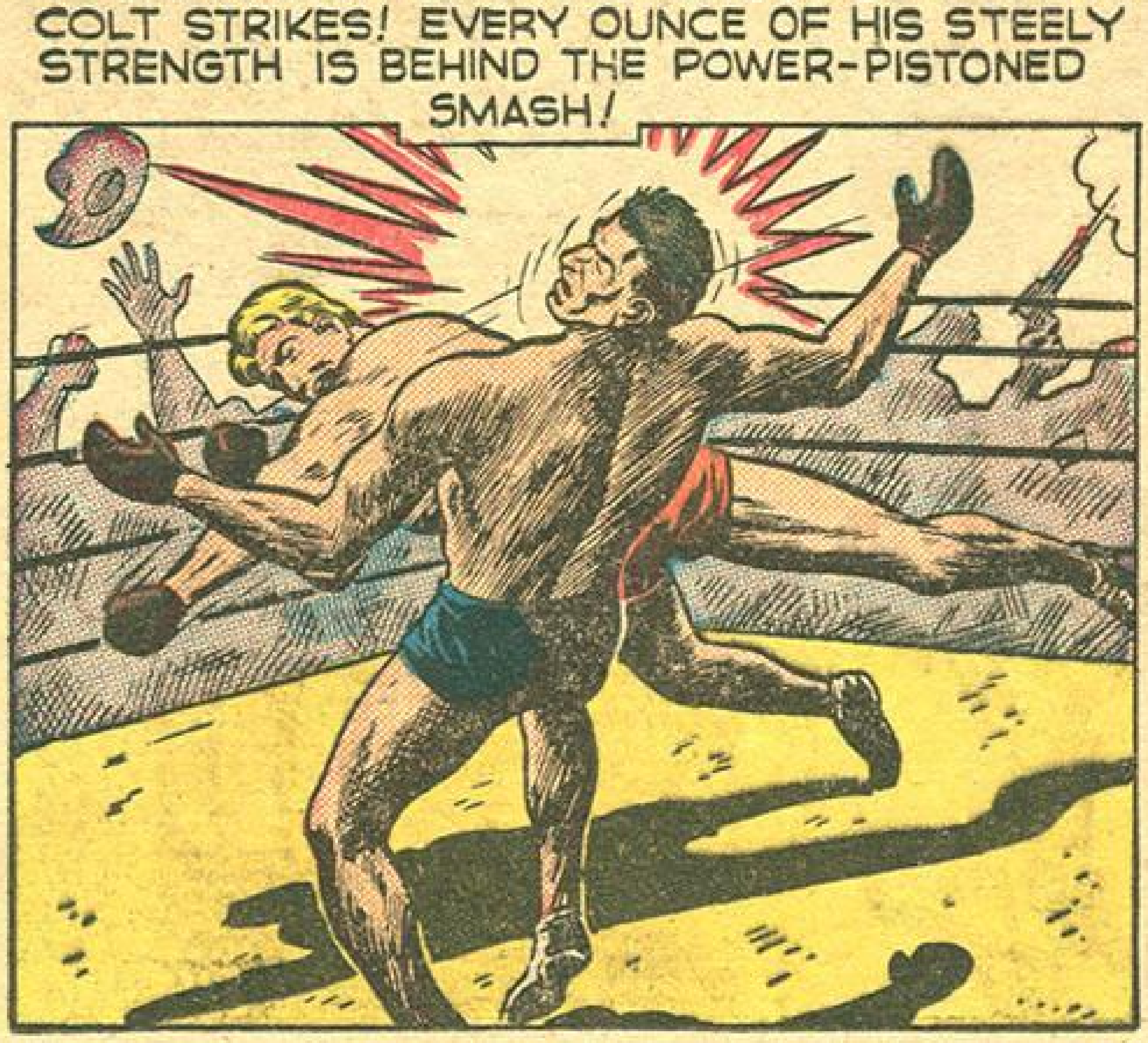

POP! THE WATER--IT WAS *DOPED!* BULL! TAKE YOUR FINGERS AWAY FROM MY EYES!
SIT DOWN, KID! *SIT DOWN!*

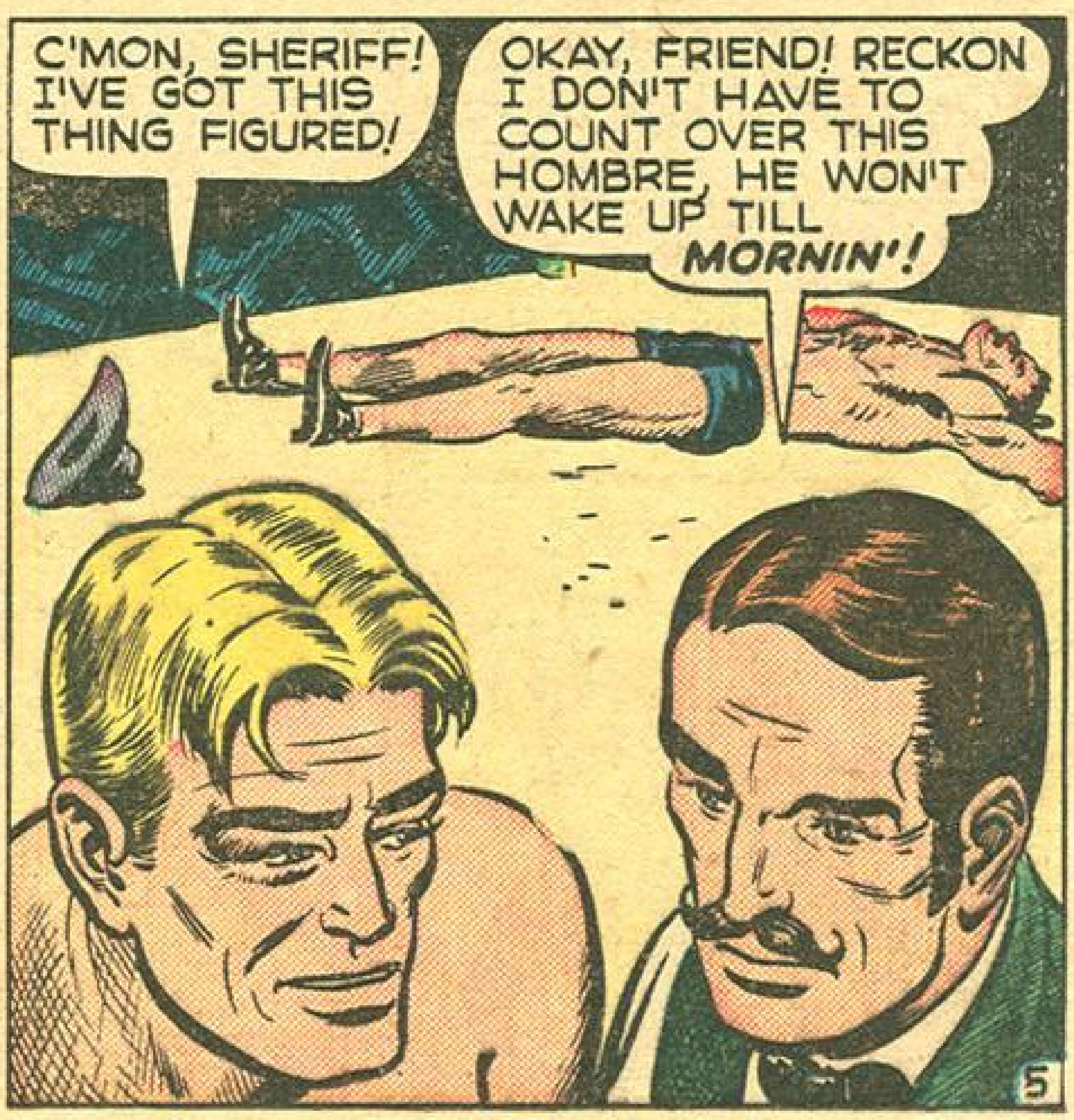

YOU POLECAT! YOU STUCK YOUR FINGERS IN MY EYES--TRIED TO *BLIND* ME!

THE BELL! ROUND TWO, AND KID COLT COMES OUT, HALF-BLINDED TO FACE A VICIOUS EXPERIENCED FOEMAN!

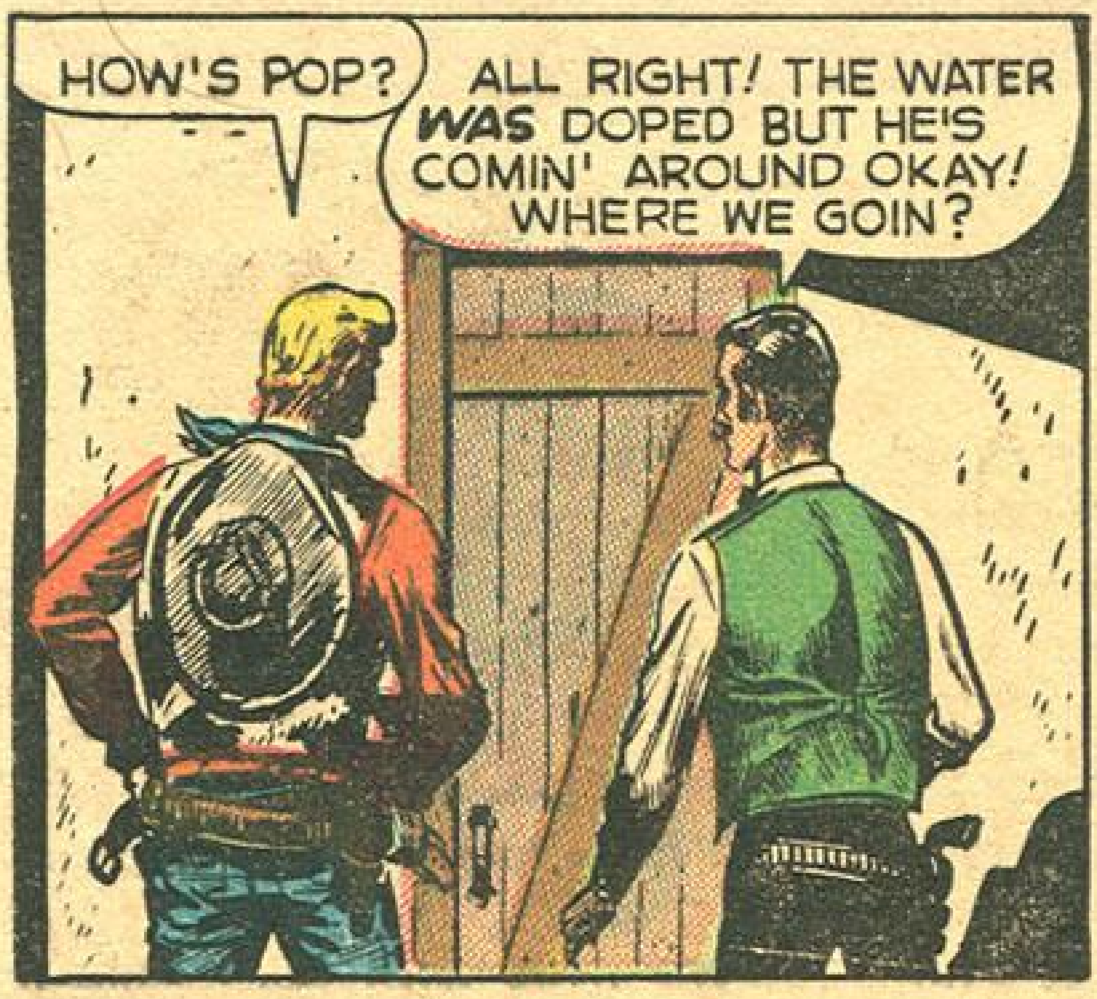

THOSE SECONDS THAT ROCCO HAS ARE EASTERNERS--PROFESSIONALS! I SHOULD HAVE NOTICED IT BEFORE!

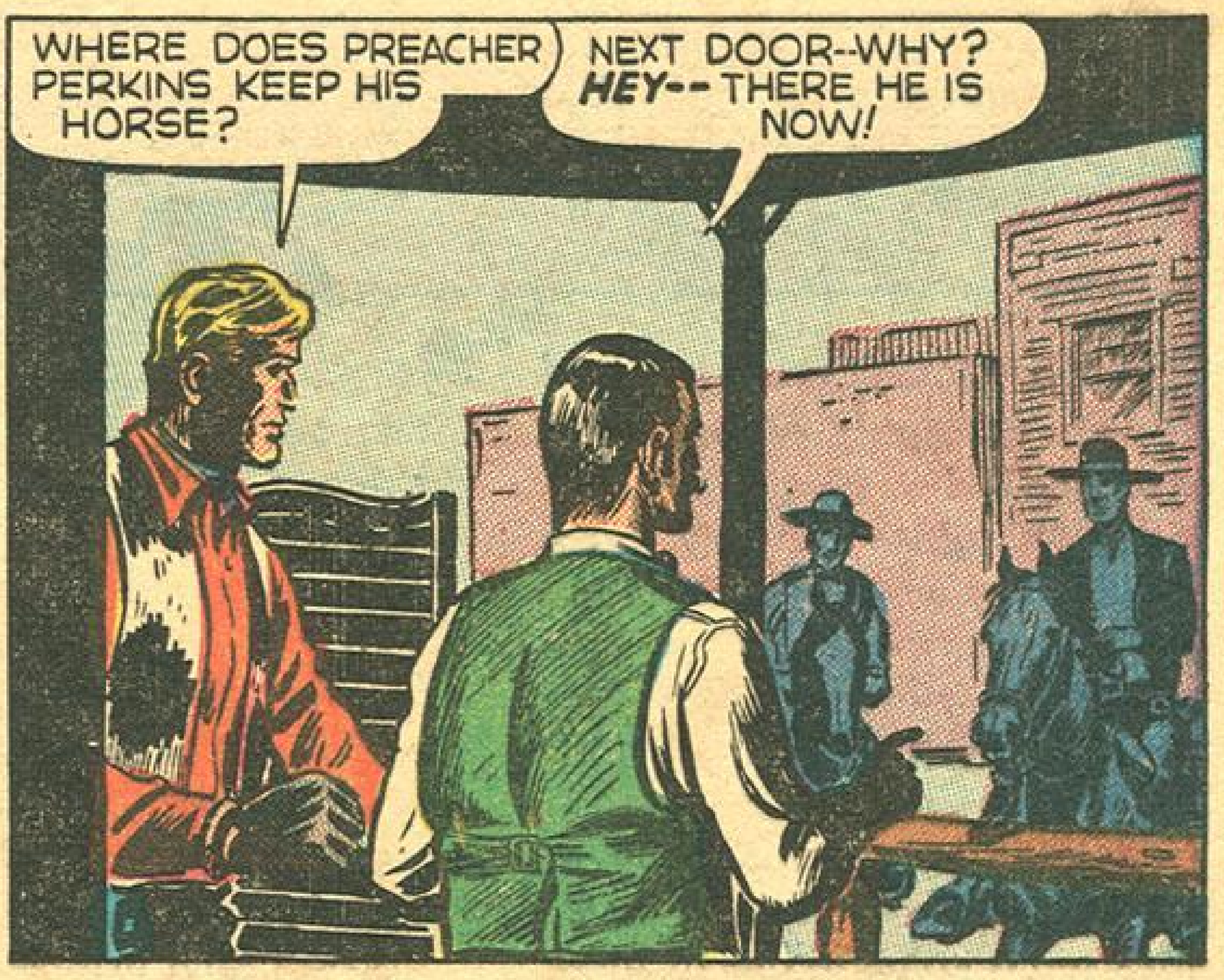
WITH THE FLASHING SPEED AND PERFECT COORDINATION OF THE OWLHOOT GUNMAN KID COLT STRIKES! EVERY OUNCE OF HIS STEELY STRENGTH IS BEHIND THE POWER-PISTONED SMASH!



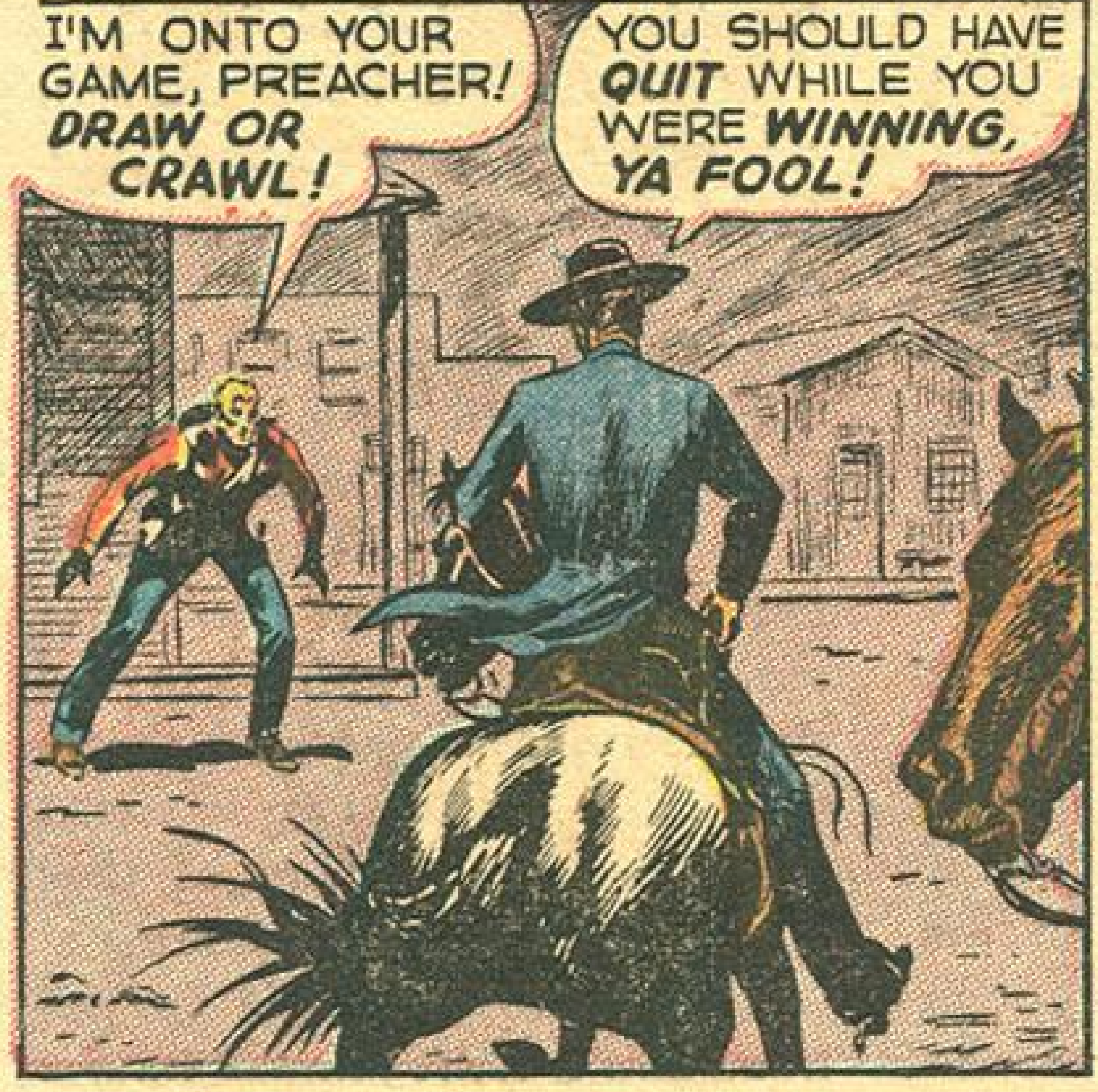

C'MON, SHERIFF! I'VE GOT THIS THING FIGURED!
OKAY, FRIEND! RECKON I DON'T HAVE TO COUNT OVER THIS HOMBRE, HE WON'T WAKE UP TILL *MORNIN'!*

KID COLT AND THE SHERIFF BUCK THROUGH THE MOB AND REACH THE DRESSING ROOM WHERE THE KID DONS HIS CLOTHES IN THREE MINUTES FLAT!

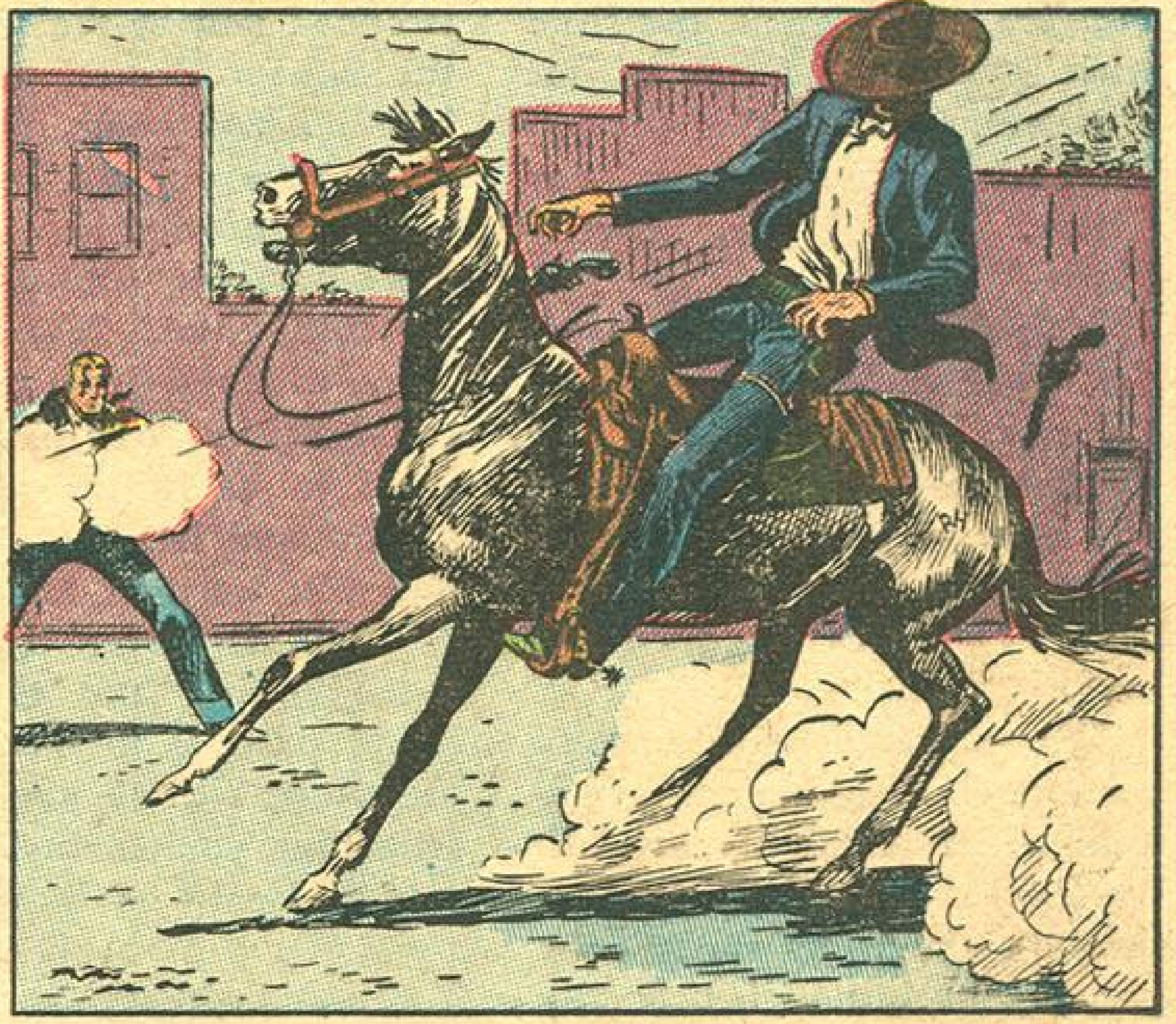

HOW'S POP?
ALL RIGHT! THE WATER **WAS** DOPED BUT HE'S COMIN' AROUND OKAY! WHERE WE GOIN?

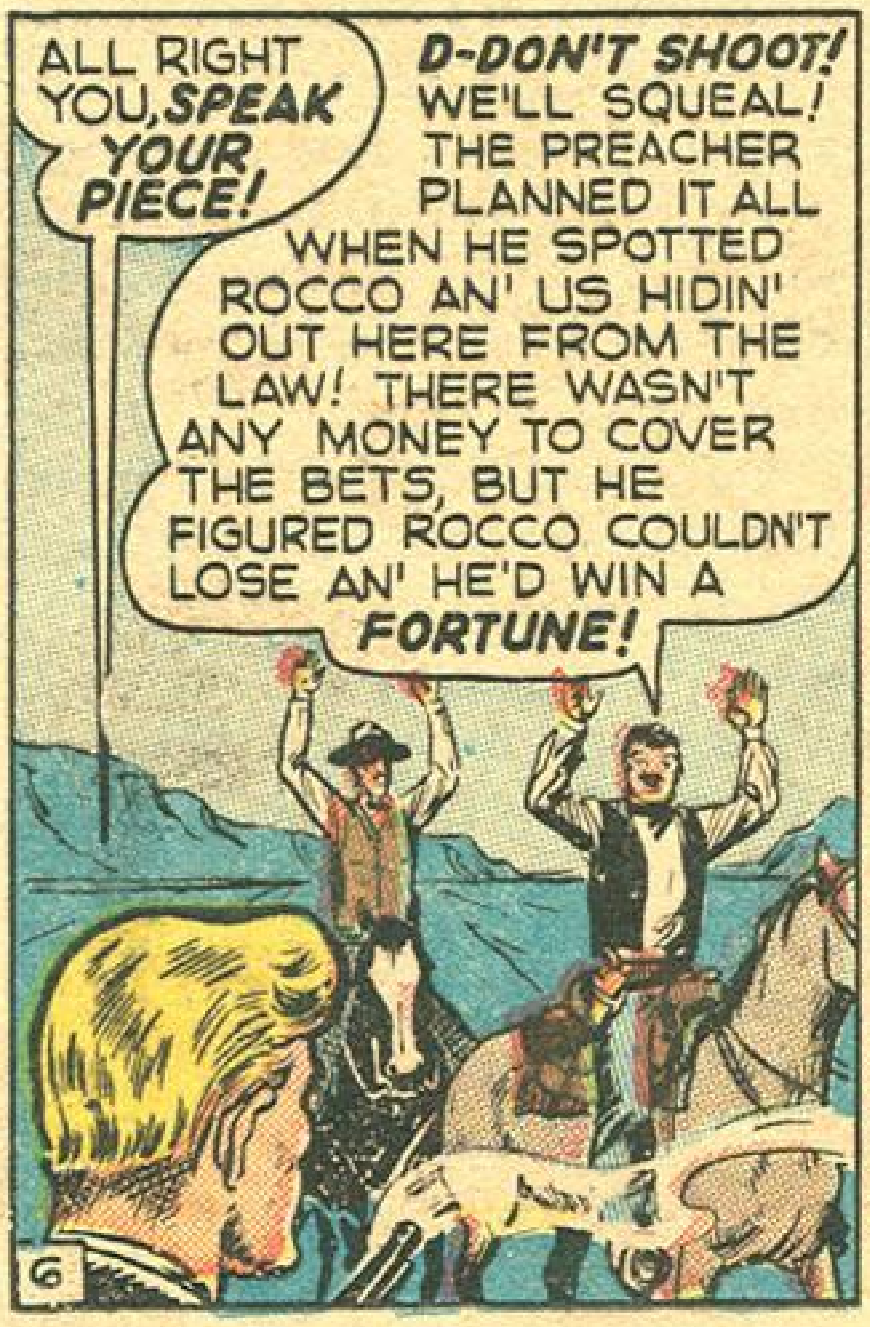

WHERE DOES PREACHER PERKINS KEEP HIS HORSE?
NEXT DOOR--WHY? **HEY--** THERE HE IS NOW!

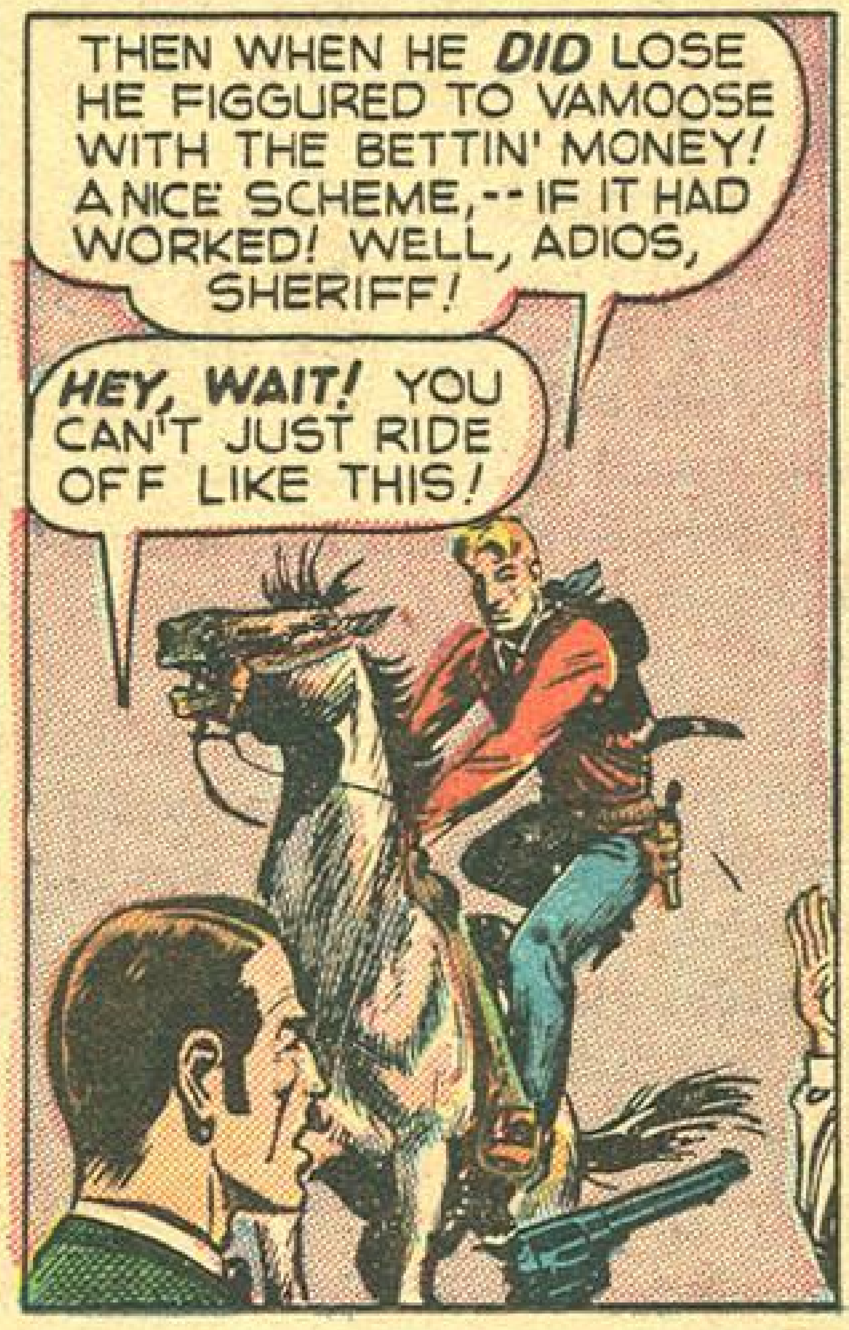
AS KID COLT FACES THE FAMOUS KILLER, PREACHER PERKINS, HE SLOWLY SETTLES INTO THE GUNMAN'S CROUCH AND CALLS THE PREACHER'S HAND!


I'M ONTO YOUR GAME, PREACHER! **DRAW OR CRAWL!**
YOU SHOULD HAVE **QUIT** WHILE YOU WERE **WINNING, YA FOOL!**

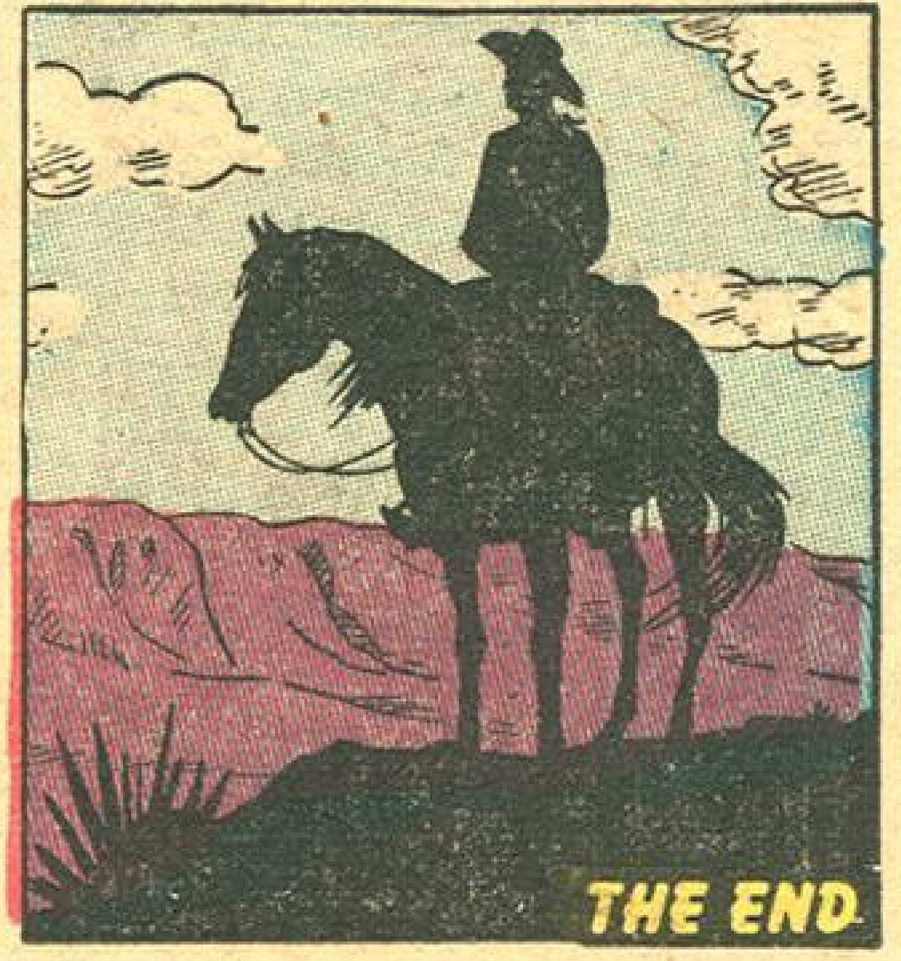
GUN THUNDER ROLLS OUT IN TWIN BLASTS! THE PREACHER HAS MET HIS MATCH THIS DAY!




ALL RIGHT YOU, **SPEAK YOUR PIECE!**
D-DON'T SHOOT! WE'LL SQUEAL! THE PREACHER PLANNED IT ALL WHEN HE SPOTTED ROCCO AN' US HIDIN' OUT HERE FROM THE LAW! THERE WASN'T ANY MONEY TO COVER THE BETS, BUT HE FIGURED ROCCO COULDN'T LOSE AN' HE'D WIN A **FORTUNE!**
6


THEN WHEN HE **DID** LOSE HE FIGGURED TO VAMOOSE WITH THE BETTIN' MONEY! A NICE SCHEME,-- IF IT HAD WORKED! WELL, ADIOS, SHERIFF!
HEY, WAIT! YOU CAN'T JUST RIDE OFF LIKE THIS!

BUT HE CAN-- AND DOES! KID COLT, OUTLAW, RIDES AWAY FROM HAGERSVILLE, A LITTLE BRUISED, A LITTLE TIRED, BUT HAPPY, IN THE KNOWLEDGE OF A DAY'S WORK WELL DONE!



THAT SLEEPY MAN

SLIM TIDINGS came out of the managing editor's office and nodded to Hank Corbin to follow him into the copy room. When they reached a comparatively empty corner of the room, the two sat down at a desk. "What's the story, Slim?" Hank queried.

The big fellow tapped a pencil on the desk. "The city editor's job is going to one of three of us. The boss wants a reporter moved into the spot now that old Gus has resigned, and from what I could get out of his secretary, it seems that the job will go to you, me, or our friend over there, Sleepy Harris."

Both Hank and Slim eyed the figure curled up on top of the desk, shielded from view of the boss by a mound of papers and assorted junk. "*That guy?*" Hank said, astounded. "He couldn't keep his eyes open that long!"

Slim snorted derisively. "He's been awake long enough to get hold of some mighty interesting stories these days. In fact, the boss thinks he ranks on a par with us, although he's only been in the newspaper business a couple of years. But wait until you hear the rest. The job goes to the one who turns in the best yarn within the next twelve hours!"

"Zowie! That means that we have to get to work fast, or . . ."

"Or get Mr. Sleepy Harris out of the way somehow. After that, you and I can split up and go after our stories. If one of us gets it, okay, but I wouldn't want to see that egg head in the city editor's job."

"You got any ideas?" Hank asked.

The other reporter nodded. "You bet. Play along with me on this. You'll get the idea fast enough."

Slim rose, strode over to Sleepy and shook his shoulder. After five shakings, a prod in the ribs and a clip on the ear, Sleepy opened his eyes. "Hi, guys, what gives? The boss want to see me or something?"

"Naw," Slim grinned, "I just wanted to know something. You said once that if somebody stranded you in the middle of the Sahara Desert, you could beat him back home. That's how sharp your wits are, huh?"

Sleepy nodded happily, for it was his favorite subject. "Sure," he told Slim, "that's right. Why, with my army training I could squirm out of any fix. Used to be in the O. S. S., y'know, and, brother, the things that you learn in that outfit!"

"Well, I've been thinking it over, Sleepy, and it doesn't sound possible to me. To tell the truth, I think you're overestimating your ability. Even if you did learn anything in the army, you've probably forgotten it all by now!"

Sleepy lost his tired look at once. "You're all wet, Slim! Why, I . . ."

"No talk. Let's bet on it. I have fifty bucks that says I could strand you less than a hundred miles from home and you wouldn't beat me back."

Sleepy opened his eyes a little wider and smiled. "You're on, pal."

When Hank realized what Slim planned to do, he could hardly stifle a laugh. It would certainly cramp Sleepy's style to be miles away in a forest somewhere while a big story was breaking. But all is fair in war, and when it came to getting a better job, their chances would be a lot better with Harris out of the way.

Downstairs in the locker room Slim said, "Okay, here's the deal. You can't take any money with you or anything valuable you'd be able to sell. You have to get home on your wits. Right?"

"It's okay with me," Sleepy said. He handed over his wallet, his watch and the loose change in his pockets. Only then did the three of them troop down to Hank's car and climb in.

Hank had carefully thought out where to leave their victim. He'd discovered a perfect spot about forty miles out in the country on the side of a mountain. It would take a man a good ten hours to walk back to town since the road was hardly ever used, but they could get there in the car with plenty of time left over to get back themselves and dig up a good story. Yep, this was the end of that sleepy nuisance, Mr. Harris.

They rode in silence for an hour and a half. Almost immediately Sleepy's head had dropped and he'd gone off into a sound slumber. Both the reporters had laughed—the drip wouldn't even know which direction to turn when they let him out.

Dusk had just settled when Slim shook Sleepy's shoulder. "Here you are, pal! Rise and shine!"

Rubbing his eyes, Sleepy woke up. "I get off here?"

"You're not kidding! And don't forget to show up with that fifty bucks! So long, bright boy!" The car roared and

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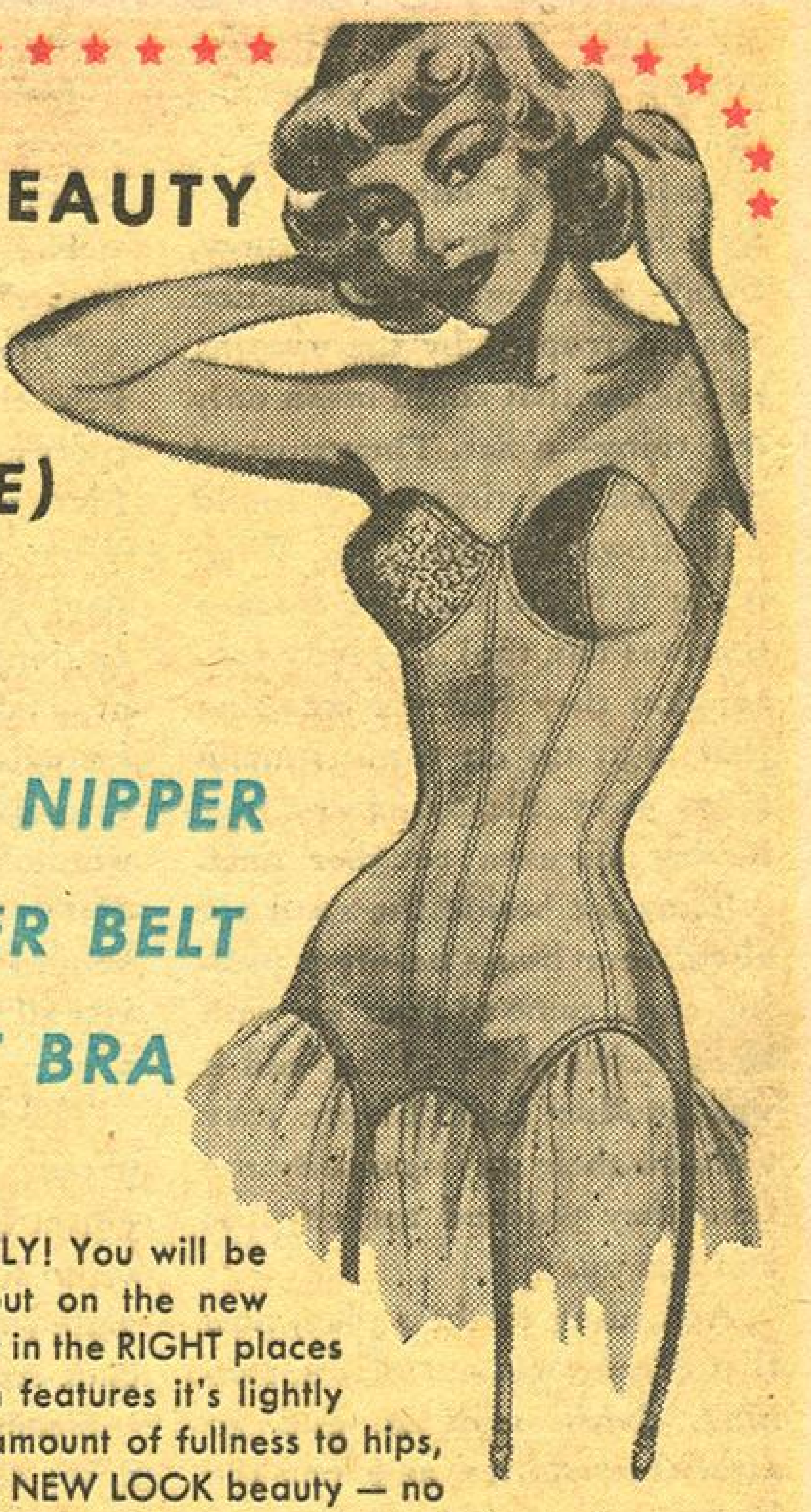

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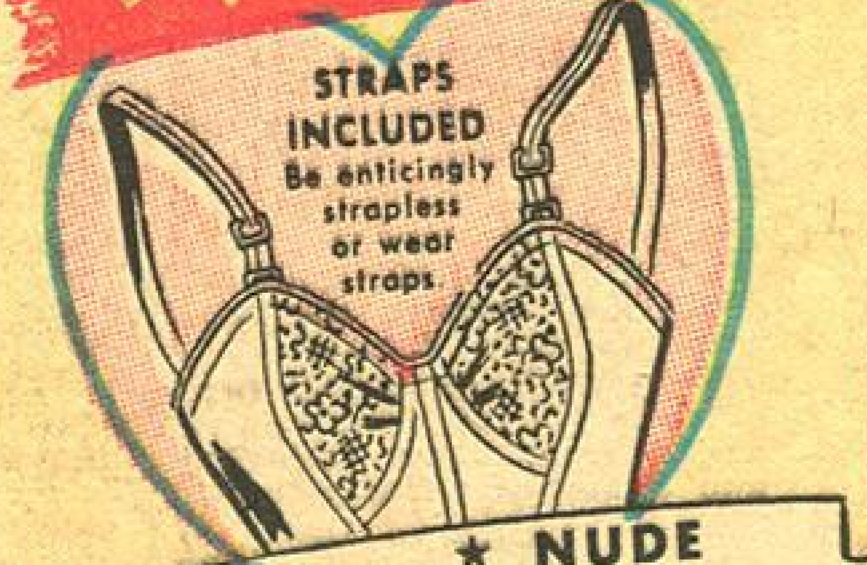
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churned down the road as its wheels bit into the soft dirt. Sleepy watched the departing car and smiled to himself.

A half hour later when they were back on the main highway, Slim's grinning self-satisfaction was interrupted by the swaying of the car that could mean only one thing—a flat. They stopped to check the tires—and found one down to the rim. What made it worse was the spare—that was flat, too! The only consolation they had was knowing that high up on the mountain miles away Sleepy Harris was having an even rougher time.

They sat beside the road for about four hours before a passing truck came to their aid with tire patches and a pump, and it was another hour before they were on their way again. By the time they reached the city the sun was up.

According to their plan, now that Sleepy was out of the running, they'd split up and go after their stories, and may the better man win. Hank dropped Slim off on the police beat while he took the uptown section around the waterfront.

Never had either of them seen a busier day. They roared up and down their assigned territories covering lead after lead, piling up sure-fire front page stuff. At three o'clock they both came tearing into the news room, clutching handfuls of notes, and sat down at their typewriters to bat out the stories. Just before the deadline of the late afternoon edition they stormed into the boss' office and threw their stuff down on his desk.

Carl Hanson, the managing editor, glanced at them briefly. "Good stuff, fellows," he said. "Turn it in at the city editor's desk."

Hank's jaw went slack. He stared at Slim, who seemed to be in the same amazed condition. "Y . . . you mean there's a . . ."

"Yup," the boss cut in, "a new city editor. Your friend, Sleepy Harris, has the job. Man, what a news hound he is! What a story he got out for today! You should see the early edition! They're bringing in an escaped convict on the train and his pals try to pull a rescue, but the cops shoot it out and get the whole gang. And there was Sleepy right on the job, sitting behind the cops and the convict all the way. He sure smelled a story a long way off!"

The two men practically staggered into the new editor's office. They had to wake Sleepy up to turn in their stories. Slim glared at him. "How'd you get back so fast?"

Sleepy yawned. "Why, I ran down the hillside and hopped on the back of your car. By the way, I hope the tire wasn't ripped too much. I held a stone against it until it wore out and went flat."

"*What?*" Hank exclaimed. "A free ride! But the train—where'd you get the money for a ticket?"

"That? Shucks, I picked Slim's pocket while he thought I was asleep. Oh, by the way, I took sixty bucks when I did it. Here's ten back. I'll just deduct the fifty I won from you."

Slim took the money wordlessly, and the two started to leave the office. Before they reached the door, Sleepy was snoring again.

THE END SL-3431

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1916

of Kid Colt published Bimonthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1948.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Robert Solomon, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of Kid Colt and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily, weekly, semiweekly or triweekly newspaper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Hercules Publishing Corp., 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.; Editor, Stan Lee, 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Martin Goodman, 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.; Business Manager, Robert Solomon, 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Hercules Publishing Corp., 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.; Martin Goodman, 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is .... (This information is required from daily, weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly newspapers only.)

(Signed) ROBERT SOLOMON.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of September, 1948.

(SEAL) SYLVIA FIEGEN.

(My commission expires March 30, 1949.)

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IN

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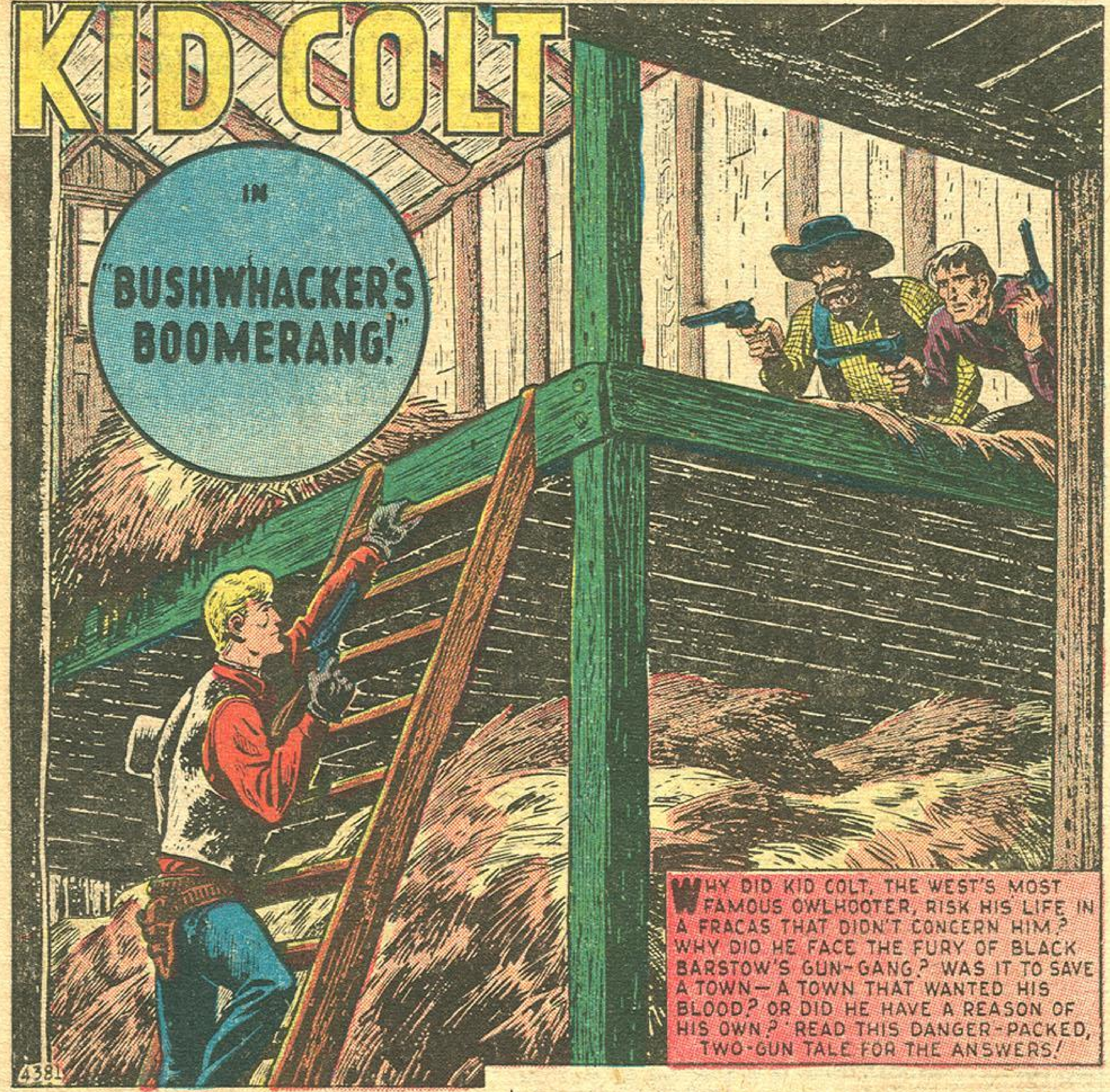
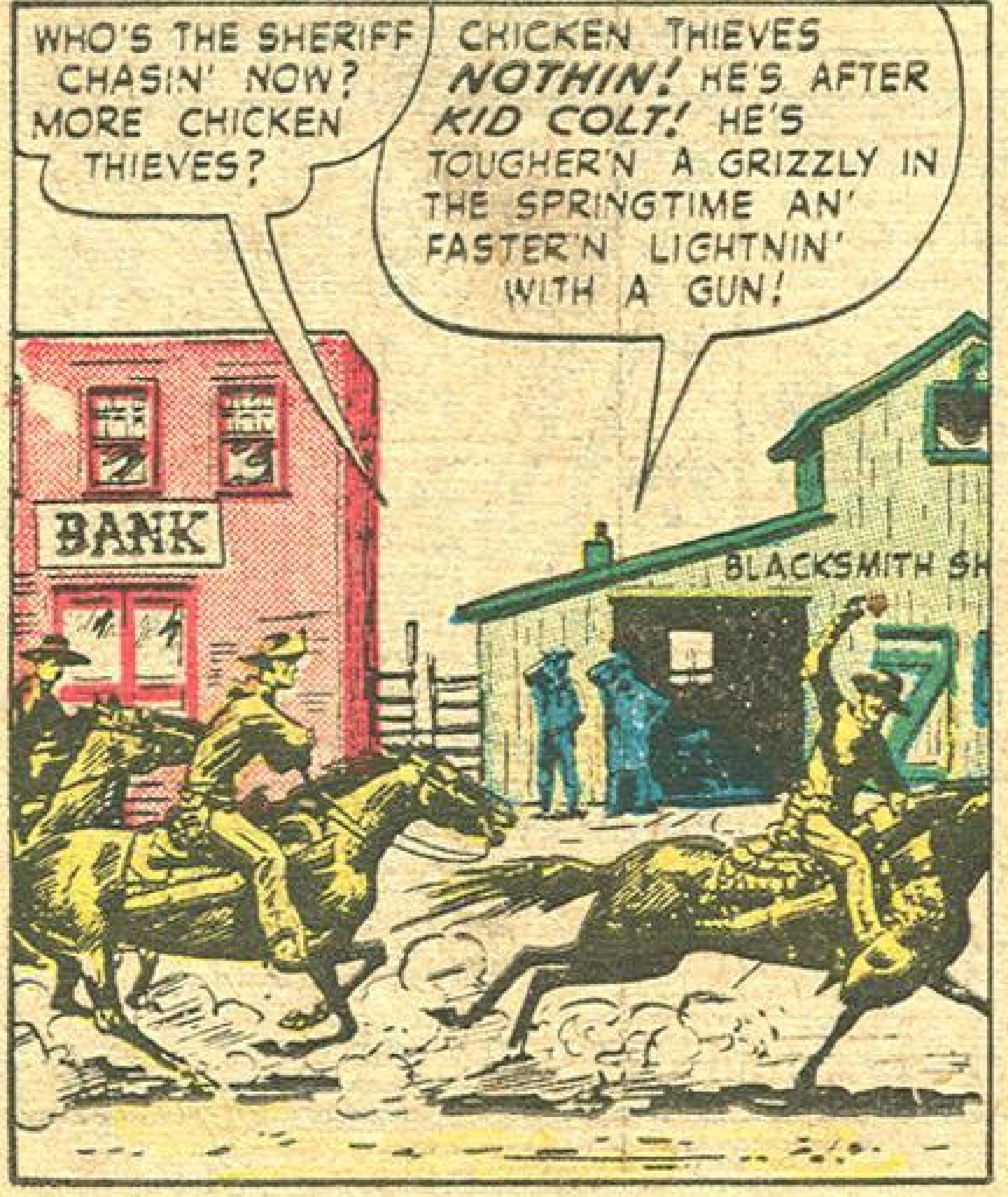
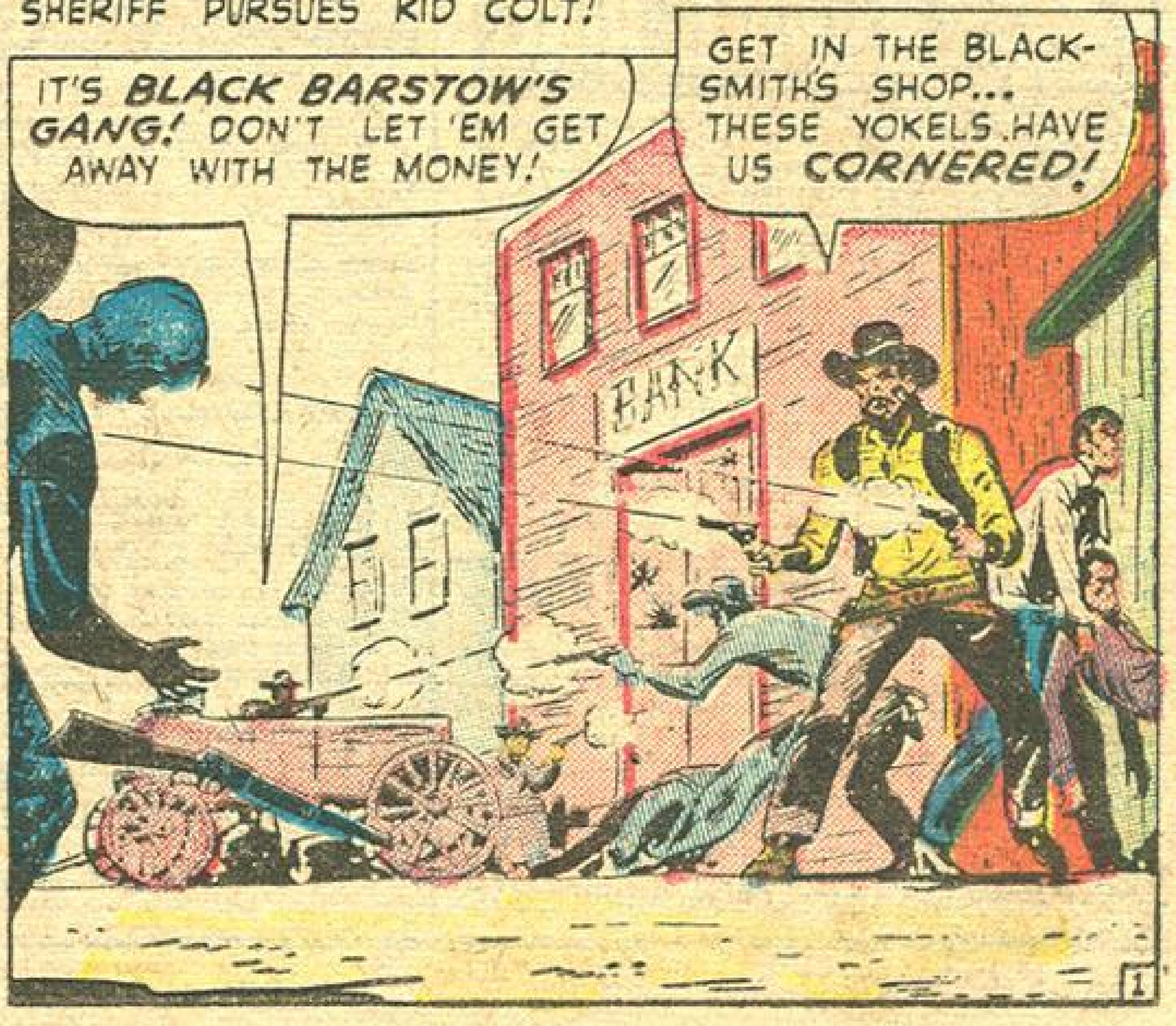


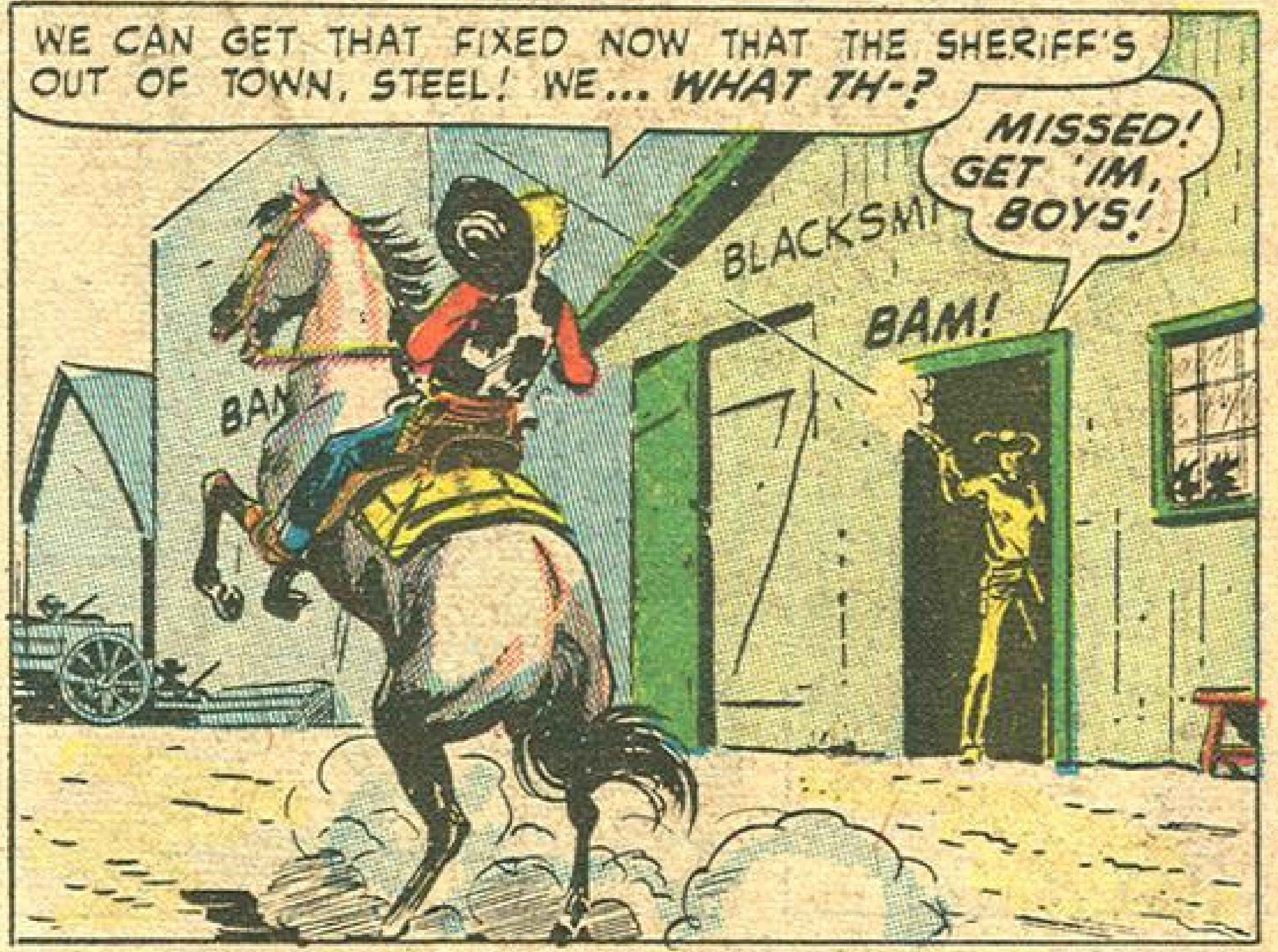
WHY DID KID COLT, THE WEST'S MOST FAMOUS OWLHOOTER, RISK HIS LIFE IN A FRACAS THAT DIDN'T CONCERN HIM? WHY DID HE FACE THE FURY OF BLACK BARSTOW'S GUN-GANG? WAS IT TO SAVE A TOWN—A TOWN THAT WANTED HIS BLOOD? OR DID HE HAVE A REASON OF HIS OWN? READ THIS DANGER-PACKED, TWO-GUN TALE FOR THE ANSWERS!

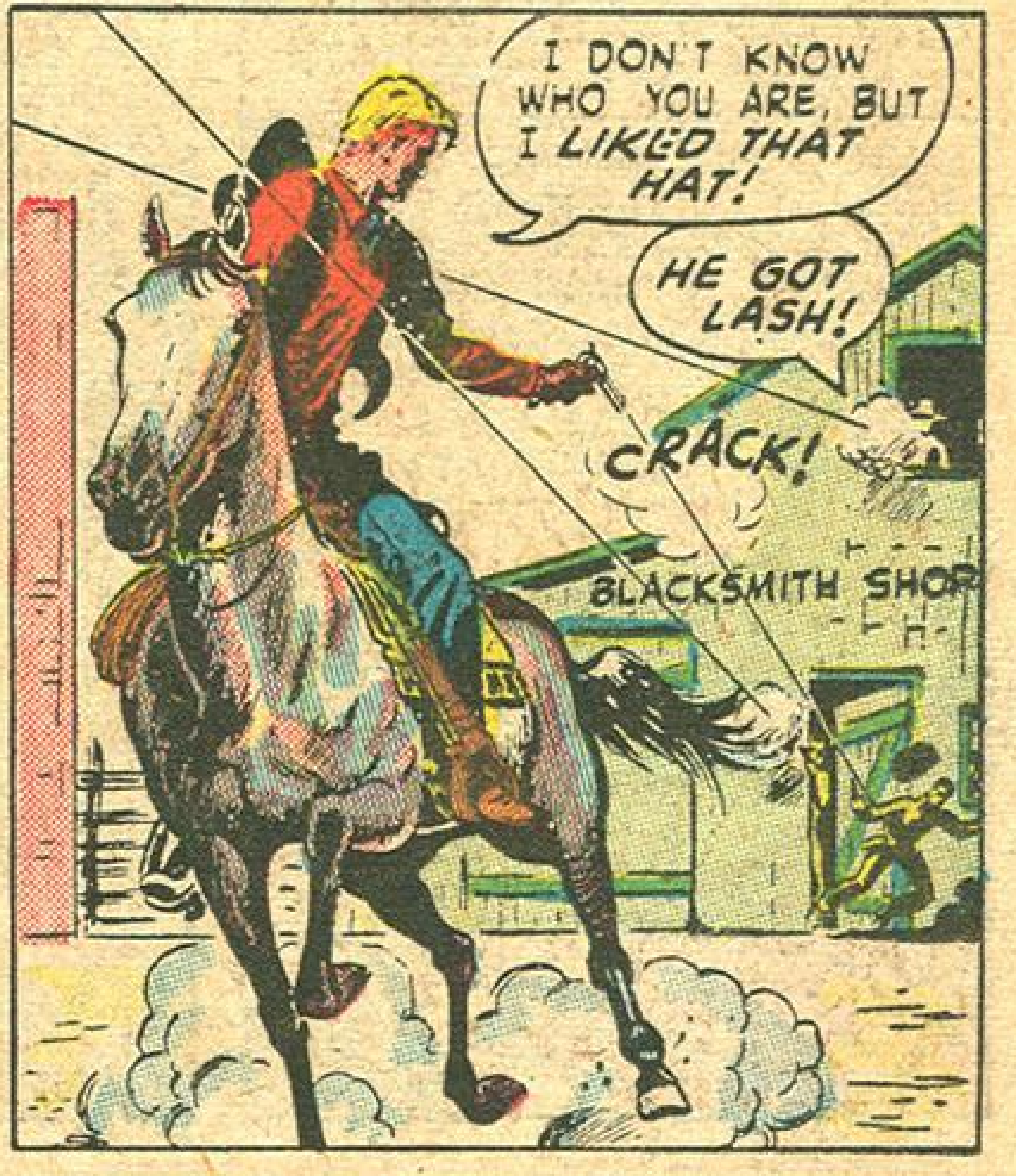

WHO'S THE SHERIFF CHASIN' NOW? MORE CHICKEN THIEVES?
CHICKEN THIEVES *NOTHIN!* HE'S AFTER *KID COLT!* HE'S TOUGHER'N A GRIZZLY IN THE SPRINGTIME AN' FASTER'N LIGHTNIN' WITH A GUN!
BANK
BLACKSMITH SH

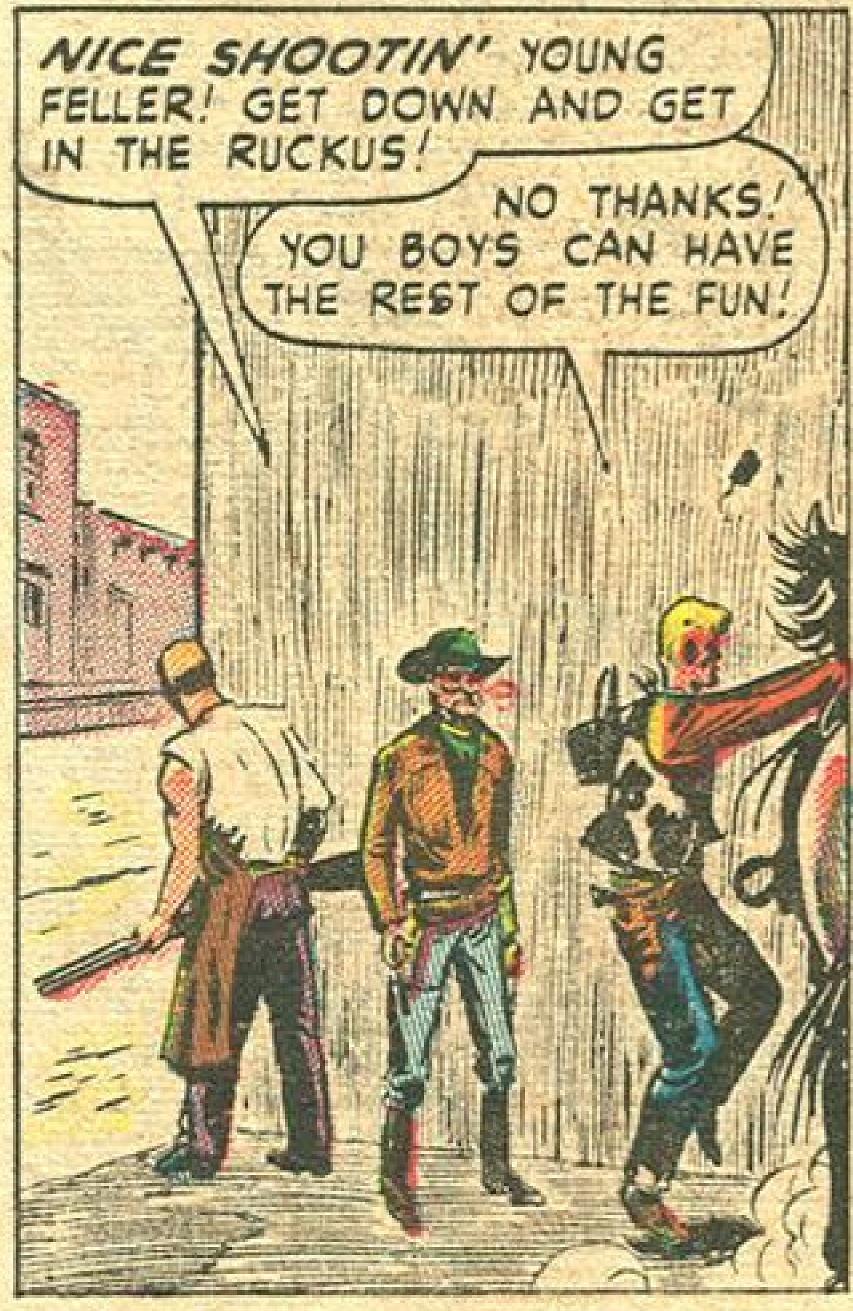
THE SHERIFF RIDES OUT, AND IN RIDES BLACK BARSTOW AND HIS GANG! THEY WORK WITH PRECISION AND DISPATCH, LOOTING THE TOWN'S ONLY BANK WHILE THE SHERIFF PURSUES KID COLT!

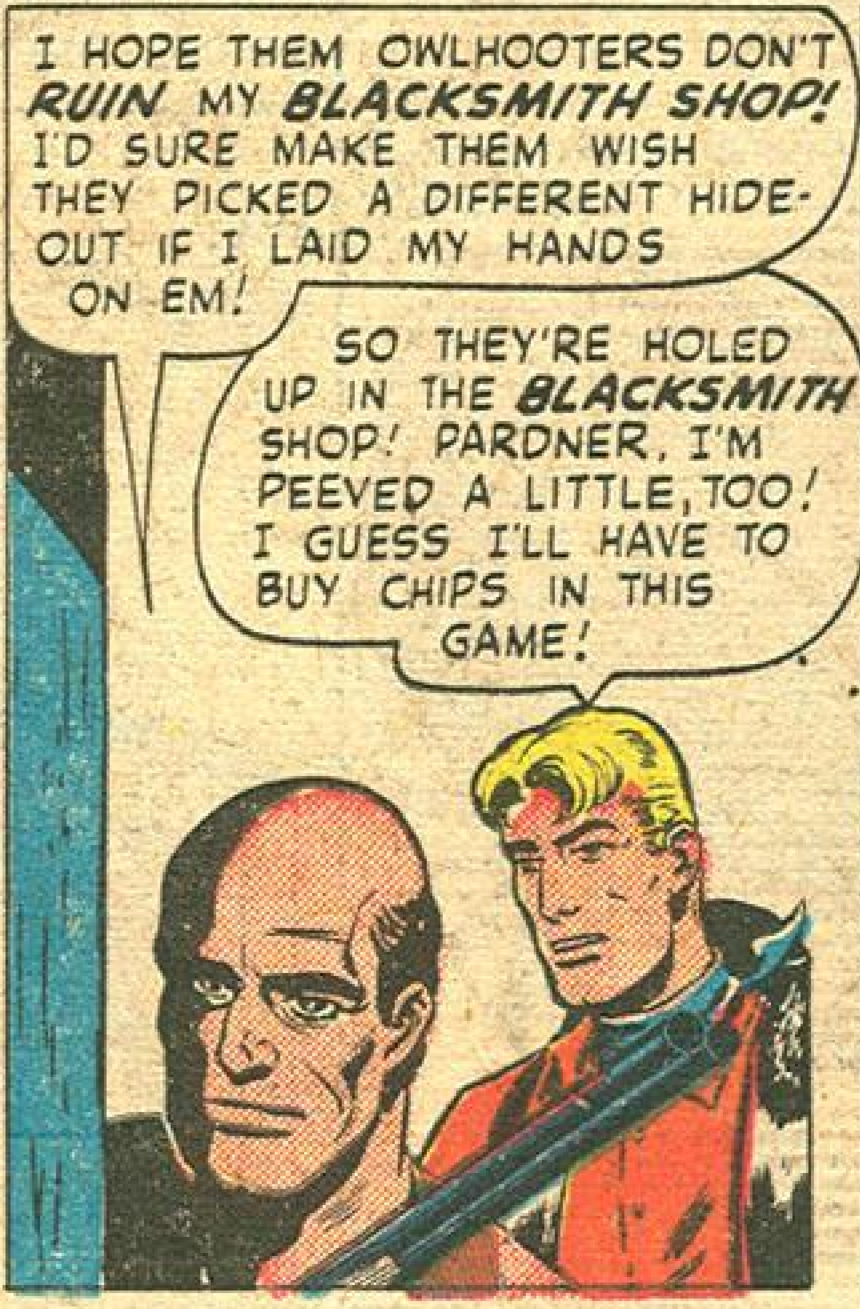

IT'S *BLACK BARSTOW'S GANG!* DON'T LET 'EM GET AWAY WITH THE MONEY!
GET IN THE BLACKSMITH'S SHOP... THESE YOKELS HAVE US *CORNERED!*
BANK

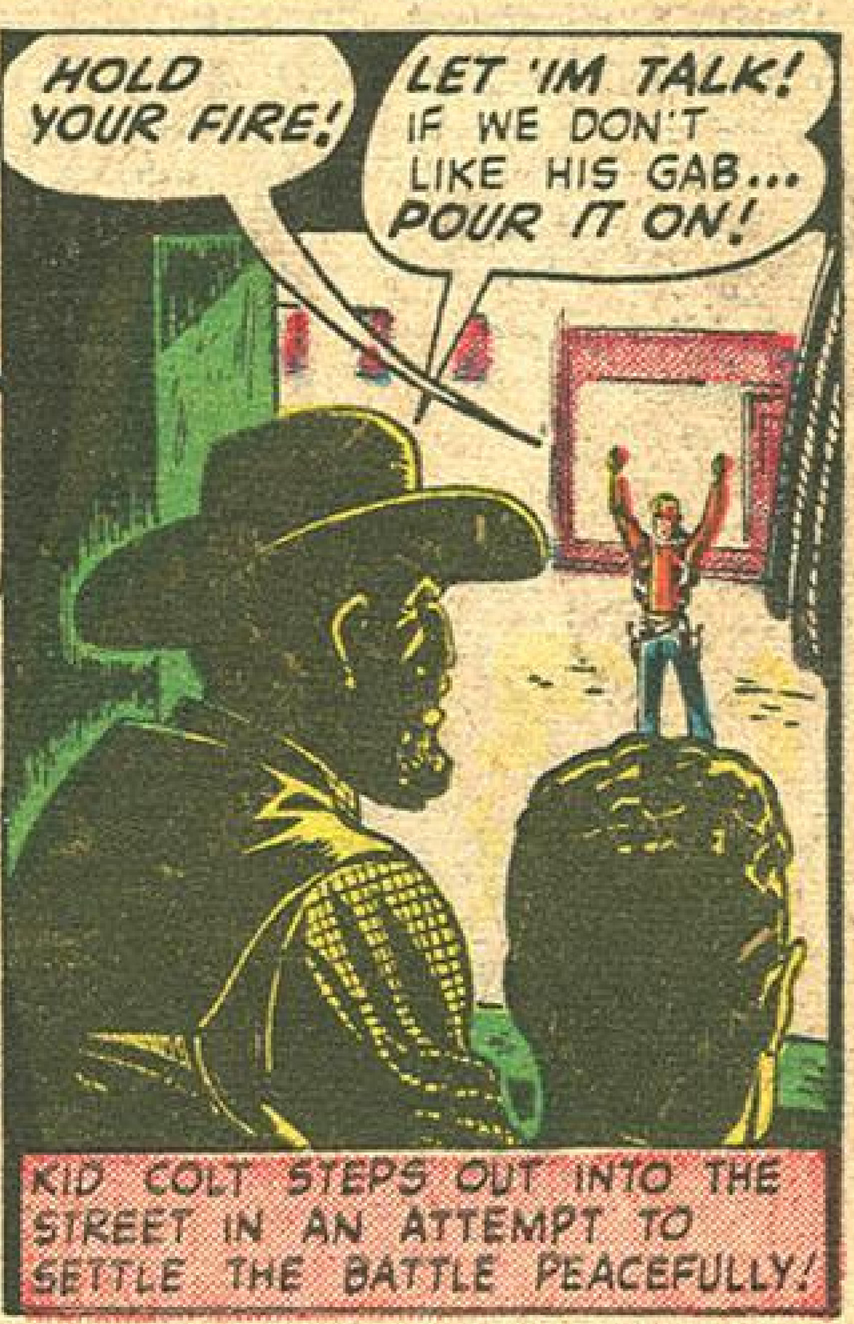
IT'S A STALEMATE! THE STREET IS A NO-MAN'S LAND INTO WHICH RIDES...KID COLT! HIS FIRST HINT OF TROUBLE IS THE ANGRY WHINE OF A BULLET...

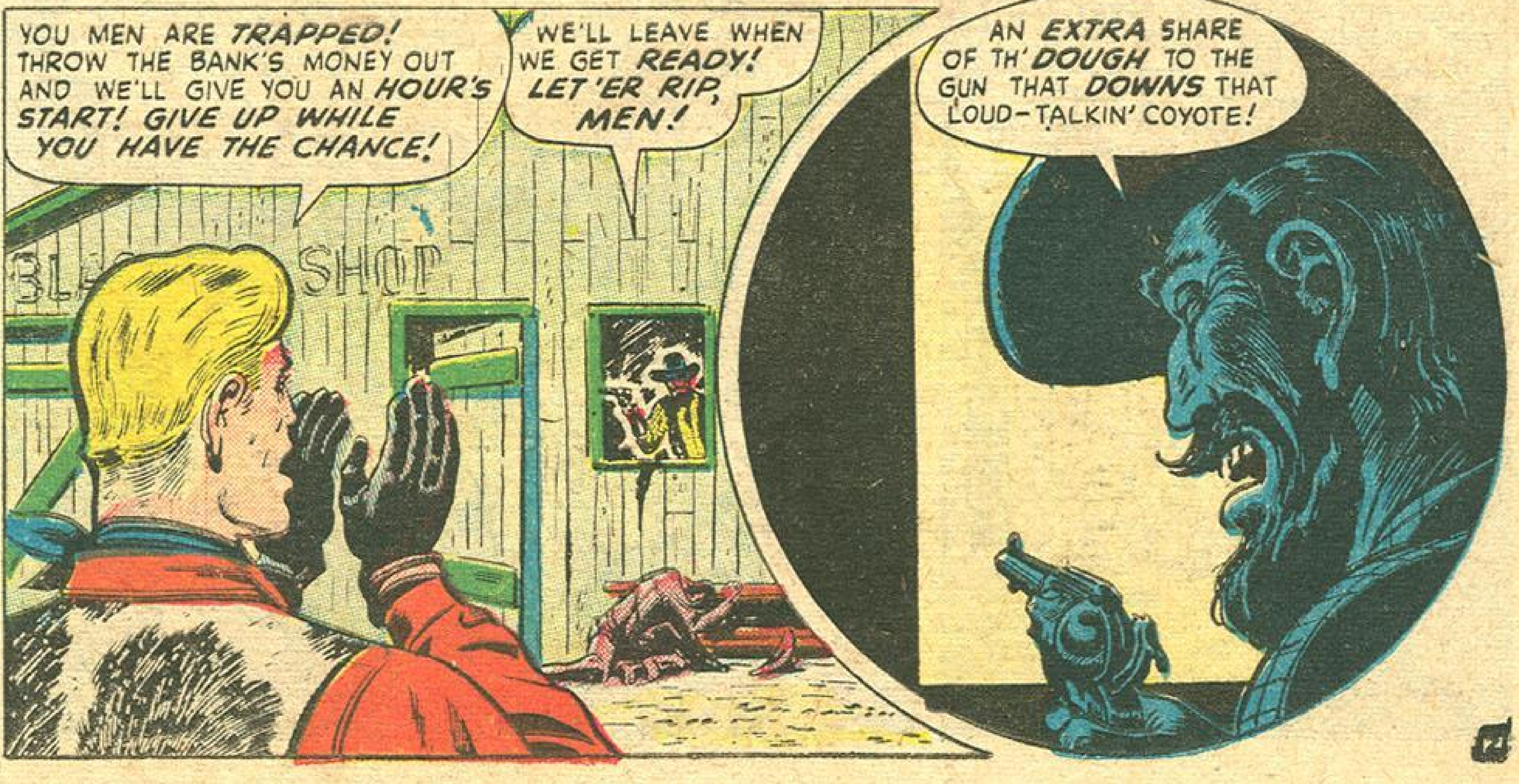

WE CAN GET THAT FIXED NOW THAT THE SHERIFF'S OUT OF TOWN, STEEL! WE... *WHAT TH-?*
MISSED! GET 'IM, BOYS!
BLACKSMI
BAM!
BAM

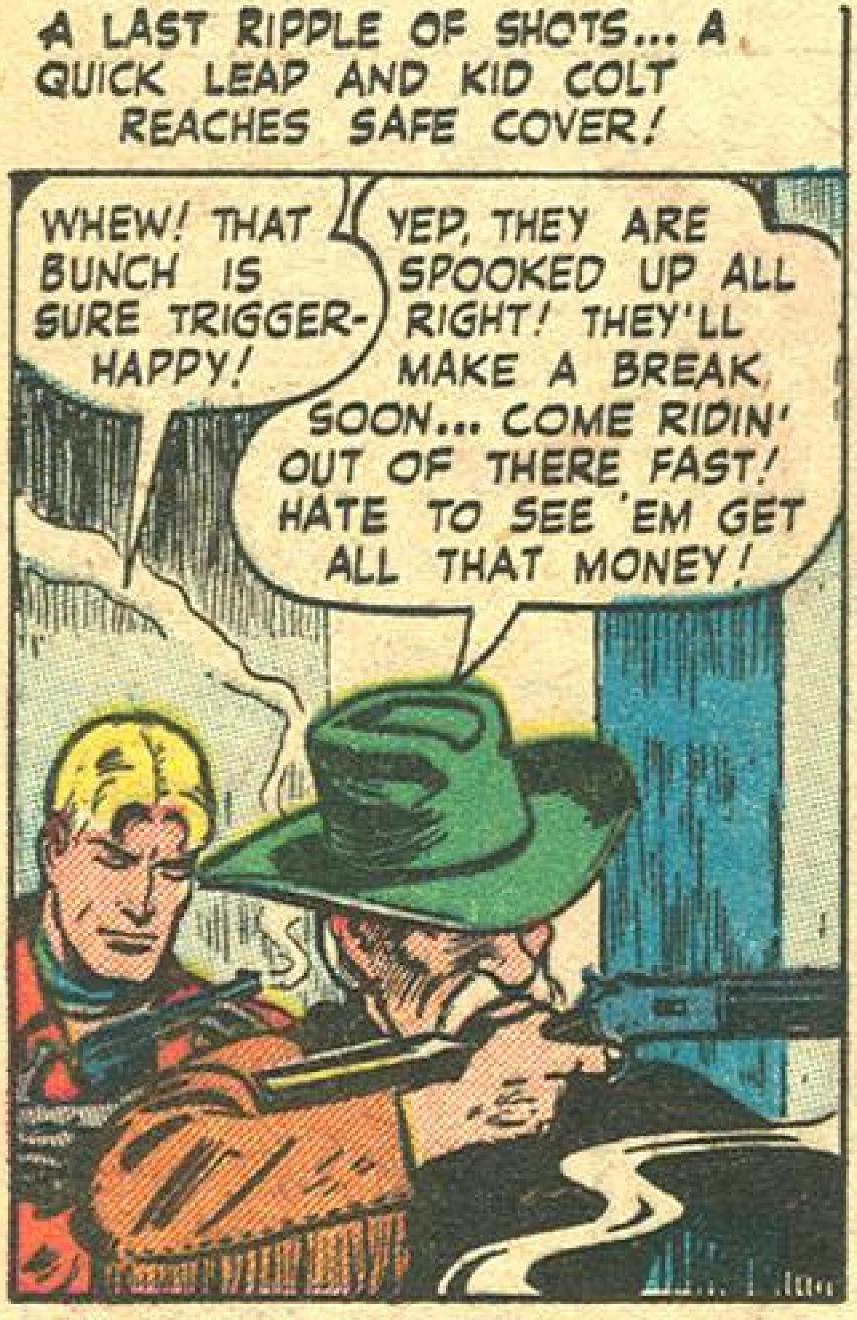

I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE, BUT I *LIKED THAT HAT!*
HE GOT LASH!
CRACK!
BLACKSMITH SHOP

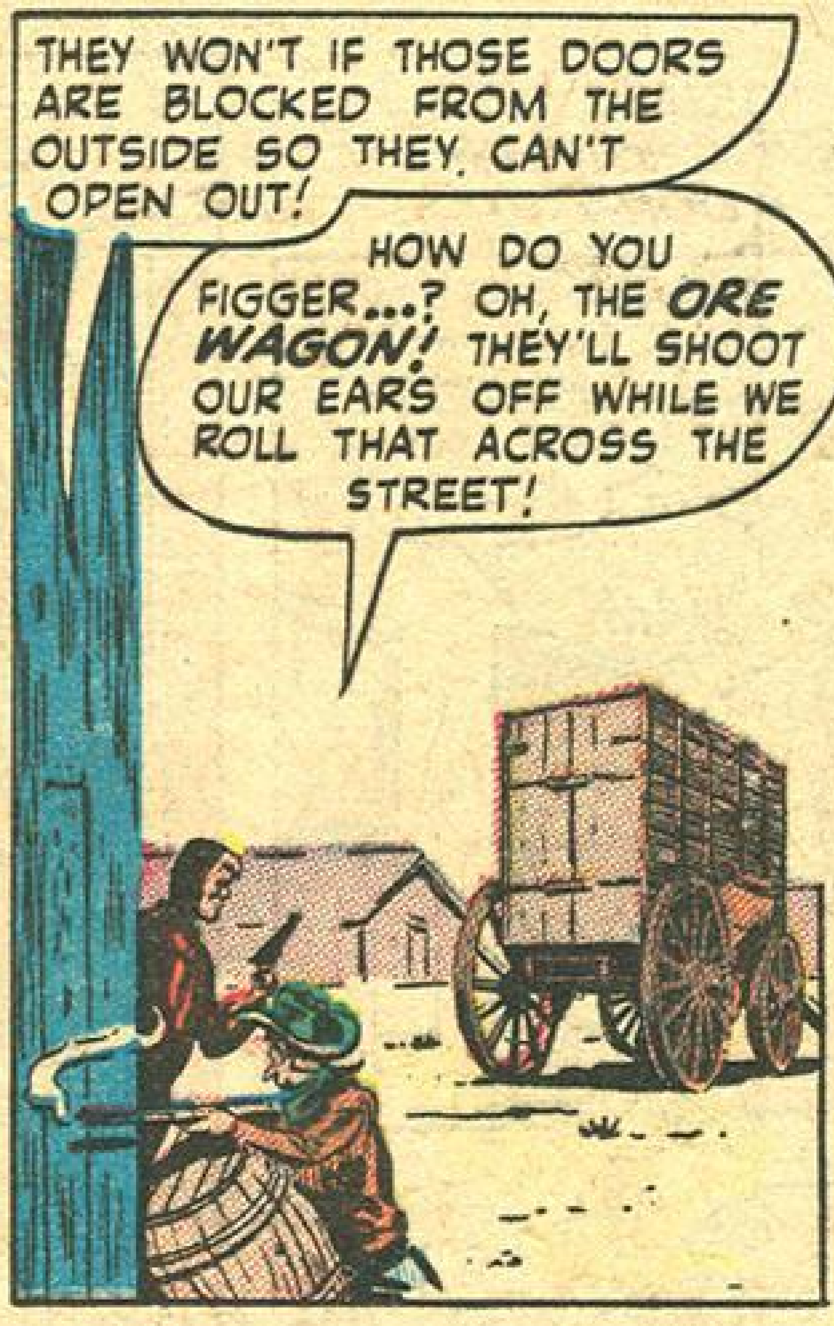

NICE SHOOTIN' YOUNG FELLER! GET DOWN AND GET IN THE RUCKUS!
NO THANKS! YOU BOYS CAN HAVE THE REST OF THE FUN!

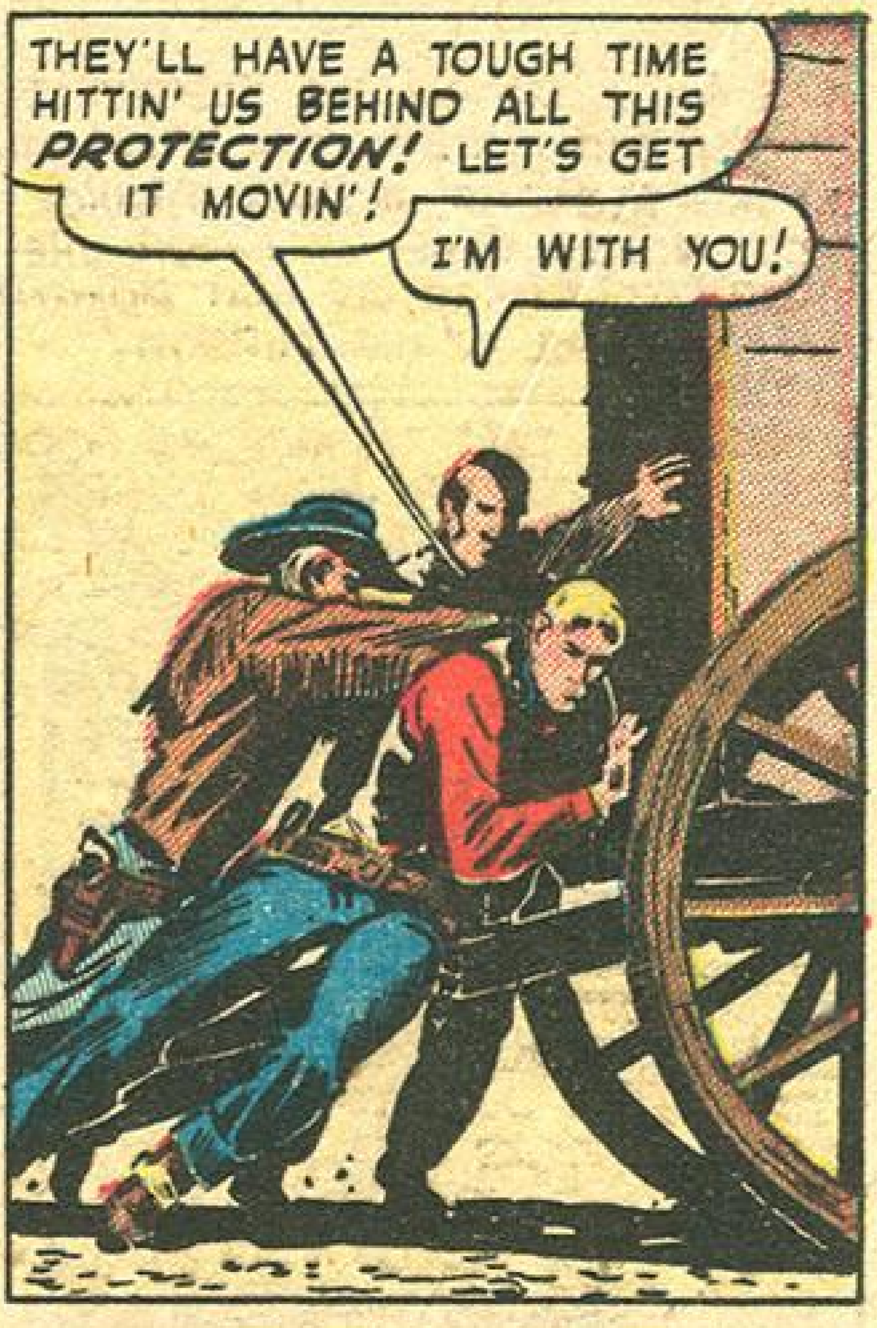

I HOPE THEM OWLHOOTERS DON'T *RUIN* MY *BLACKSMITH SHOP!* I'D SURE MAKE THEM WISH THEY PICKED A DIFFERENT HIDE-OUT IF I LAID MY HANDS ON EM!
SO THEY'RE HOLED UP IN THE *BLACKSMITH* SHOP! PARDNER, I'M PEEVED A LITTLE, TOO! I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO BUY CHIPS IN THIS GAME!

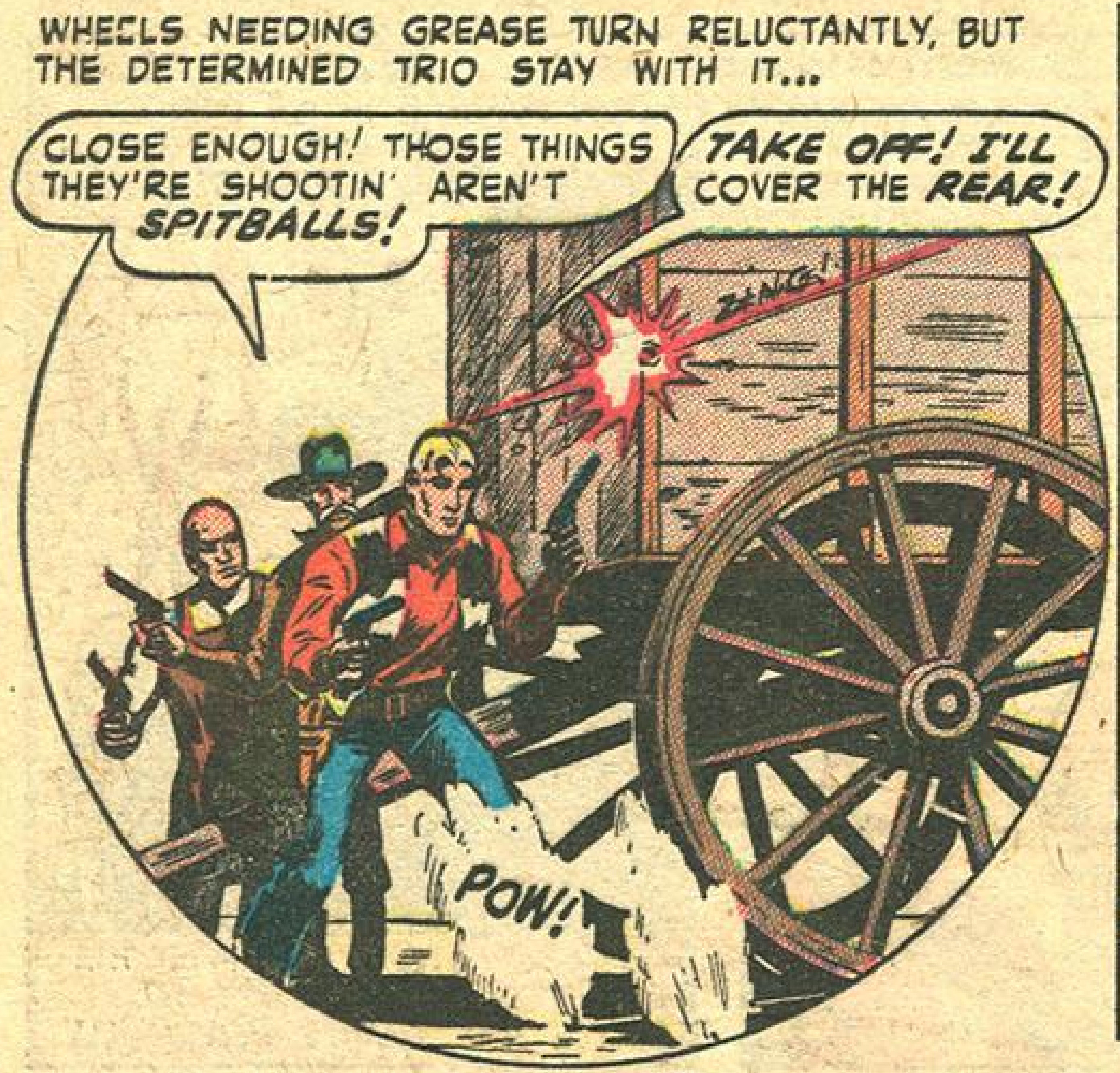

HOLD YOUR FIRE!
LET 'IM TALK! IF WE DON'T LIKE HIS GAB... *POUR IT ON!*
KID COLT STEPS OUT INTO THE STREET IN AN ATTEMPT TO SETTLE THE BATTLE PEACEFULLY!

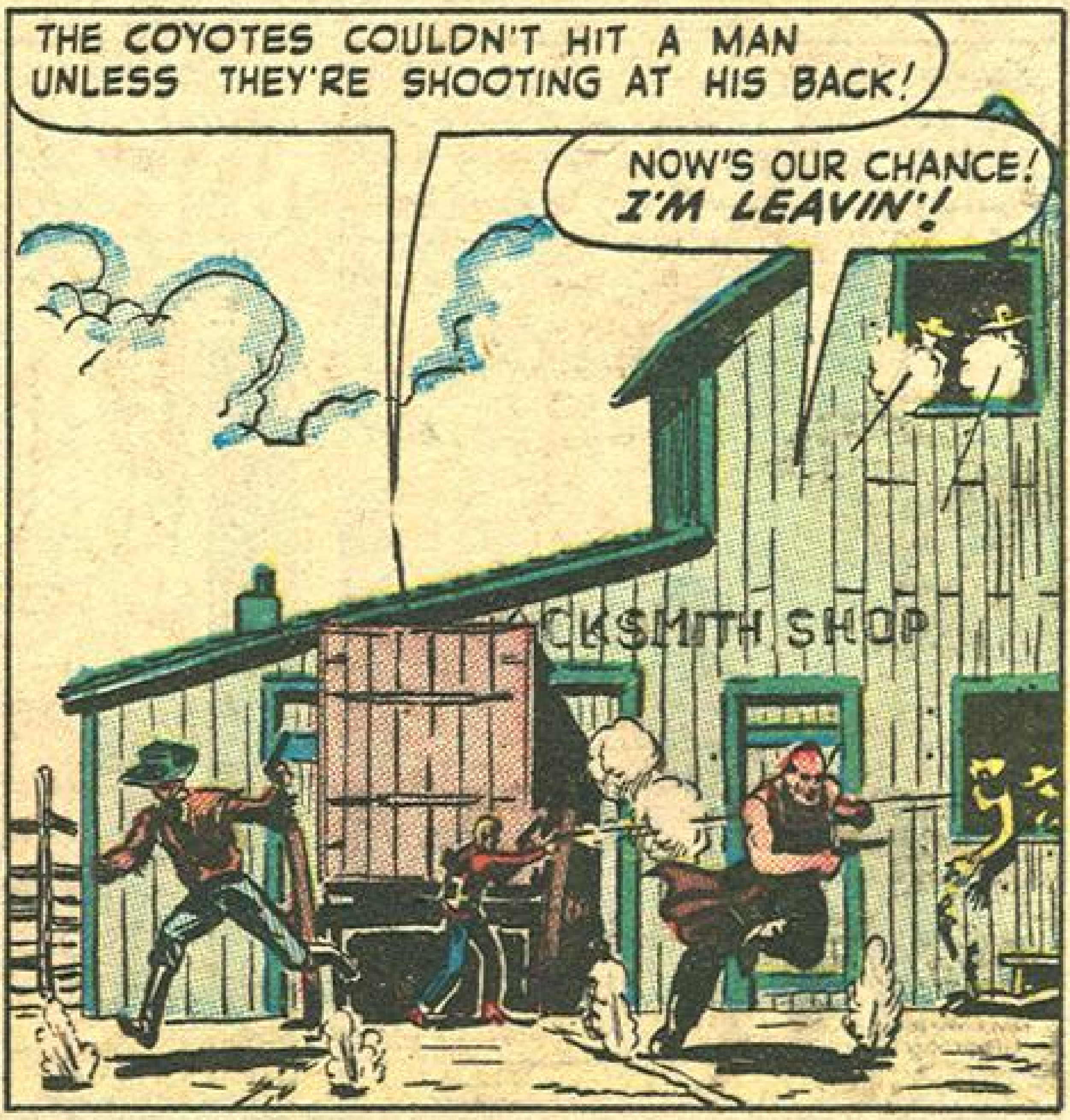

YOU MEN ARE *TRAPPED!* THROW THE BANK'S MONEY OUT AND WE'LL GIVE YOU AN *HOUR'S START! GIVE UP WHILE YOU HAVE THE CHANCE!*
WE'LL LEAVE WHEN WE GET *READY! LET 'ER RIP, MEN!*
BL SHOP
AN *EXTRA* SHARE OF TH' *DOUGH* TO THE GUN THAT *DOWNS* THAT LOUD-TALKIN' COYOTE!

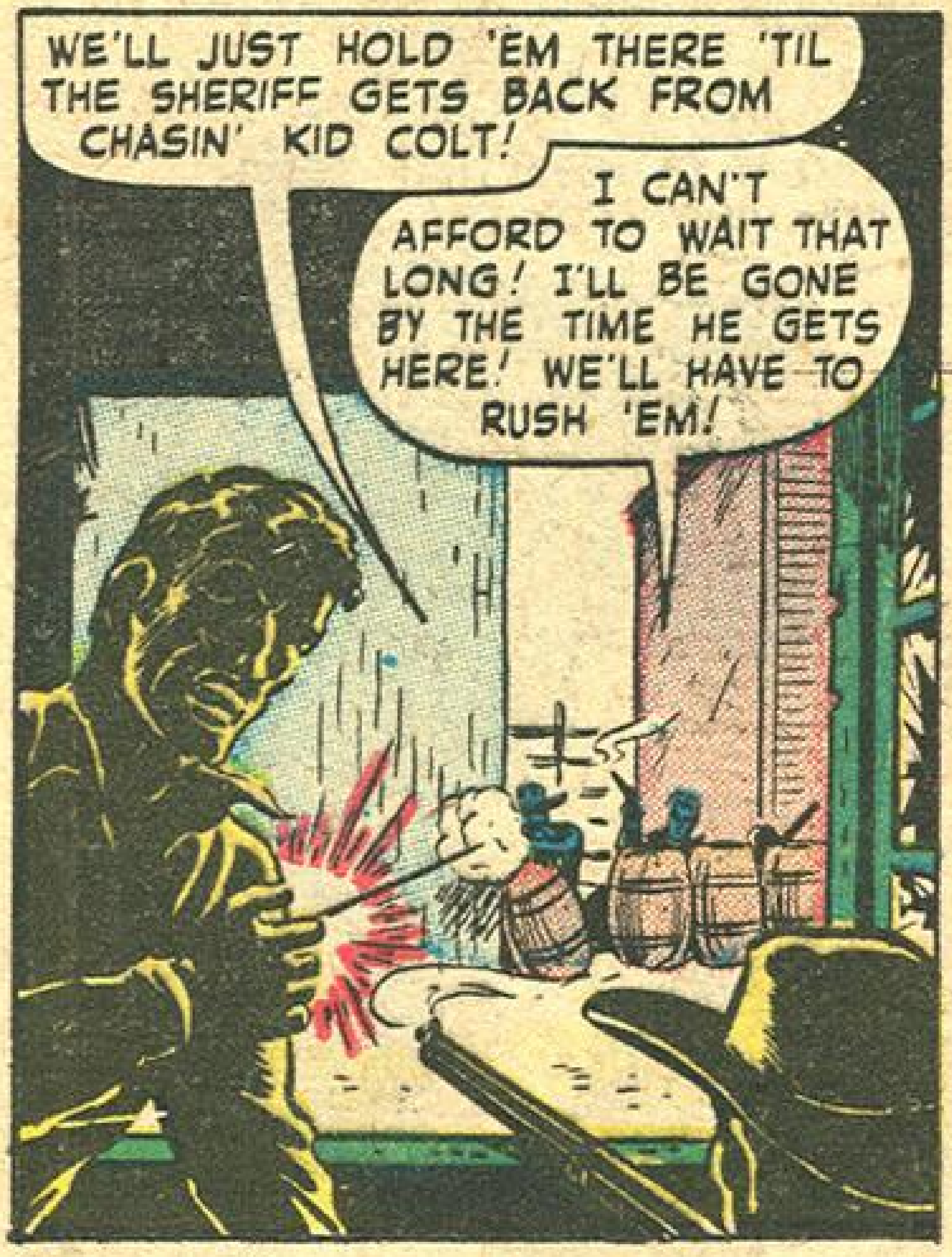

A LAST RIPPLE OF SHOTS... A QUICK LEAP AND KID COLT REACHES SAFE COVER!
WHEW! THAT BUNCH IS SURE TRIGGER-HAPPY!
YEP, THEY ARE SPOOKED UP ALL RIGHT! THEY'LL MAKE A BREAK SOON... COME RIDIN' OUT OF THERE FAST! HATE TO SEE 'EM GET ALL THAT MONEY!

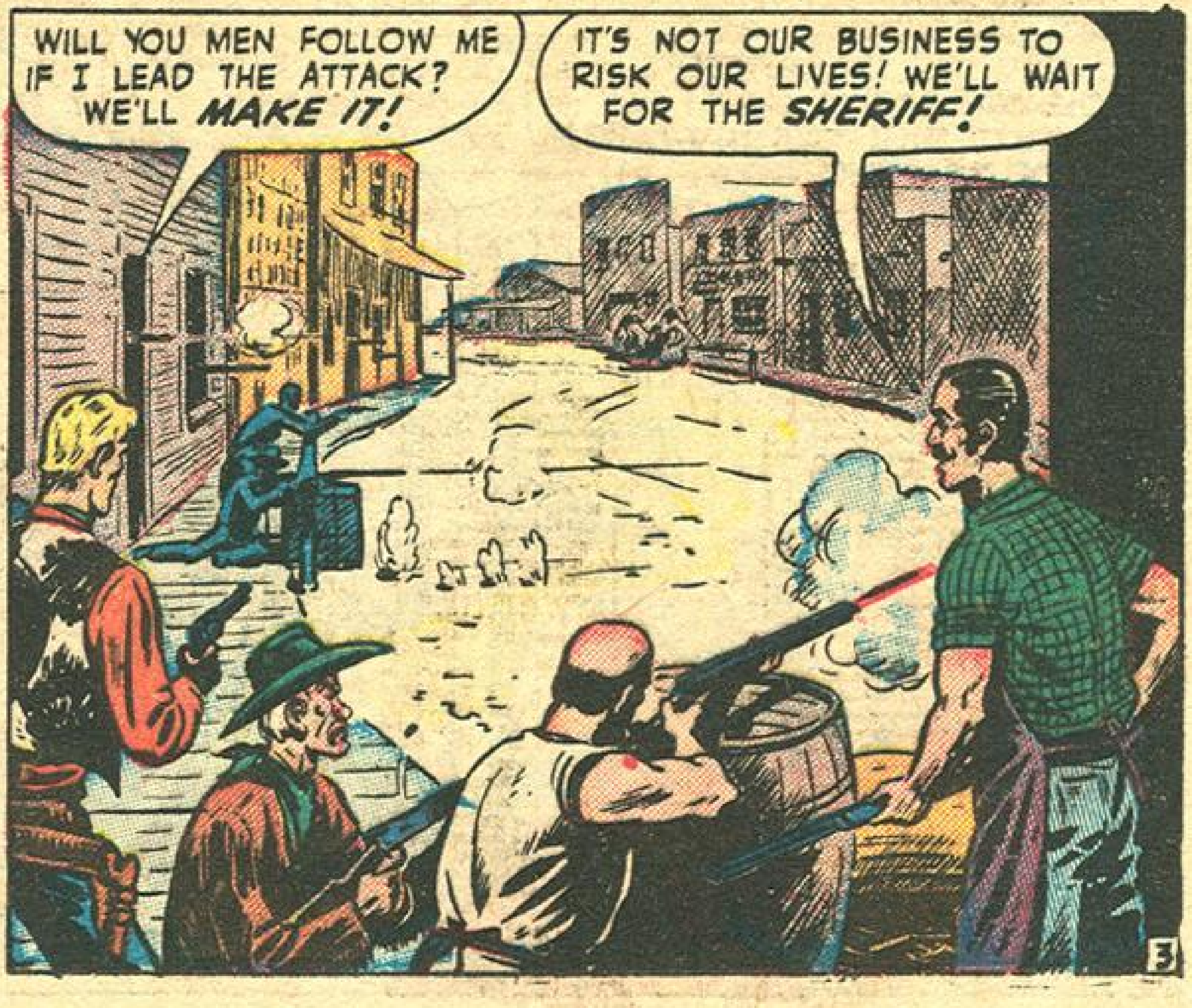

THEY WON'T IF THOSE DOORS ARE BLOCKED FROM THE OUTSIDE SO THEY CAN'T OPEN OUT!
HOW DO YOU FIGGER...? OH, THE ORE WAGON! THEY'LL SHOOT OUR EARS OFF WHILE WE ROLL THAT ACROSS THE STREET!

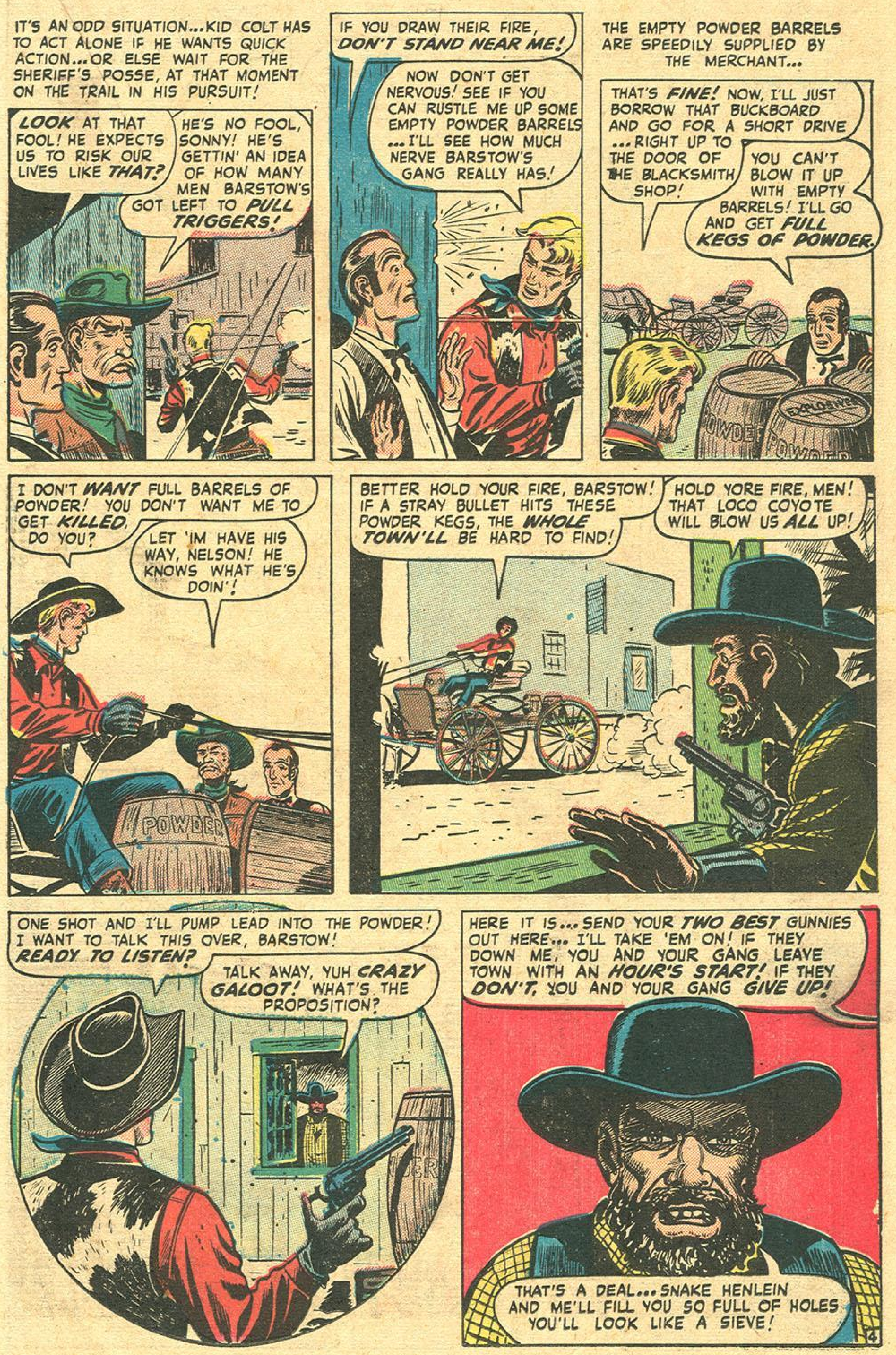

THEY'LL HAVE A TOUGH TIME HITTIN' US BEHIND ALL THIS PROTECTION! LET'S GET IT MOVIN'!
I'M WITH YOU!

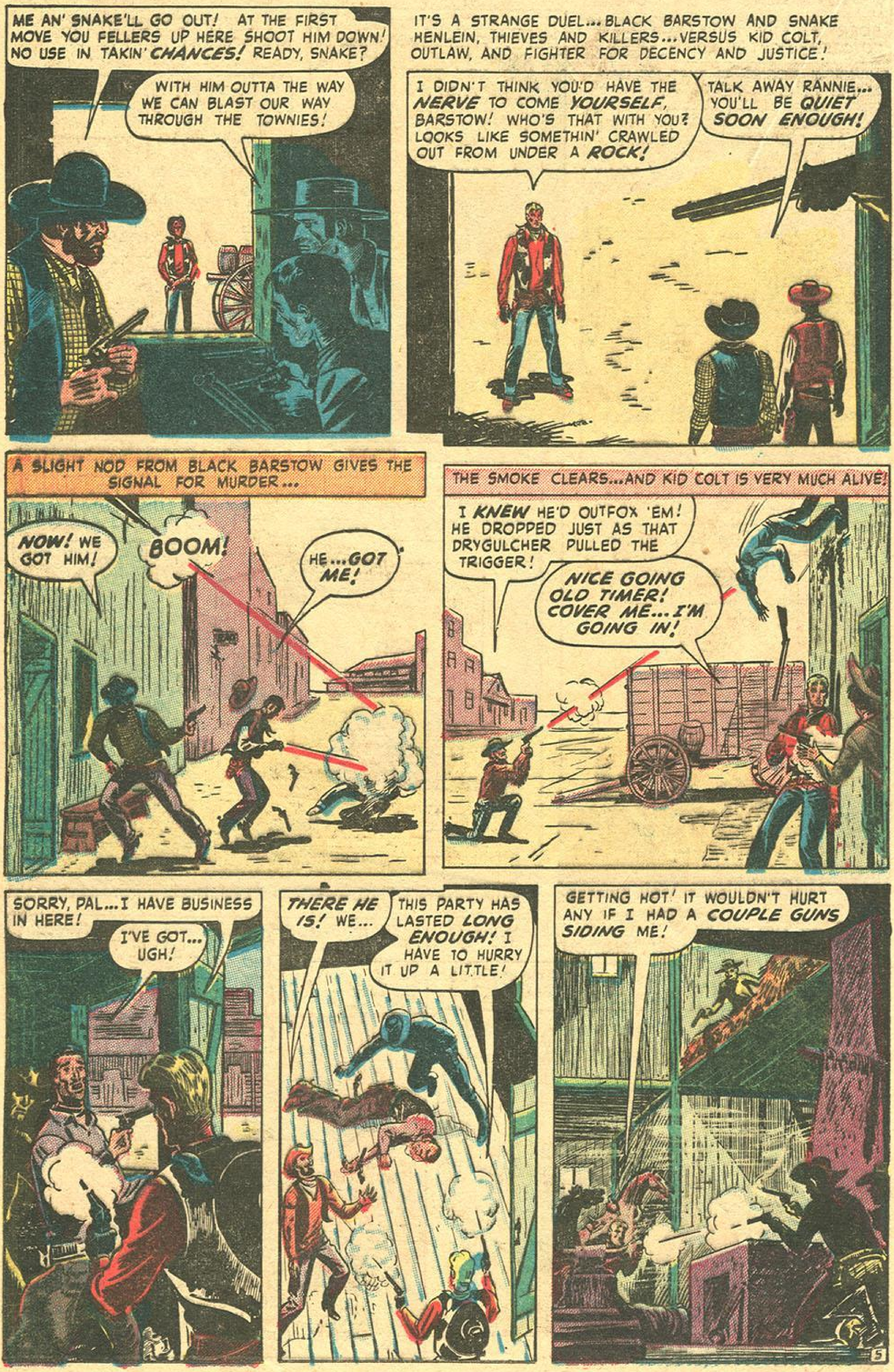

WHEELS NEEDING GREASE TURN RELUCTANTLY, BUT THE DETERMINED TRIO STAY WITH IT...
CLOSE ENOUGH! THOSE THINGS THEY'RE SHOOTIN' AREN'T SPITBALLS!
TAKE OFF! I'LL COVER THE REAR!
ZING!
POW!

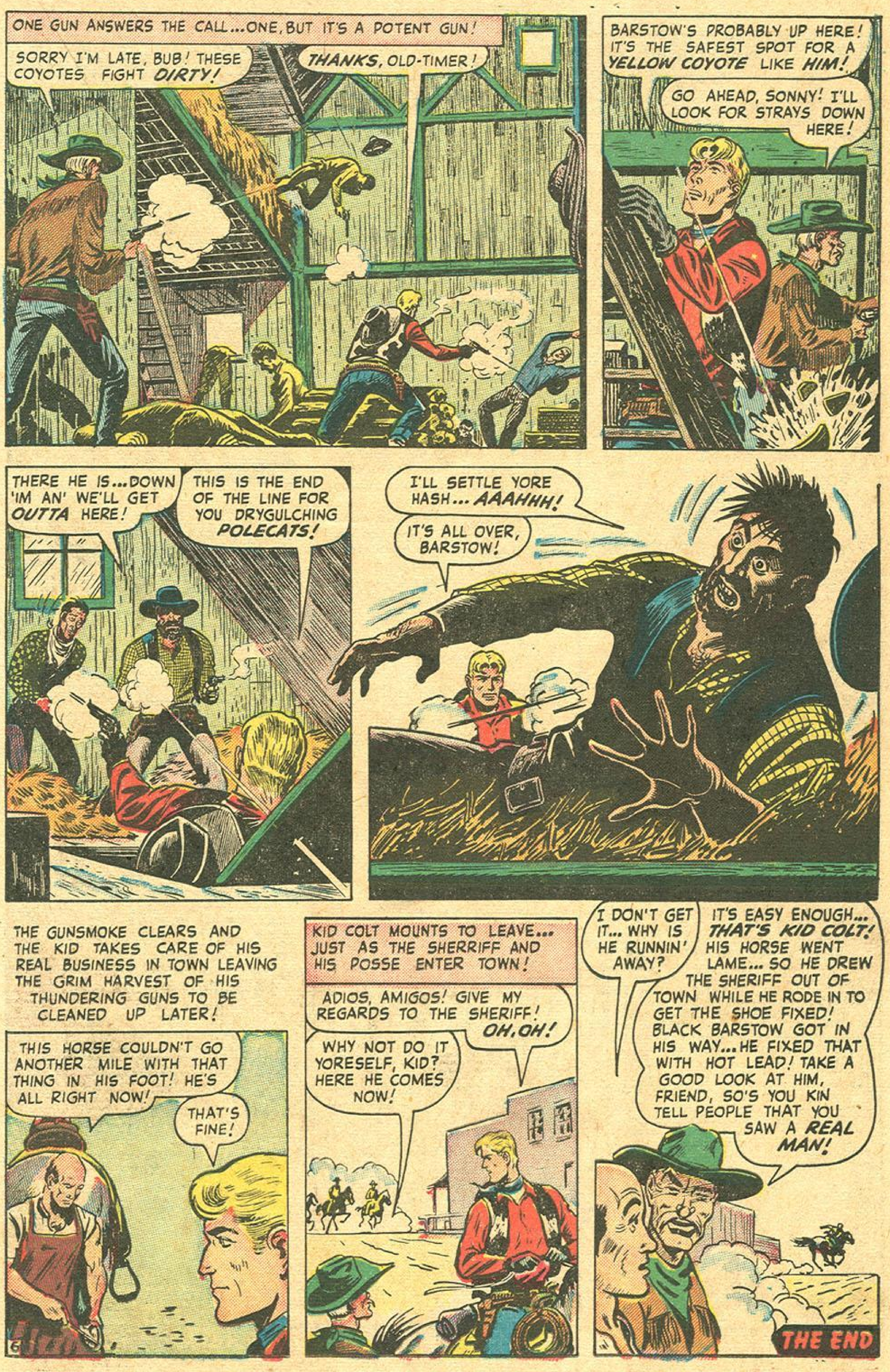

THE COYOTES COULDN'T HIT A MAN UNLESS THEY'RE SHOOTING AT HIS BACK!
NOW'S OUR CHANCE! I'M LEAVIN'!
CKSMITH SHOP


WE'LL JUST HOLD 'EM THERE 'TIL THE SHERIFF GETS BACK FROM CHASIN' KID COLT!
I CAN'T AFFORD TO WAIT THAT LONG! I'LL BE GONE BY THE TIME HE GETS HERE! WE'LL HAVE TO RUSH 'EM!


WILL YOU MEN FOLLOW ME IF I LEAD THE ATTACK? WE'LL MAKE IT!
IT'S NOT OUR BUSINESS TO RISK OUR LIVES! WE'LL WAIT FOR THE SHERIFF!


IT'S AN ODD SITUATION... KID COLT HAS TO ACT ALONE IF HE WANTS QUICK ACTION... OR ELSE WAIT FOR THE SHERIFF'S POSSE, AT THAT MOMENT ON THE TRAIL IN HIS PURSUIT!
LOOK AT THAT FOOL! HE EXPECTS US TO RISK OUR LIVES LIKE THAT?
HE'S NO FOOL, SONNY! HE'S GETTIN' AN IDEA OF HOW MANY MEN BARSTOW'S GOT LEFT TO PULL TRIGGERS!
IF YOU DRAW THEIR FIRE, DON'T STAND NEAR ME!
NOW DON'T GET NERVOUS! SEE IF YOU CAN RUSTLE ME UP SOME EMPTY POWDER BARRELS ...I'LL SEE HOW MUCH NERVE BARSTOW'S GANG REALLY HAS!
THE EMPTY POWDER BARRELS ARE SPEEDILY SUPPLIED BY THE MERCHANT...
THAT'S FINE! NOW, I'LL JUST BORROW THAT BUCKBOARD AND GO FOR A SHORT DRIVE ...RIGHT UP TO THE DOOR OF THE BLACKSMITH SHOP!
YOU CAN'T BLOW IT UP WITH EMPTY BARRELS! I'LL GO AND GET FULL KEGS OF POWDER.
EXPLOSIVE
POWDER
POWDER
I DON'T WANT FULL BARRELS OF POWDER! YOU DON'T WANT ME TO GET KILLED, DO YOU?
LET 'IM HAVE HIS WAY, NELSON! HE KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOIN'!
POWDER
BETTER HOLD YOUR FIRE, BARSTOW! IF A STRAY BULLET HITS THESE POWDER KEGS, THE WHOLE TOWN'LL BE HARD TO FIND!
HOLD YORE FIRE, MEN! THAT LOCO COYOTE WILL BLOW US ALL UP!
ONE SHOT AND I'LL PUMP LEAD INTO THE POWDER! I WANT TO TALK THIS OVER, BARSTOW! READY TO LISTEN?
TALK AWAY, YUH CRAZY GALOOT! WHAT'S THE PROPOSITION?
HERE IT IS... SEND YOUR TWO BEST GUNNIES OUT HERE... I'LL TAKE 'EM ON! IF THEY DOWN ME, YOU AND YOUR GANG LEAVE TOWN WITH AN HOUR'S START! IF THEY DON'T, YOU AND YOUR GANG GIVE UP!
THAT'S A DEAL... SNAKE HENLEIN AND ME'LL FILL YOU SO FULL OF HOLES YOU'LL LOOK LIKE A SIEVE!
4


ME AN' SNAKE'LL GO OUT! AT THE FIRST MOVE YOU FELLERS UP HERE SHOOT HIM DOWN! NO USE IN TAKIN' *CHANCES!* READY, SNAKE?
WITH HIM OUTTA THE WAY WE CAN BLAST OUR WAY THROUGH THE TOWNIES!
IT'S A STRANGE DUEL... BLACK BARSTOW AND SNAKE HENLEIN, THIEVES AND KILLERS... VERSUS KID COLT, OUTLAW, AND FIGHTER FOR DECENCY AND JUSTICE!
I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D HAVE THE *NERVE* TO COME *YOURSELF*, BARSTOW! WHO'S THAT WITH YOU? LOOKS LIKE SOMETHIN' CRAWLED OUT FROM UNDER A *ROCK!*
TALK AWAY RANNIE... YOU'LL BE *QUIET SOON ENOUGH!*
A SLIGHT NOD FROM BLACK BARSTOW GIVES THE SIGNAL FOR MURDER...
NOW! WE GOT HIM!
BOOM!
HE... *GOT ME!*
THE SMOKE CLEARS... AND KID COLT IS VERY MUCH ALIVE!
I *KNEW* HE'D OUTFOX 'EM! HE DROPPED JUST AS THAT DRYGULCHER PULLED THE TRIGGER!
NICE GOING OLD TIMER! COVER ME... I'M GOING IN!
SORRY, PAL... I HAVE BUSINESS IN HERE!
I'VE GOT... UGH!
THERE HE IS! WE...
THIS PARTY HAS LASTED *LONG ENOUGH!* I HAVE TO HURRY IT UP A LITTLE!
GETTING HOT! IT WOULDN'T HURT ANY IF I HAD A *COUPLE GUNS SIDING* ME!
5


ONE GUN ANSWERS THE CALL...ONE, BUT IT'S A POTENT GUN!
SORRY I'M LATE, BUB! THESE COYOTES FIGHT DIRTY!
THANKS, OLD-TIMER!
BARSTOW'S PROBABLY UP HERE! IT'S THE SAFEST SPOT FOR A YELLOW COYOTE LIKE HIM!
GO AHEAD, SONNY! I'LL LOOK FOR STRAYS DOWN HERE!
THERE HE IS...DOWN 'IM AN' WE'LL GET OUTTA HERE!
THIS IS THE END OF THE LINE FOR YOU DRYGULCHING POLECATS!
I'LL SETTLE YORE HASH...AAAHHH!
IT'S ALL OVER, BARSTOW!
THE GUNSMOKE CLEARS AND THE KID TAKES CARE OF HIS REAL BUSINESS IN TOWN LEAVING THE GRIM HARVEST OF HIS THUNDERING GUNS TO BE CLEANED UP LATER!
THIS HORSE COULDN'T GO ANOTHER MILE WITH THAT THING IN HIS FOOT! HE'S ALL RIGHT NOW!
THAT'S FINE!
KID COLT MOUNTS TO LEAVE... JUST AS THE SHERRIFF AND HIS POSSE ENTER TOWN!
ADIOS, AMIGOS! GIVE MY REGARDS TO THE SHERIFF! OH, OH!
WHY NOT DO IT YORESELF, KID? HERE HE COMES NOW!
I DON'T GET IT... WHY IS HE RUNNIN' AWAY?
IT'S EASY ENOUGH... THAT'S KID COLT! HIS HORSE WENT LAME... SO HE DREW THE SHERIFF OUT OF TOWN WHILE HE RODE IN TO GET THE SHOE FIXED! BLACK BARSTOW GOT IN HIS WAY... HE FIXED THAT WITH HOT LEAD! TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT HIM, FRIEND, SO'S YOU KIN TELL PEOPLE THAT YOU SAW A REAL MAN!
THE END

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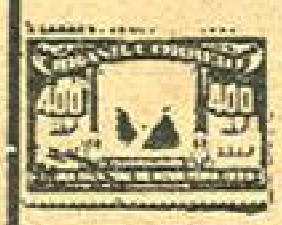

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By KENT B. STILES

One of philately's amazing developments during the past decade is the spectacular increase in the interest which collectors have manifested in first-day sales of United States stamps and the demand for first-day covers. Evidence of this growing popularity is to be found in the following statistical information:

In 1938 appeared the series of 32 stamps each bearing a portrait of a President. At the first-day sales of those 32 stamps, 7,970,732 copies were purchased. First-day covers cancelled totalled 2,146,082.

In 1940 was issued the series of 35 each presenting a likeness of a past "Famous American" associated with literature, education, science, music or art. Copies sold on first days totalled 13,706,604. There were 5,089,851 covers cancelled.

Now let us look at the 1948 picture. Final official figures are not available as these lines are being written, but estimate which approach accuracy are possible. Thirty stamps were placed on the 1948 program. This is two fewer than in the 1938 "Presidential" series and five fewer than in the 1940 "Famous Americans" group. Total stamps sold at 30 first-day ceremonies in 1948: approximately 29,000,000. Covers cancelled, about 12,000,000.

This year's twenty-first stamp is a 3c red issued on Oct. 4 to mark the tercentenary of the establishing of voluntary firemen's organizations in America – in 1648 when Peter Stuyvesant (1592-1672) was Dutch Governor of New Amsterdam (predecessor of New York). The design shows a portrait Stuyvesant flanked by a hand-operated fire pumper at left and a modern fire-engine at right.

The twenty-second is a 3c brown released on Oct. 15 to recall the settlement of today's Oklahoma by the Five Civilized Indian Tribes (Cherokee, Chickasaw, Choctaw, Muscogee, Seminole) a century ago.

Twenty-third is a 3c issued on Oct. 27 for the semi-centennial of the formation of Theodore Roosevelt's Rough Riders in the Spanish-American War. Troop A was commanded by Capt. William Owen (Bucky) O'Neill, who was killed in the Battle of San Juan Hill in Cuba on July 1, 1898. The stamp's vignette pictures an equestrian statue of O'Neill in Phoenix, Ariz.

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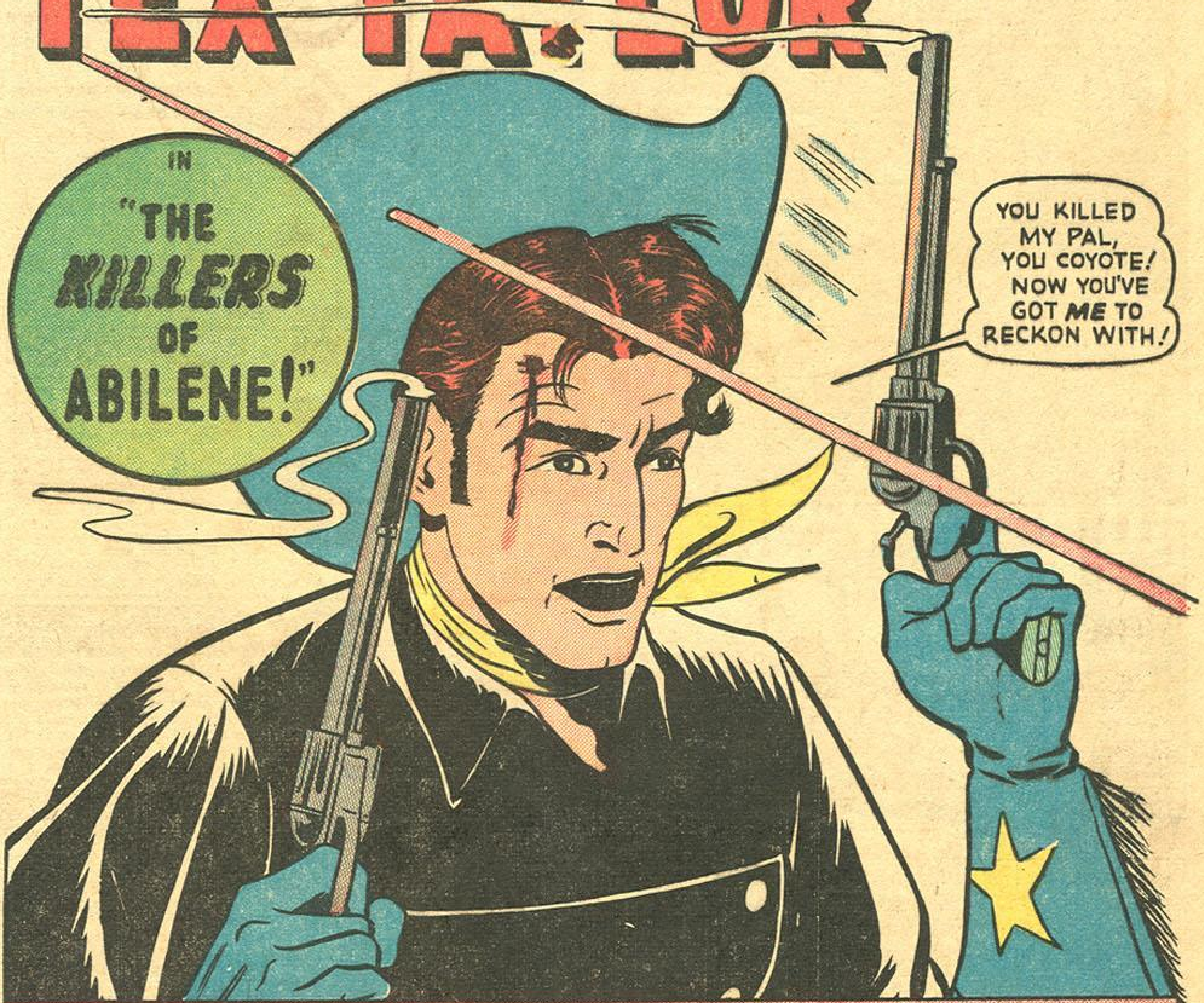
Twenty-fifth is a 3c green, released on Oct. 29, in honor of Juliette Gordon Low (1860-1927), who in 1912 founded the Girl Guides—today's Girl Scouts of America. A portrait of Mrs. Low, with the Girl Scout emblem at right, features the design.

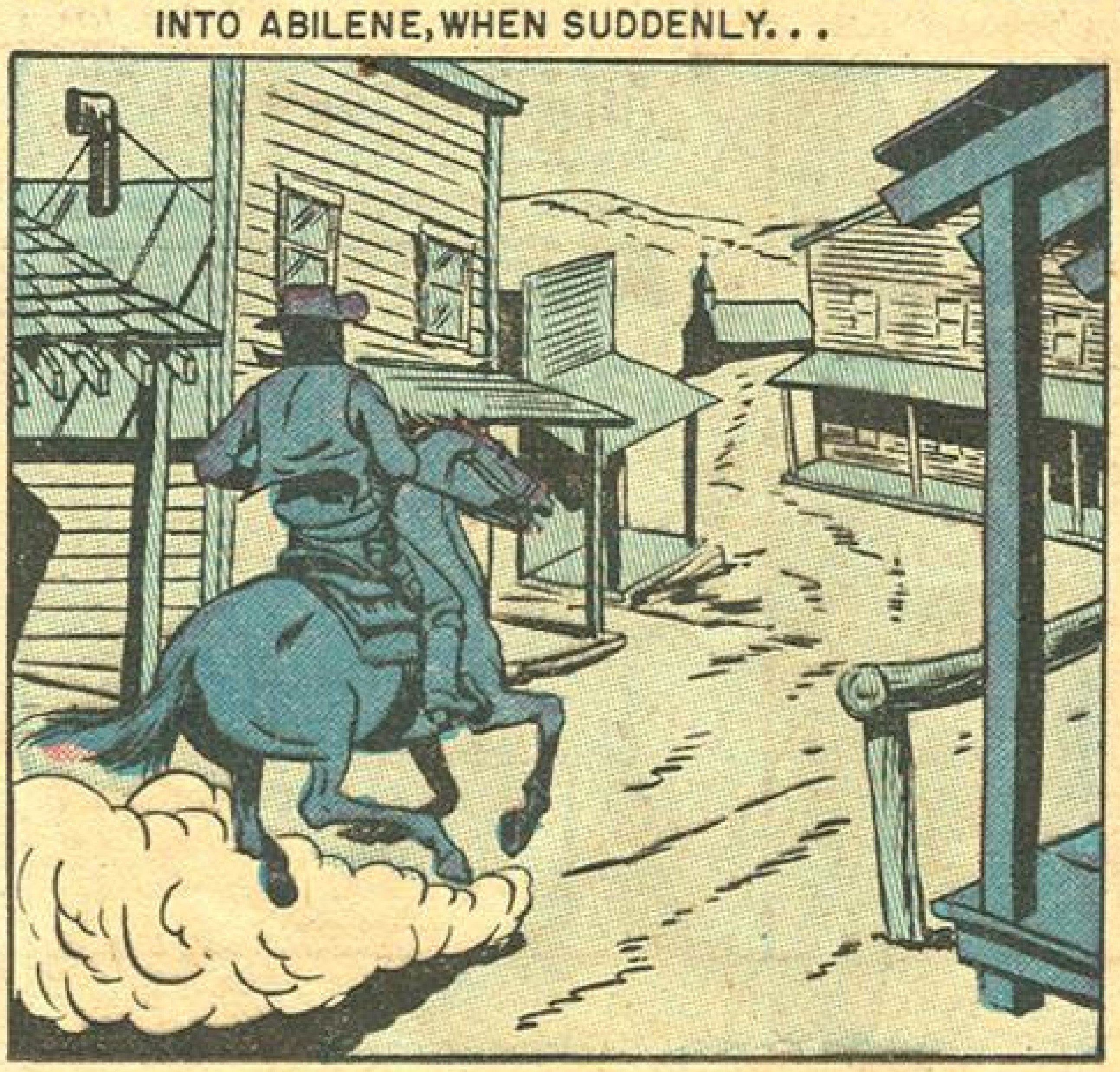
TEX TAYLOR


IN "THE KILLERS OF ABILENE!"
YOU KILLED MY PAL, YOU COYOTE! NOW YOU'VE GOT ME TO RECKON WITH!

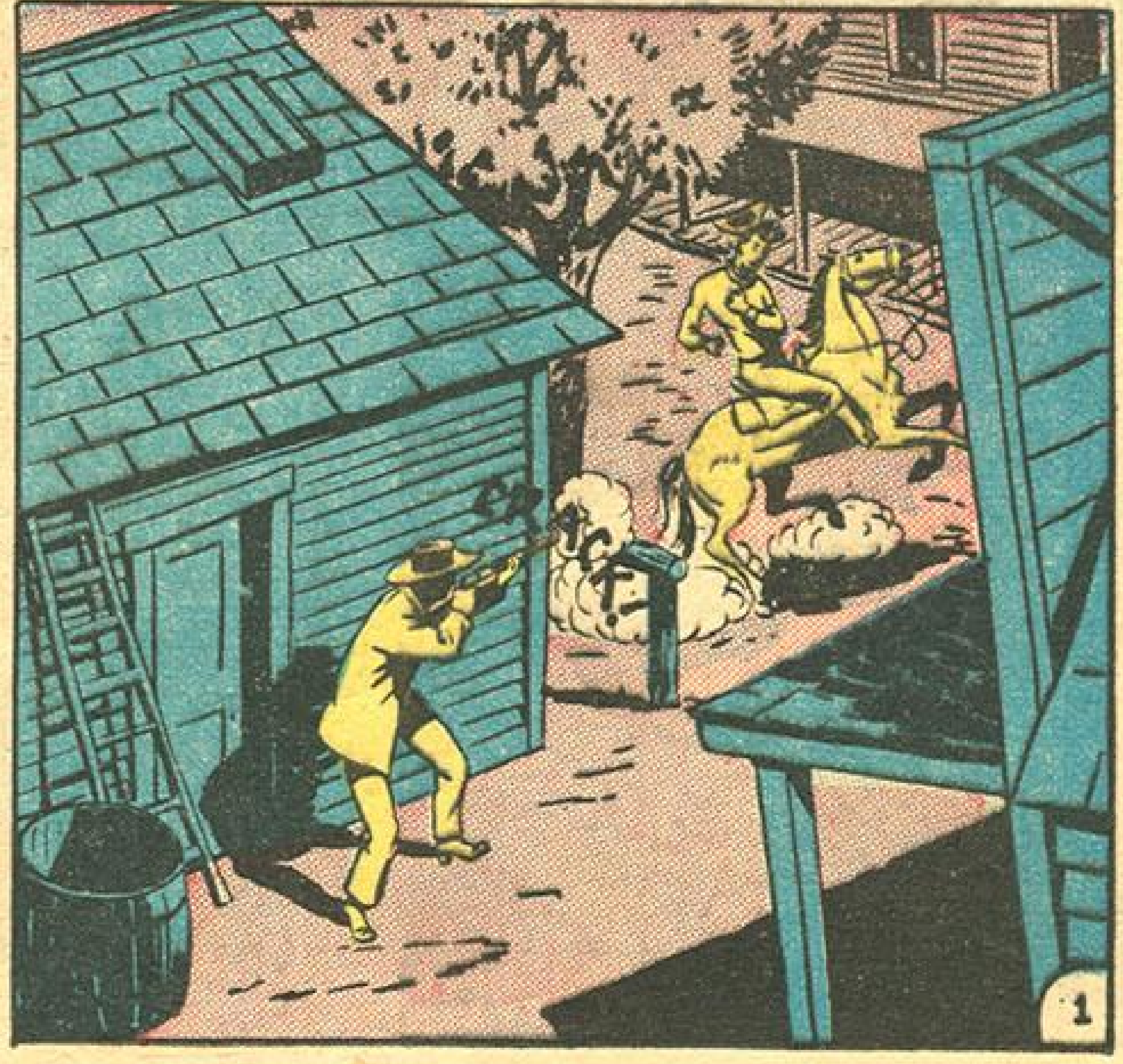
WHEN A MAN'S PAL IS BUSHWHACKED IT MEANS GUN-PLAY, AND PLENTY OF IT, ESPECIALLY WHEN THE MAN IS ***TEX TAYLOR,*** THE FIGHTING COWBOY--AND PARTICULARLY WHEN AN INNOCENT MAN IS ACCUSED OF THE MURDER! C'MON, RIDE WITH TEX TAYLOR ON THE VENGEANCE TRAIL TO A SIX-GUN SHOWDOWN!

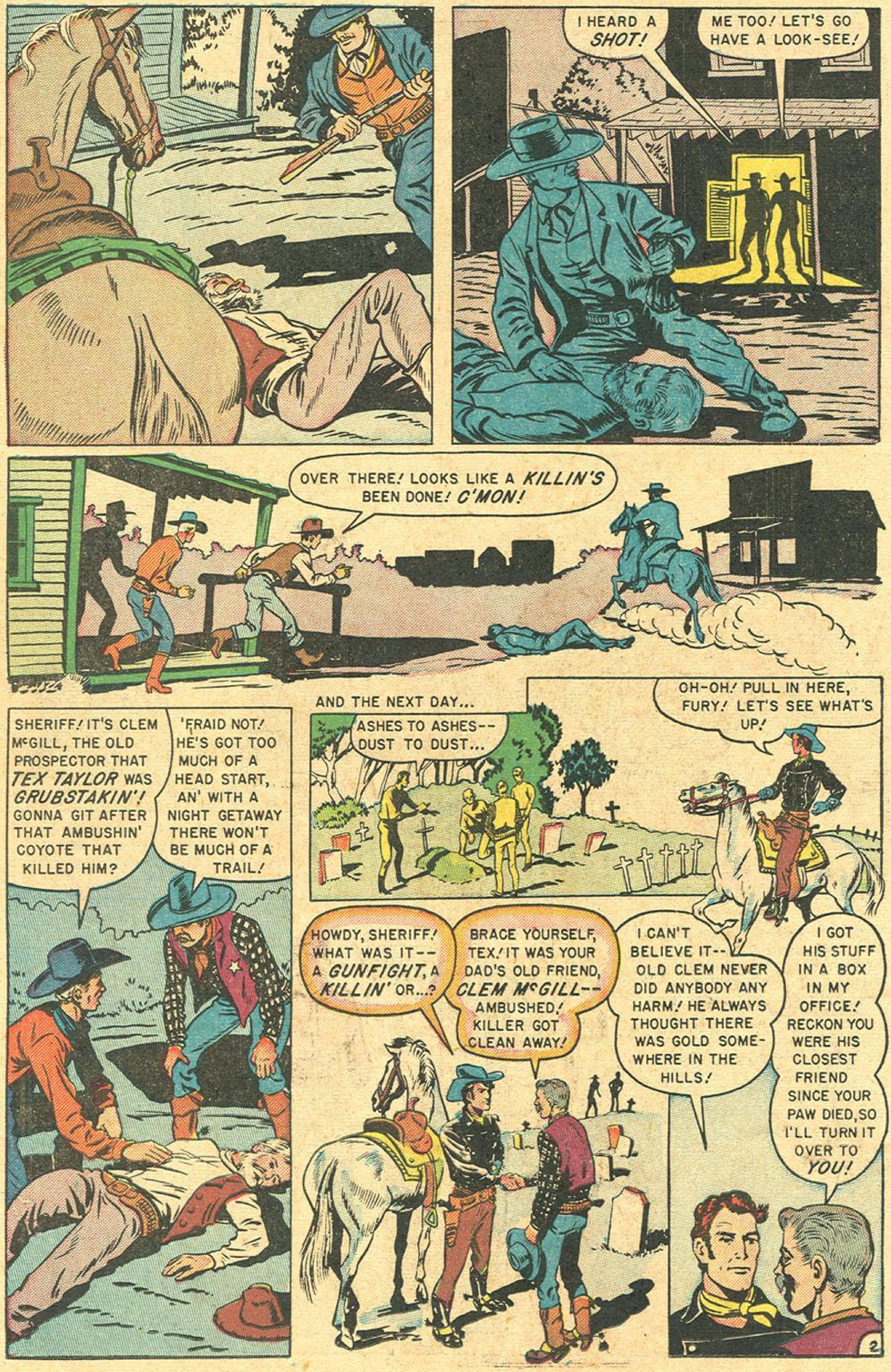
3898

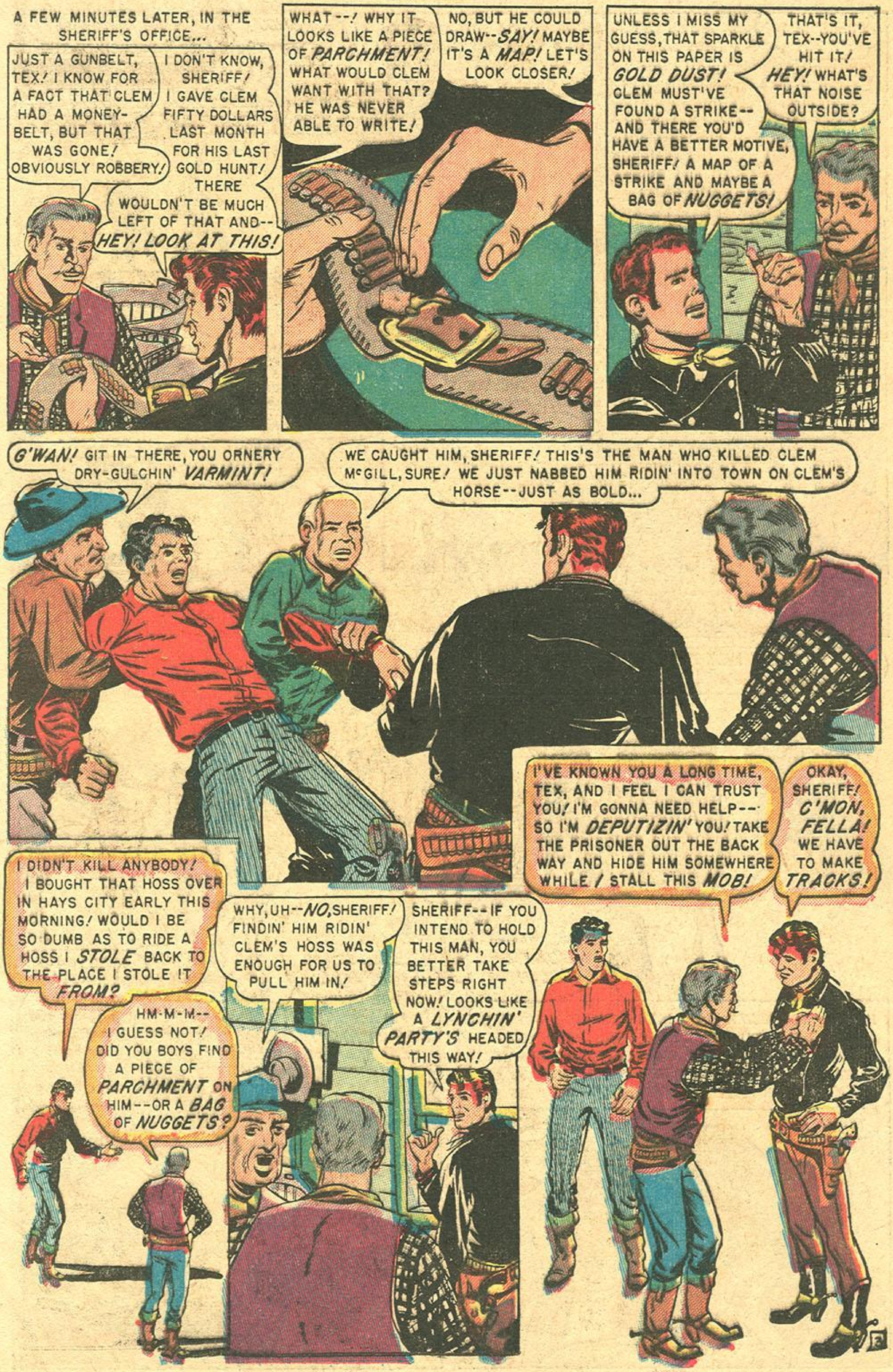
DOWN FROM THE HILLS A GALLOPING FIGURE THUNDERS INTO ABILENE, WHEN SUDDENLY...

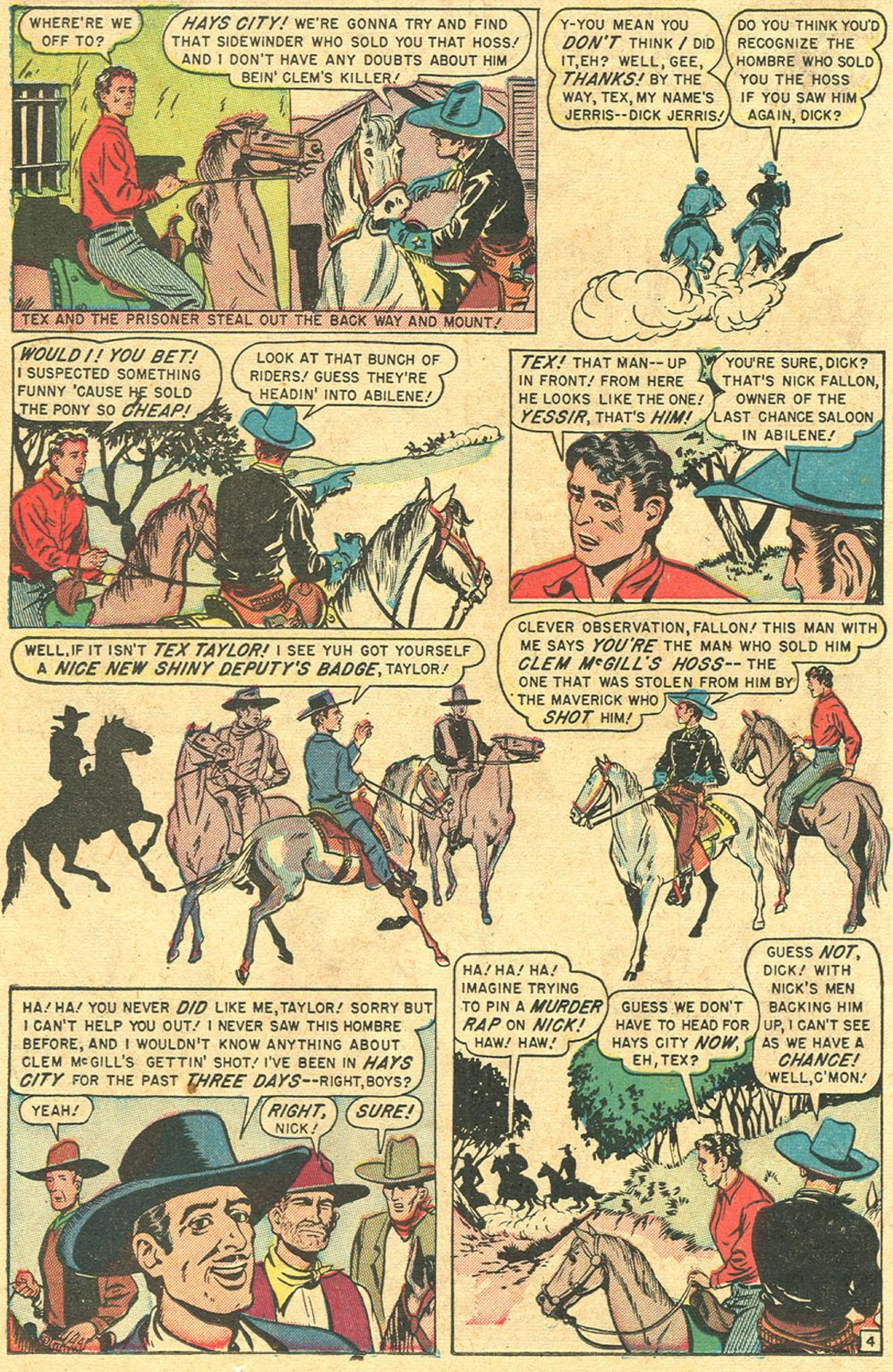


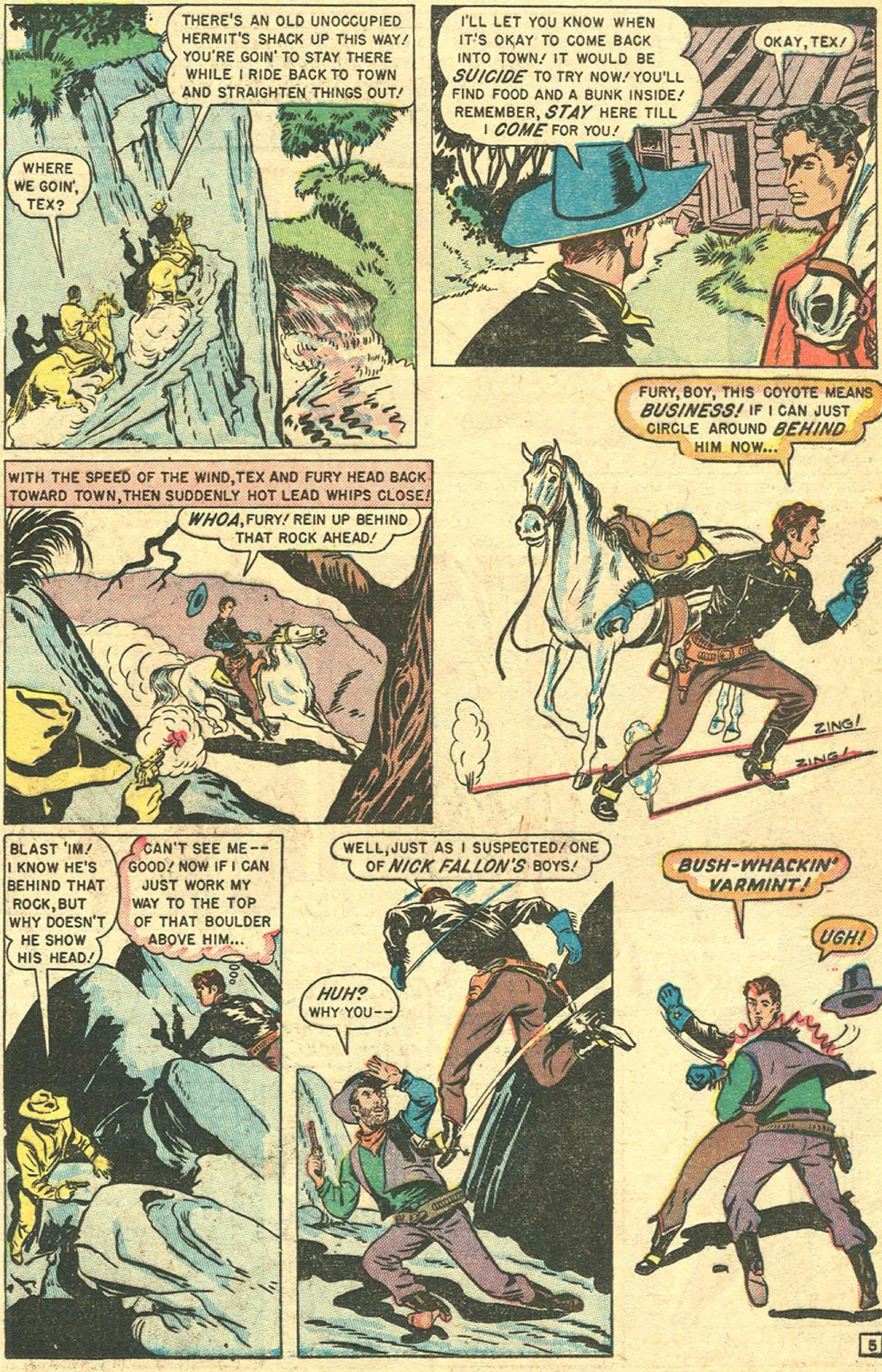
A SHARP CRACK PIERCES THE AIR...

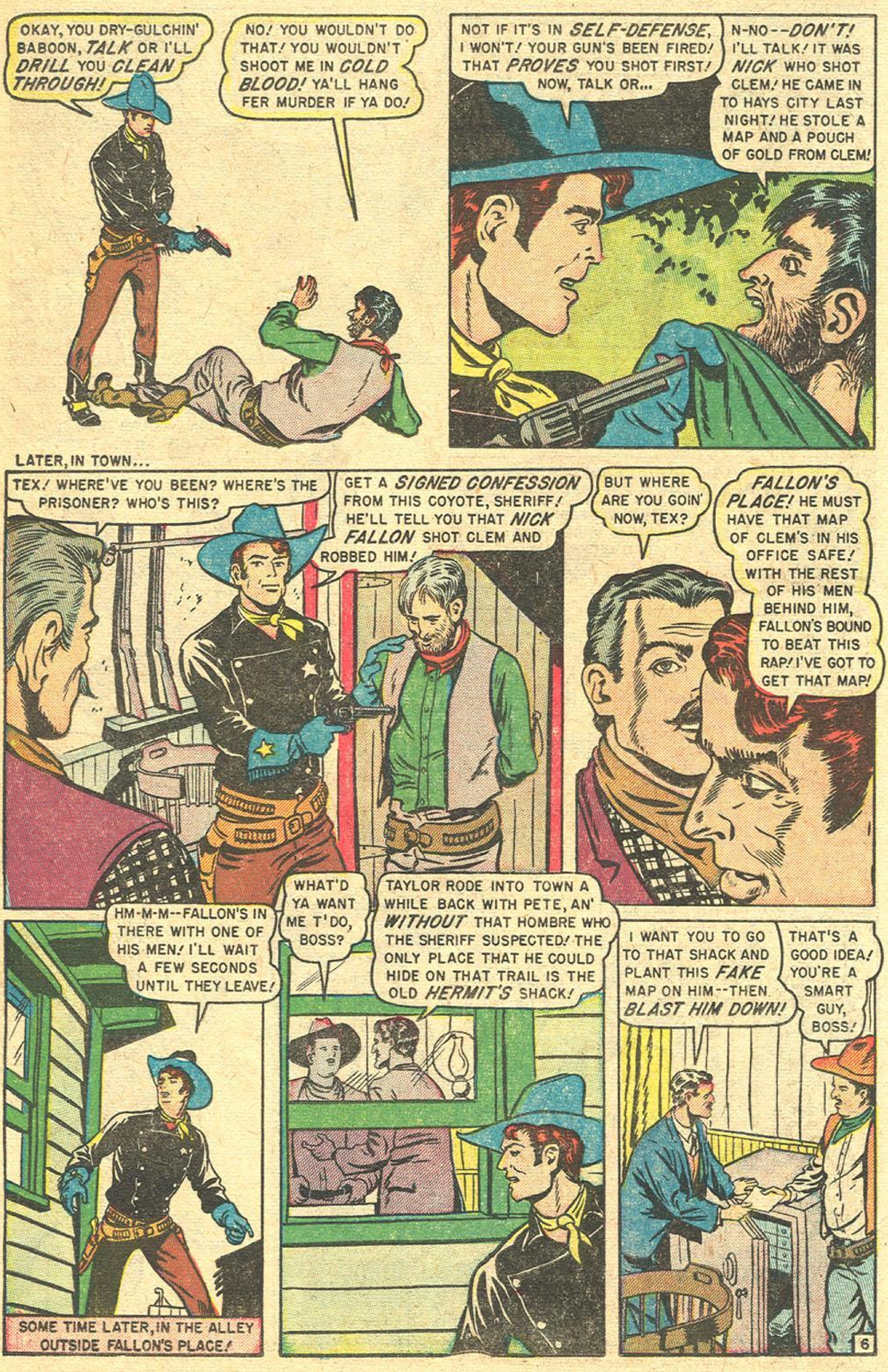


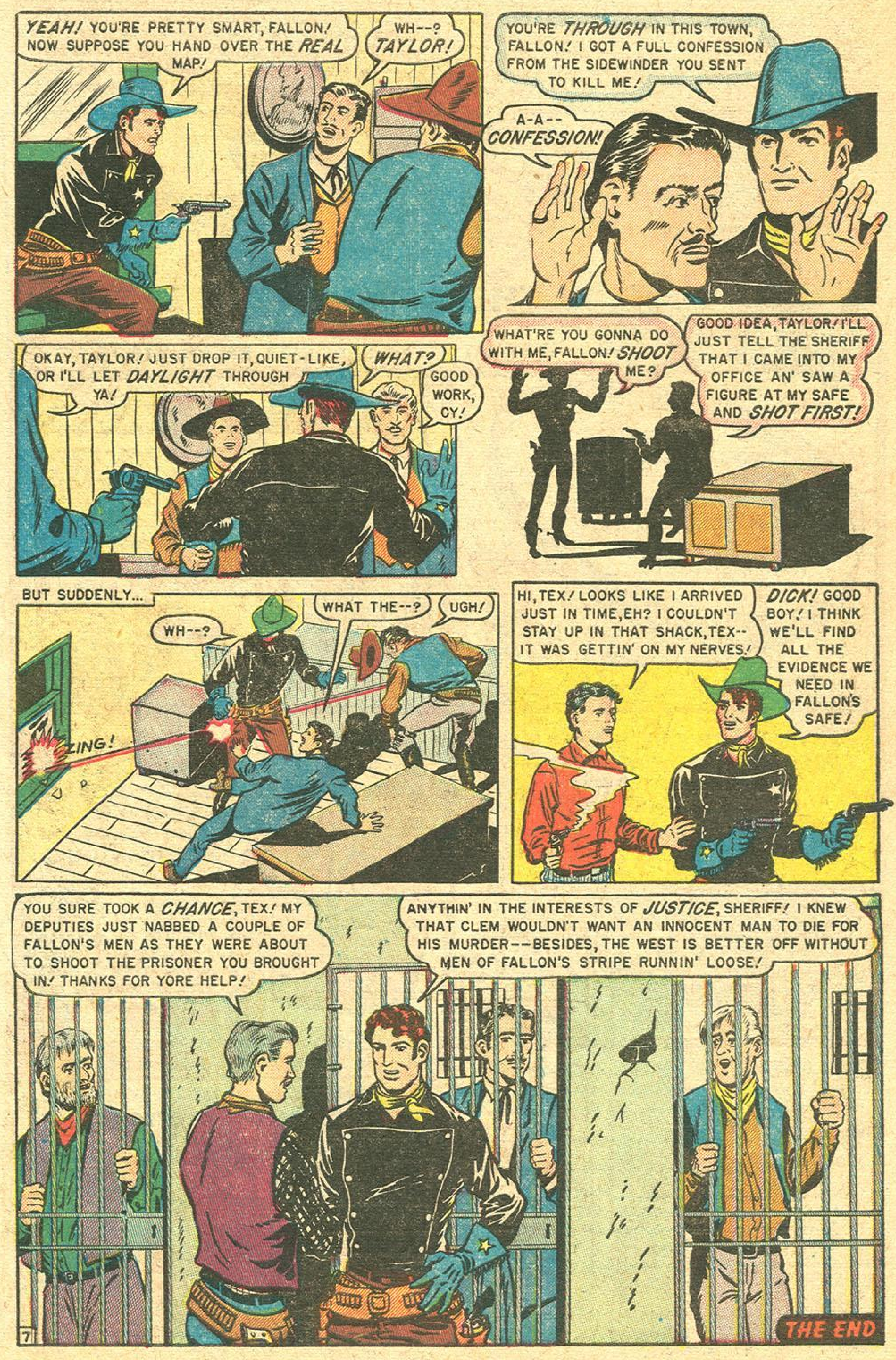

I HEARD A *SHOT!*
ME TOO! LET'S GO HAVE A LOOK-SEE!
OVER THERE! LOOKS LIKE A *KILLIN'S* BEEN DONE! *C'MON!*
SHERIFF! IT'S CLEM McGILL, THE OLD PROSPECTOR THAT *TEX TAYLOR* WAS *GRUBSTAKIN'!* GONNA GIT AFTER THAT AMBUSHIN' COYOTE THAT KILLED HIM?
'FRAID NOT! HE'S GOT TOO MUCH OF A HEAD START, AN' WITH A NIGHT GETAWAY THERE WON'T BE MUCH OF A TRAIL!
AND THE NEXT DAY...
ASHES TO ASHES-- DUST TO DUST...
OH-OH! PULL IN HERE, FURY! LET'S SEE WHAT'S UP!
HOWDY, SHERIFF! WHAT WAS IT-- A *GUNFIGHT*, A *KILLIN'* OR...?
BRACE YOURSELF, TEX! IT WAS YOUR DAD'S OLD FRIEND, *CLEM McGILL*-- AMBUSHED! KILLER GOT CLEAN AWAY!
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT-- OLD CLEM NEVER DID ANYBODY ANY HARM! HE ALWAYS THOUGHT THERE WAS GOLD SOMEWHERE IN THE HILLS!
I GOT HIS STUFF IN A BOX IN MY OFFICE! RECKON YOU WERE HIS CLOSEST FRIEND SINCE YOUR PAW DIED, SO I'LL TURN IT OVER TO *YOU!*

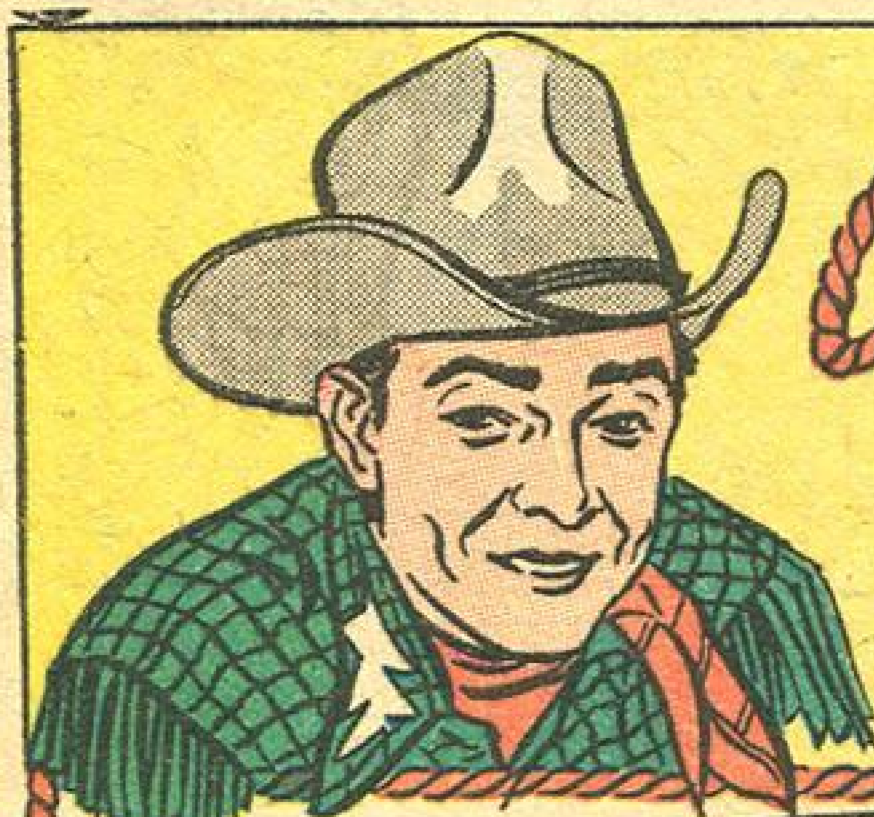

A FEW MINUTES LATER, IN THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...
JUST A GUNBELT, TEX! I KNOW FOR A FACT THAT CLEM HAD A MONEY-BELT, BUT THAT WAS GONE! OBVIOUSLY ROBBERY!
I DON'T KNOW, SHERIFF! I GAVE CLEM FIFTY DOLLARS LAST MONTH FOR HIS LAST GOLD HUNT! THERE WOULDN'T BE MUCH LEFT OF THAT AND-- HEY! LOOK AT THIS!
WHAT--! WHY IT LOOKS LIKE A PIECE OF PARCHMENT! WHAT WOULD CLEM WANT WITH THAT? HE WAS NEVER ABLE TO WRITE!
NO, BUT HE COULD DRAW--SAY! MAYBE IT'S A MAP! LET'S LOOK CLOSER!
UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS, THAT SPARKLE ON THIS PAPER IS GOLD DUST! CLEM MUST'VE FOUND A STRIKE-- AND THERE YOU'D HAVE A BETTER MOTIVE, SHERIFF! A MAP OF A STRIKE AND MAYBE A BAG OF NUGGETS!
THAT'S IT, TEX--YOU'VE HIT IT! HEY! WHAT'S THAT NOISE OUTSIDE?
G'WAN! GIT IN THERE, YOU ORNERY DRY-GULCHIN' VARMINT!
WE CAUGHT HIM, SHERIFF! THIS'S THE MAN WHO KILLED CLEM McGILL, SURE! WE JUST NABBED HIM RIDIN' INTO TOWN ON CLEM'S HORSE--JUST AS BOLD...
I DIDN'T KILL ANYBODY! I BOUGHT THAT HOSS OVER IN HAYS CITY EARLY THIS MORNING! WOULD I BE SO DUMB AS TO RIDE A HOSS I STOLE BACK TO THE PLACE I STOLE IT FROM?
HM-M-M-- I GUESS NOT! DID YOU BOYS FIND A PIECE OF PARCHMENT ON HIM--OR A BAG OF NUGGETS?
WHY, UH--NO, SHERIFF! FINDIN' HIM RIDIN' CLEM'S HOSS WAS ENOUGH FOR US TO PULL HIM IN!
SHERIFF--IF YOU INTEND TO HOLD THIS MAN, YOU BETTER TAKE STEPS RIGHT NOW! LOOKS LIKE A LYNCHIN' PARTY'S HEADED THIS WAY!
I'VE KNOWN YOU A LONG TIME, TEX, AND I FEEL I CAN TRUST YOU! I'M GONNA NEED HELP-- SO I'M DEPUTIZIN' YOU! TAKE THE PRISONER OUT THE BACK WAY AND HIDE HIM SOMEWHERE WHILE I STALL THIS MOB!
OKAY, SHERIFF! C'MON, FELLA! WE HAVE TO MAKE TRACKS!


WHERE'RE WE OFF TO?
HAYS CITY! WE'RE GONNA TRY AND FIND THAT SIDEWINDER WHO SOLD YOU THAT HOSS! AND I DON'T HAVE ANY DOUBTS ABOUT HIM BEIN' CLEM'S KILLER!
TEX AND THE PRISONER STEAL OUT THE BACK WAY AND MOUNT!
Y-YOU MEAN YOU DON'T THINK I DID IT, EH? WELL, GEE, THANKS! BY THE WAY, TEX, MY NAME'S JERRIS--DICK JERRIS!
DO YOU THINK YOU'D RECOGNIZE THE HOMBRE WHO SOLD YOU THE HOSS IF YOU SAW HIM AGAIN, DICK?
WOULD I! YOU BET! I SUSPECTED SOMETHING FUNNY 'CAUSE HE SOLD THE PONY SO CHEAP!
LOOK AT THAT BUNCH OF RIDERS! GUESS THEY'RE HEADIN' INTO ABILENE!
TEX! THAT MAN-- UP IN FRONT! FROM HERE HE LOOKS LIKE THE ONE! YESSIR, THAT'S HIM!
YOU'RE SURE, DICK? THAT'S NICK FALLON, OWNER OF THE LAST CHANCE SALOON IN ABILENE!
WELL, IF IT ISN'T TEX TAYLOR! I SEE YUH GOT YOURSELF A NICE NEW SHINY DEPUTY'S BADGE, TAYLOR!
CLEVER OBSERVATION, FALLON! THIS MAN WITH ME SAYS YOU'RE THE MAN WHO SOLD HIM CLEM McGILL'S HOSS-- THE ONE THAT WAS STOLEN FROM HIM BY THE MAVERICK WHO SHOT HIM!
HA! HA! YOU NEVER DID LIKE ME, TAYLOR! SORRY BUT I CAN'T HELP YOU OUT! I NEVER SAW THIS HOMBRE BEFORE, AND I WOULDN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT CLEM McGILL'S GETTIN' SHOT! I'VE BEEN IN HAYS CITY FOR THE PAST THREE DAYS--RIGHT, BOYS?
YEAH!
RIGHT, NICK!
SURE!
HA! HA! HA! IMAGINE TRYING TO PIN A MURDER RAP ON NICK! HAW! HAW!
GUESS WE DON'T HAVE TO HEAD FOR HAYS CITY NOW, EH, TEX?
GUESS NOT, DICK! WITH NICK'S MEN BACKING HIM UP, I CAN'T SEE AS WE HAVE A CHANCE! WELL, C'MON!


WHERE WE GOIN', TEX?
THERE'S AN OLD UNOCCUPIED HERMIT'S SHACK UP THIS WAY! YOU'RE GOIN' TO STAY THERE WHILE I RIDE BACK TO TOWN AND STRAIGHTEN THINGS OUT!
I'LL LET YOU KNOW WHEN IT'S OKAY TO COME BACK INTO TOWN! IT WOULD BE SUICIDE TO TRY NOW! YOU'LL FIND FOOD AND A BUNK INSIDE! REMEMBER, STAY HERE TILL I COME FOR YOU!
OKAY, TEX!
WITH THE SPEED OF THE WIND, TEX AND FURY HEAD BACK TOWARD TOWN, THEN SUDDENLY HOT LEAD WHIPS CLOSE!
WHOA, FURY! REIN UP BEHIND THAT ROCK AHEAD!
FURY, BOY, THIS COYOTE MEANS BUSINESS! IF I CAN JUST CIRCLE AROUND BEHIND HIM NOW...
ZING!
ZING!
BLAST 'IM! I KNOW HE'S BEHIND THAT ROCK, BUT WHY DOESN'T HE SHOW HIS HEAD!
CAN'T SEE ME-- GOOD! NOW IF I CAN JUST WORK MY WAY TO THE TOP OF THAT BOULDER ABOVE HIM...
WELL, JUST AS I SUSPECTED! ONE OF NICK FALLON'S BOYS!
HUH? WHY YOU--
BUSH-WHACKIN' VARMINT!
UGH!


OKAY, YOU DRY-GULCHIN' BABOON, TALK OR I'LL DRILL YOU CLEAN THROUGH!
NO! YOU WOULDN'T DO THAT! YOU WOULDN'T SHOOT ME IN COLD BLOOD! YA'LL HANG FER MURDER IF YA DO!
NOT IF IT'S IN SELF-DEFENSE, I WON'T! YOUR GUN'S BEEN FIRED! THAT PROVES YOU SHOT FIRST! NOW, TALK OR...
N-NO--DON'T! I'LL TALK! IT WAS NICK WHO SHOT CLEM! HE CAME IN TO HAYS CITY LAST NIGHT! HE STOLE A MAP AND A POUCH OF GOLD FROM CLEM!
LATER, IN TOWN...
TEX! WHERE'VE YOU BEEN? WHERE'S THE PRISONER? WHO'S THIS?
GET A SIGNED CONFESSION FROM THIS COYOTE, SHERIFF! HE'LL TELL YOU THAT NICK FALLON SHOT CLEM AND ROBBED HIM!
BUT WHERE ARE YOU GOIN' NOW, TEX?
FALLON'S PLACE! HE MUST HAVE THAT MAP OF CLEM'S IN HIS OFFICE SAFE! WITH THE REST OF HIS MEN BEHIND HIM, FALLON'S BOUND TO BEAT THIS RAP! I'VE GOT TO GET THAT MAP!
HM-M-M--FALLON'S IN THERE WITH ONE OF HIS MEN! I'LL WAIT A FEW SECONDS UNTIL THEY LEAVE!
SOME TIME LATER, IN THE ALLEY OUTSIDE FALLON'S PLACE!
WHAT'D YA WANT ME T'DO, BOSS?
TAYLOR RODE INTO TOWN A WHILE BACK WITH PETE, AN' WITHOUT THAT HOMBRE WHO THE SHERIFF SUSPECTED! THE ONLY PLACE THAT HE COULD HIDE ON THAT TRAIL IS THE OLD HERMIT'S SHACK!
I WANT YOU TO GO TO THAT SHACK AND PLANT THIS FAKE MAP ON HIM--THEN BLAST HIM DOWN!
THAT'S A GOOD IDEA! YOU'RE A SMART GUY, BOSS!
6


YEAH! YOU'RE PRETTY SMART, FALLON! NOW SUPPOSE YOU HAND OVER THE REAL MAP!
WH--? TAYLOR!
YOU'RE THROUGH IN THIS TOWN, FALLON! I GOT A FULL CONFESSION FROM THE SIDEWINDER YOU SENT TO KILL ME!
A-A-- CONFESSION!
OKAY, TAYLOR! JUST DROP IT, QUIET-LIKE, OR I'LL LET DAYLIGHT THROUGH YA!
WHAT?
GOOD WORK, CY!
WHAT'RE YOU GONNA DO WITH ME, FALLON! SHOOT ME?
GOOD IDEA, TAYLOR! I'LL JUST TELL THE SHERIFF THAT I CAME INTO MY OFFICE AN' SAW A FIGURE AT MY SAFE AND SHOT FIRST!
BUT SUDDENLY...
WH--?
WHAT THE--?
UGH!
ZING!
HI, TEX! LOOKS LIKE I ARRIVED JUST IN TIME, EH? I COULDN'T STAY UP IN THAT SHACK, TEX-- IT WAS GETTIN' ON MY NERVES!
DICK! GOOD BOY! I THINK WE'LL FIND ALL THE EVIDENCE WE NEED IN FALLON'S SAFE!
YOU SURE TOOK A CHANCE, TEX! MY DEPUTIES JUST NABBED A COUPLE OF FALLON'S MEN AS THEY WERE ABOUT TO SHOOT THE PRISONER YOU BROUGHT IN! THANKS FOR YORE HELP!
ANYTHIN' IN THE INTERESTS OF JUSTICE, SHERIFF! I KNEW THAT CLEM WOULDN'T WANT AN INNOCENT MAN TO DIE FOR HIS MURDER--BESIDES, THE WEST IS BETTER OFF WITHOUT MEN OF FALLON'S STRIPE RUNNIN' LOOSE!
THE END



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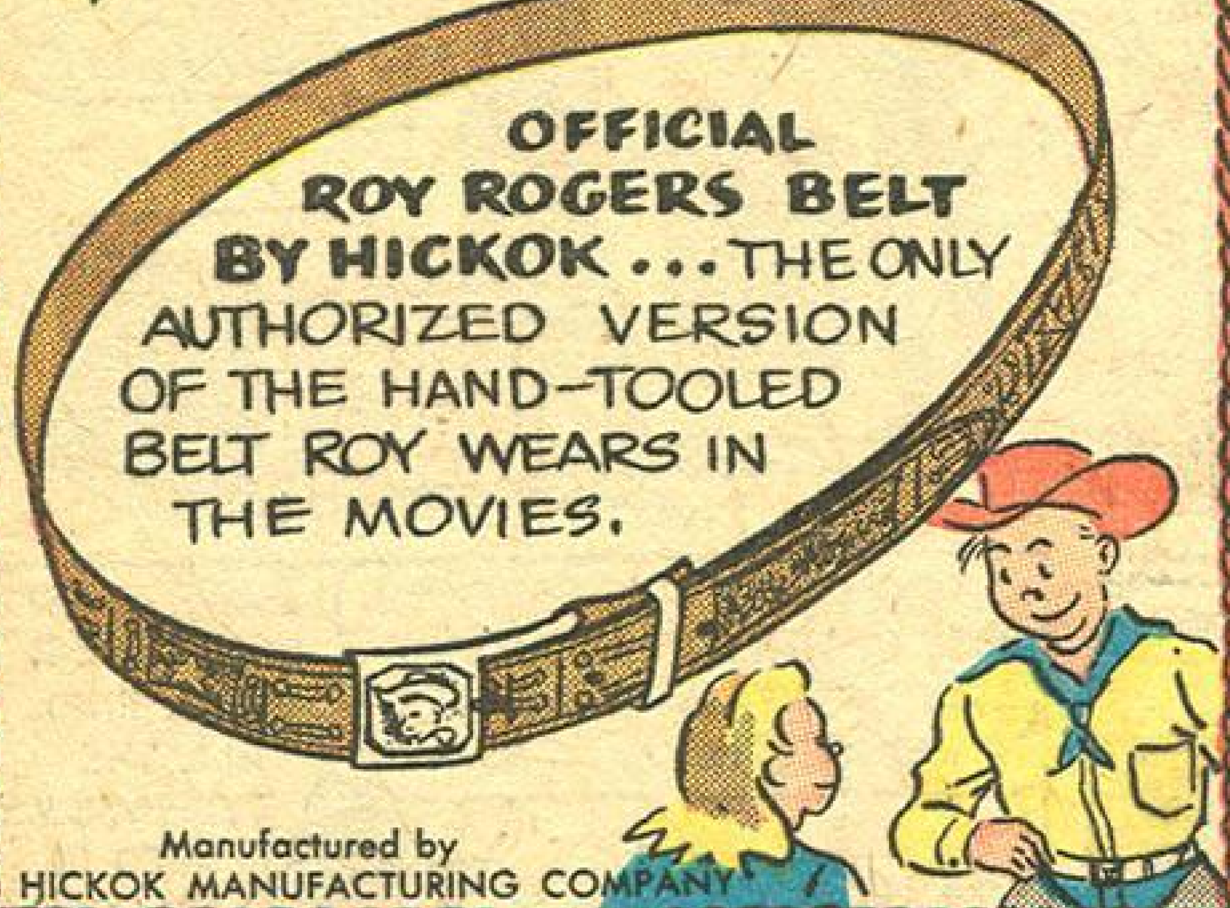

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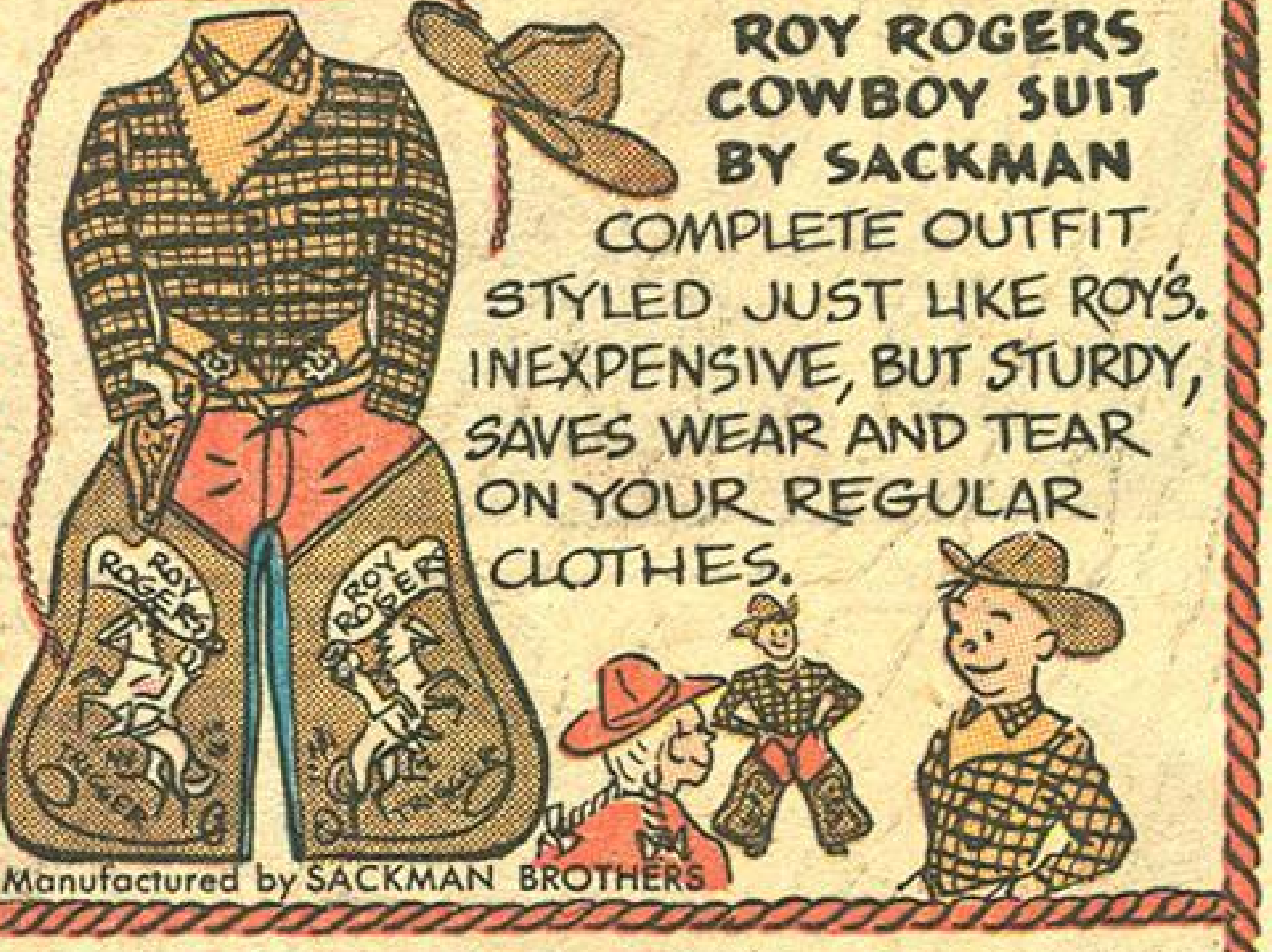

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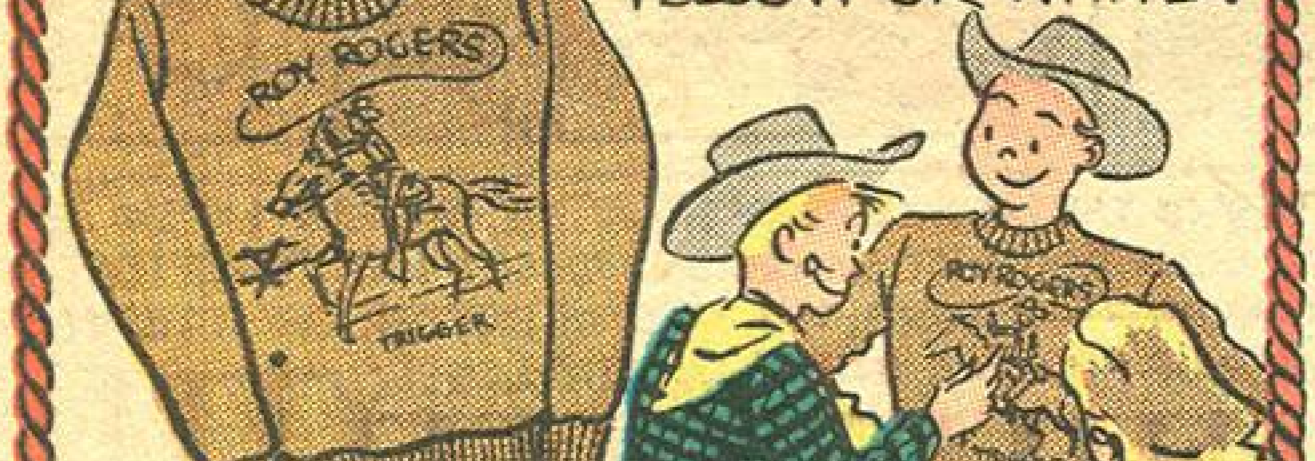

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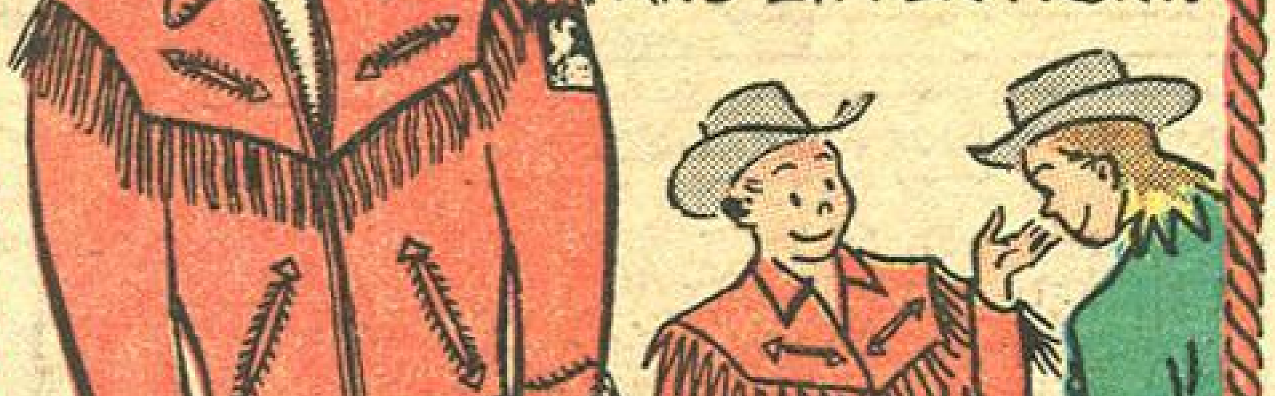
ROY ROGERS WESTERN JACKETS BY FOSTER . . . . YIPPEE! THIS WESTERN STYLE CORDUROY JACKET IS A DANDY! REAL SUEDE FRINGE TRIMMINGS AND ZIPPER FRONT.



Manufactured by IRVIN FOSTER SPORTSWEAR COMPANY

ROHR COMPANY, P. O. Box 3001, Hollywood, Calif.

Please enroll me as a member of the Roy Rogers Riders club and send me my membership card and lucky pocket coin.

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Print name and address plainly—enclose 10¢ in coin (no stamps). Your membership card and coin will be delivered in about 3 weeks.

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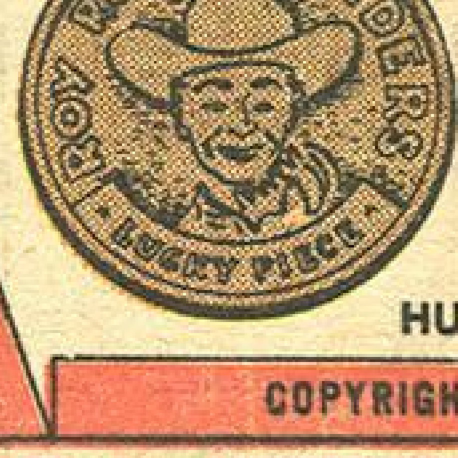

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Hi Pard! This is *the* club for red-blooded American boys and girls. Mail the coupon *today* with 10¢ in coin (no stamps) for your membership card and the Roy Rogers Lucky Pocket Coin.

HURRY—MAIL THE COUPON TODAY

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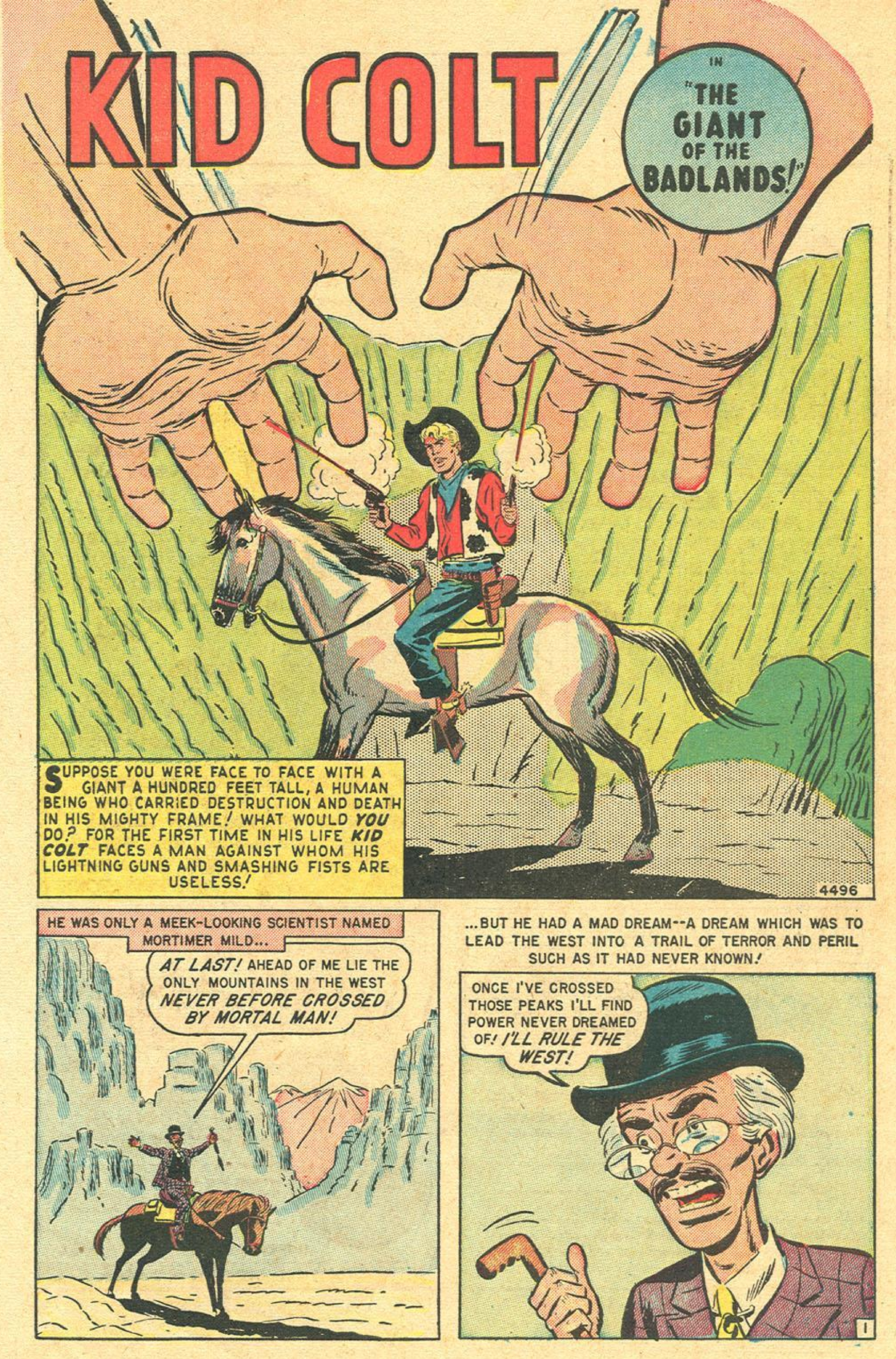
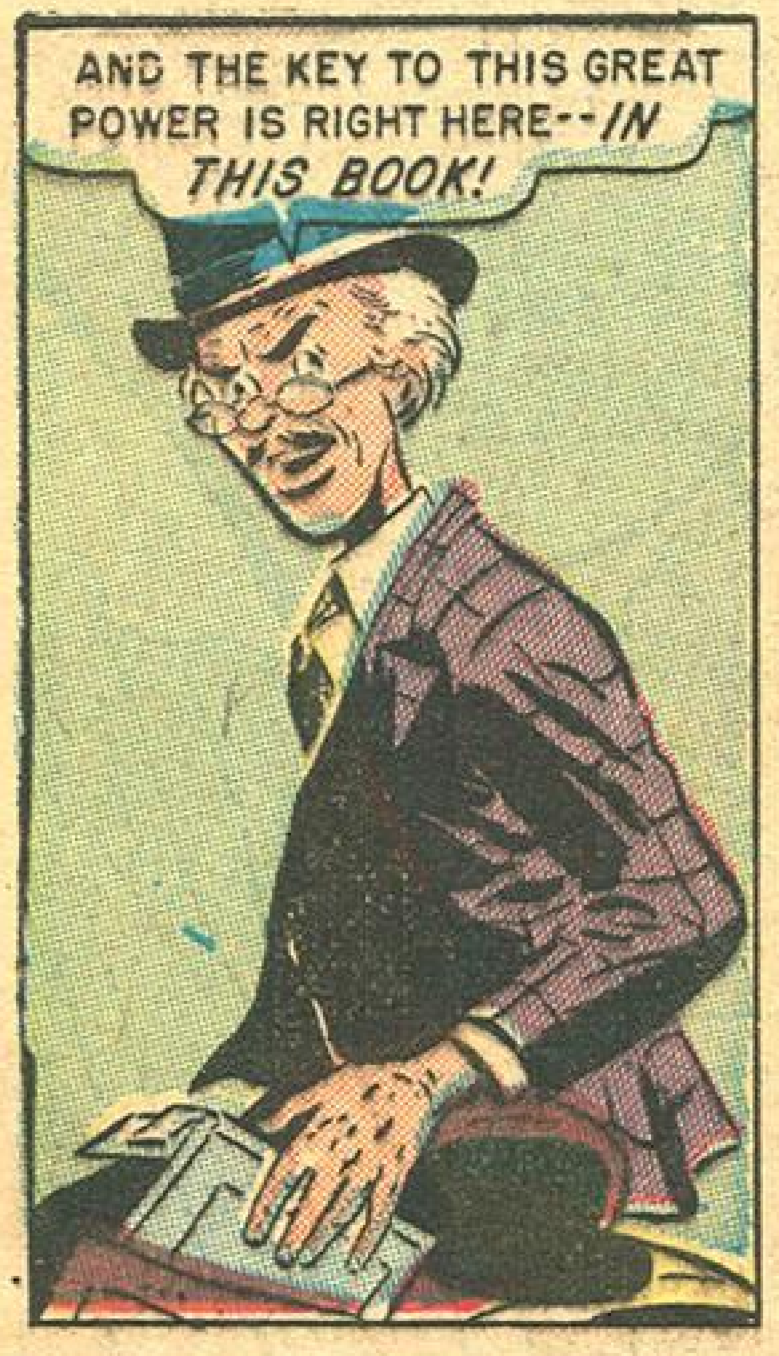
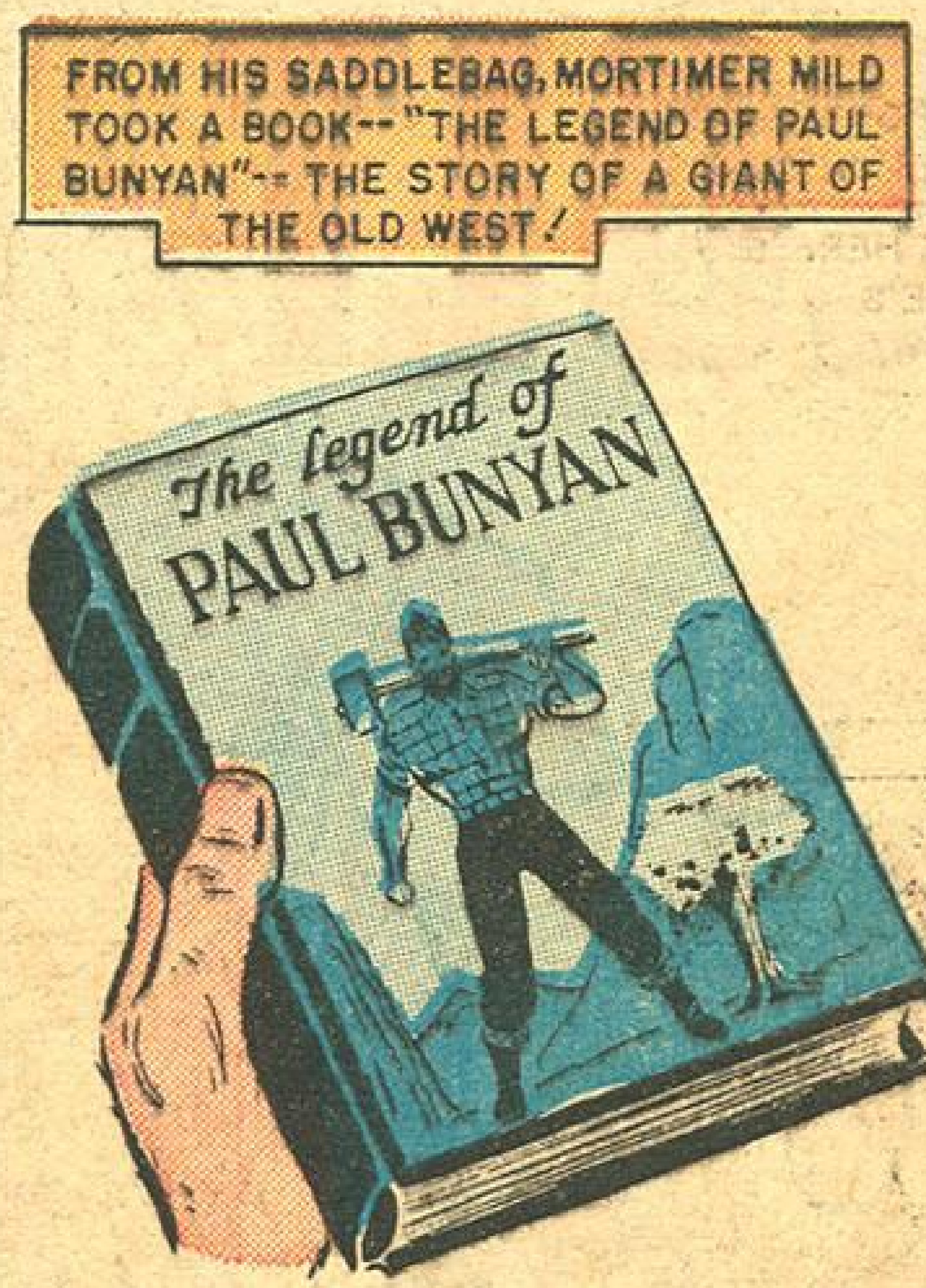
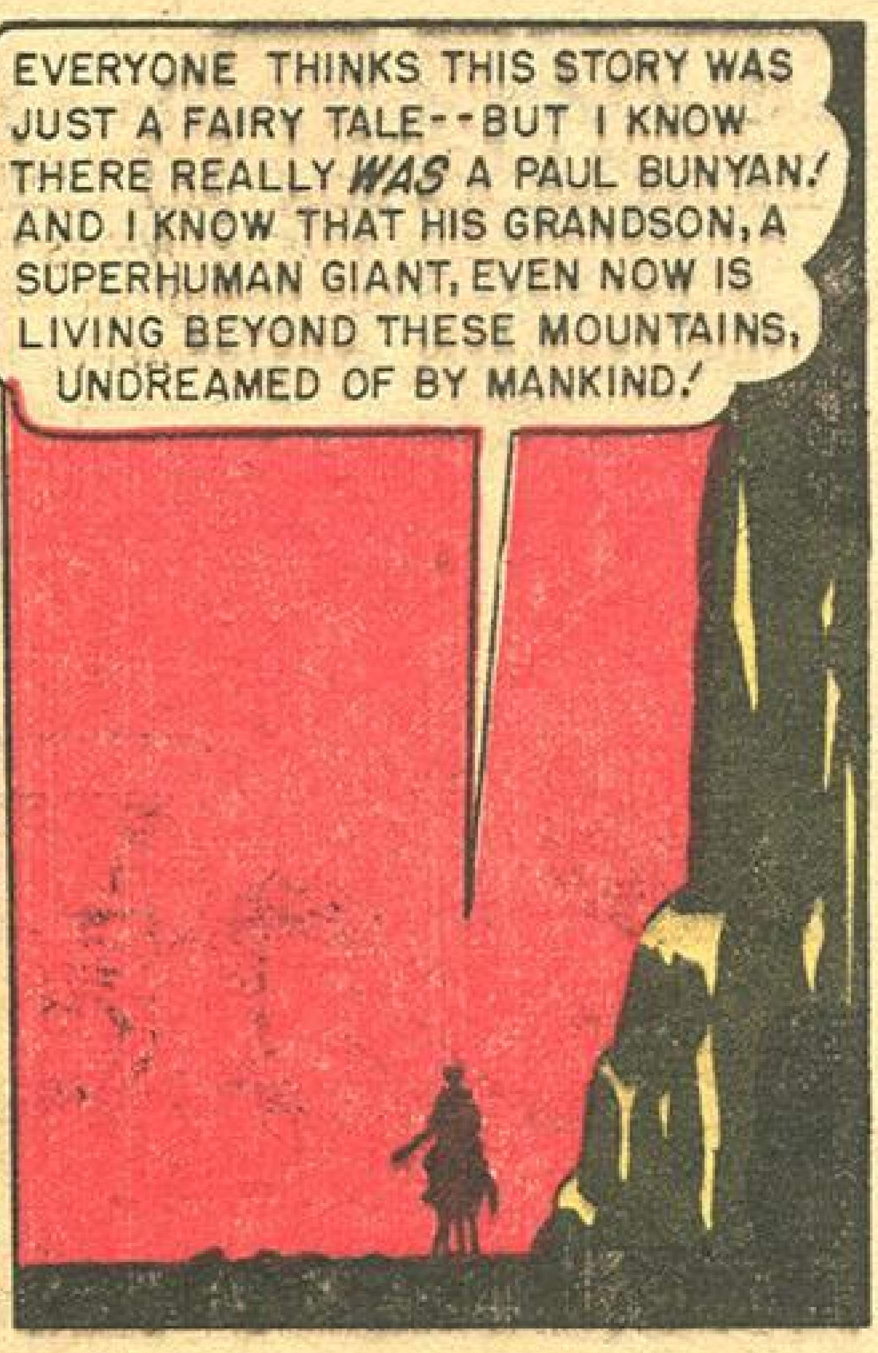
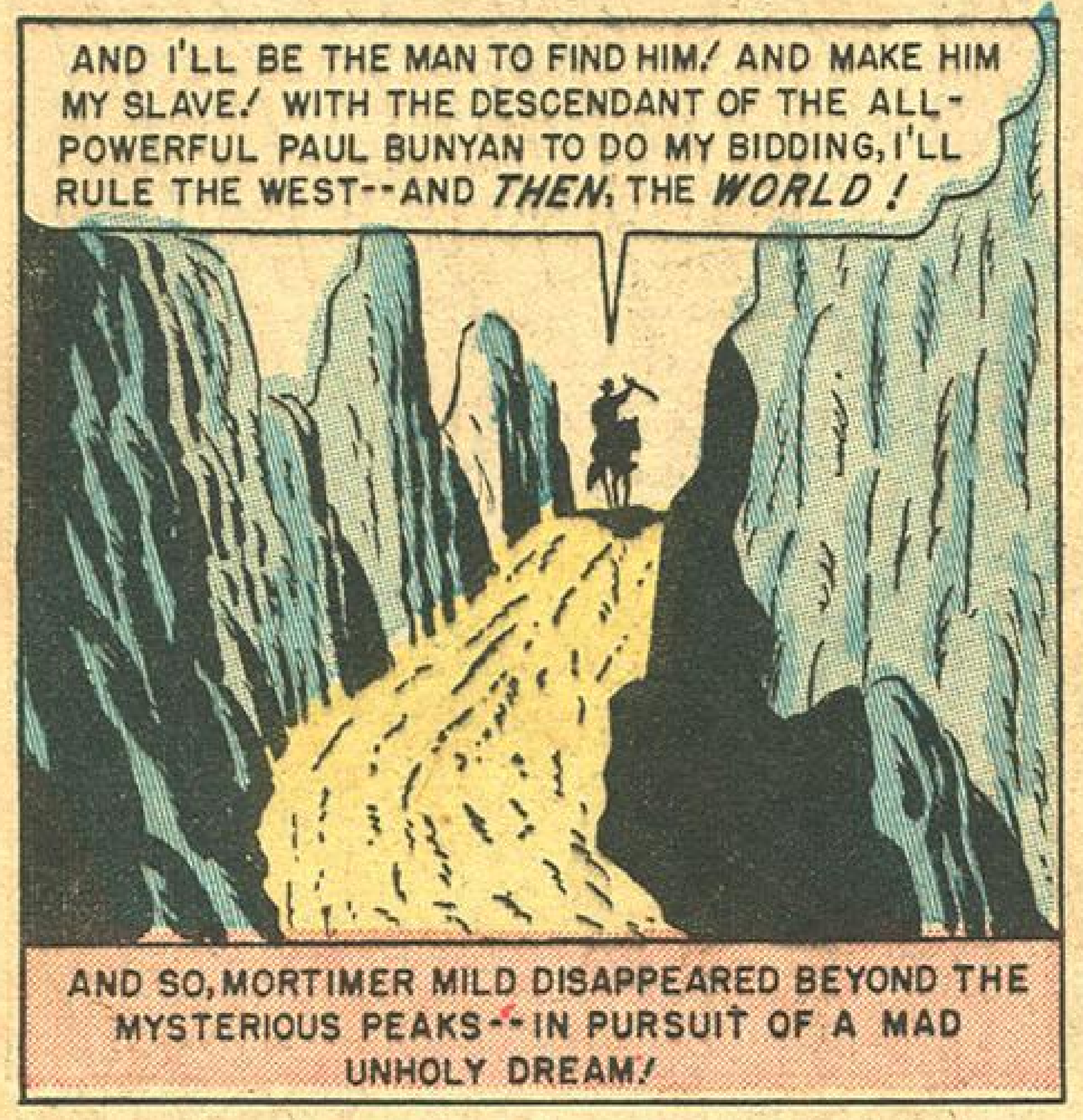
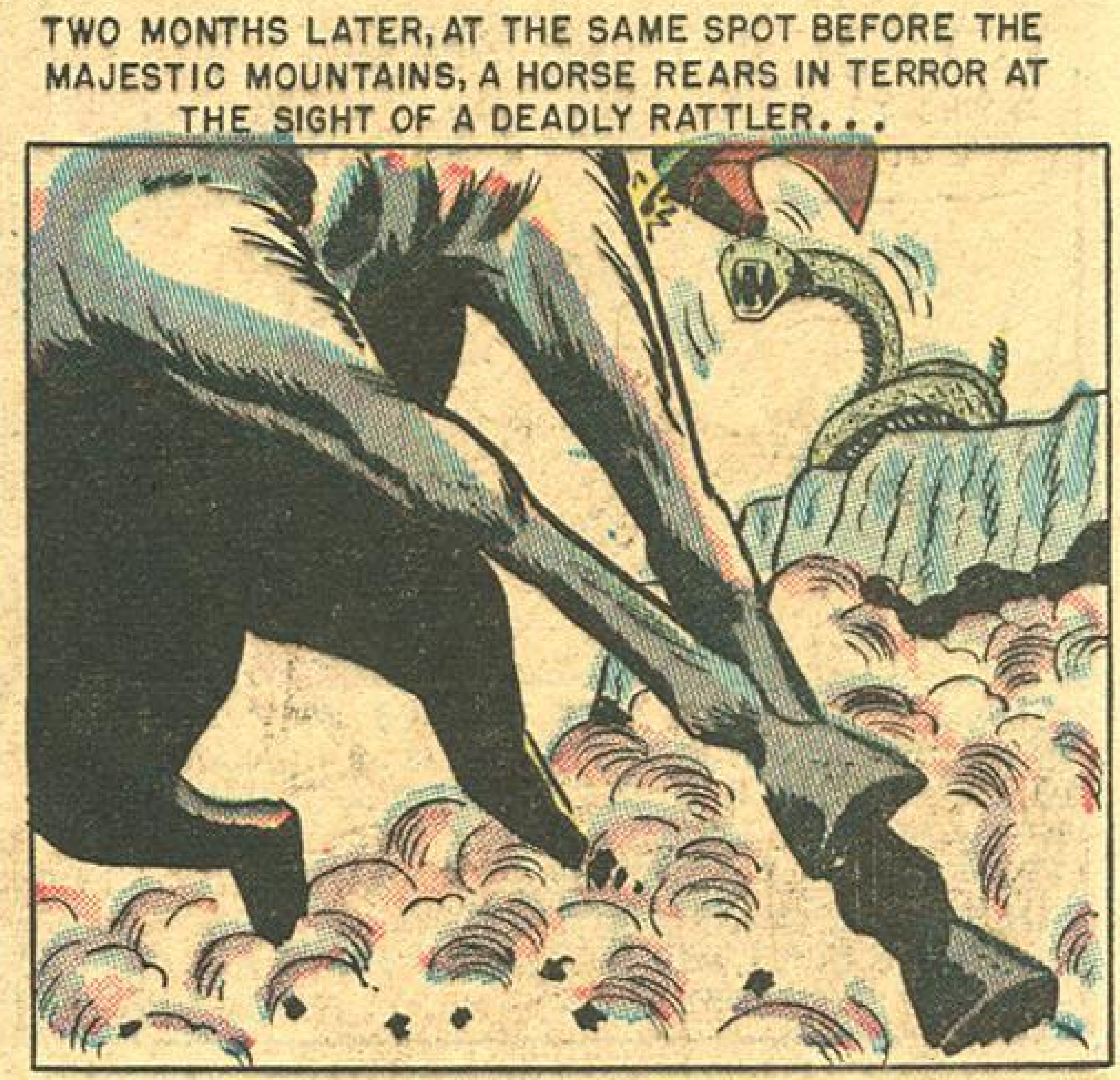

KID COLT
IN "THE GIANT OF THE BADLANDS!"
SUPPOSE YOU WERE FACE TO FACE WITH A GIANT A HUNDRED FEET TALL, A HUMAN BEING WHO CARRIED DESTRUCTION AND DEATH IN HIS MIGHTY FRAME! WHAT WOULD *YOU* DO? FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE *KID COLT* FACES A MAN AGAINST WHOM HIS LIGHTNING GUNS AND SMASHING FISTS ARE USELESS!
4496
HE WAS ONLY A MEEK-LOOKING SCIENTIST NAMED MORTIMER MILD...
AT LAST! AHEAD OF ME LIE THE ONLY MOUNTAINS IN THE WEST *NEVER BEFORE CROSSED BY MORTAL MAN!*
...BUT HE HAD A MAD DREAM--A DREAM WHICH WAS TO LEAD THE WEST INTO A TRAIL OF TERROR AND PERIL SUCH AS IT HAD NEVER KNOWN!
ONCE I'VE CROSSED THOSE PEAKS I'LL FIND POWER NEVER DREAMED OF! *I'LL RULE THE WEST!*
1

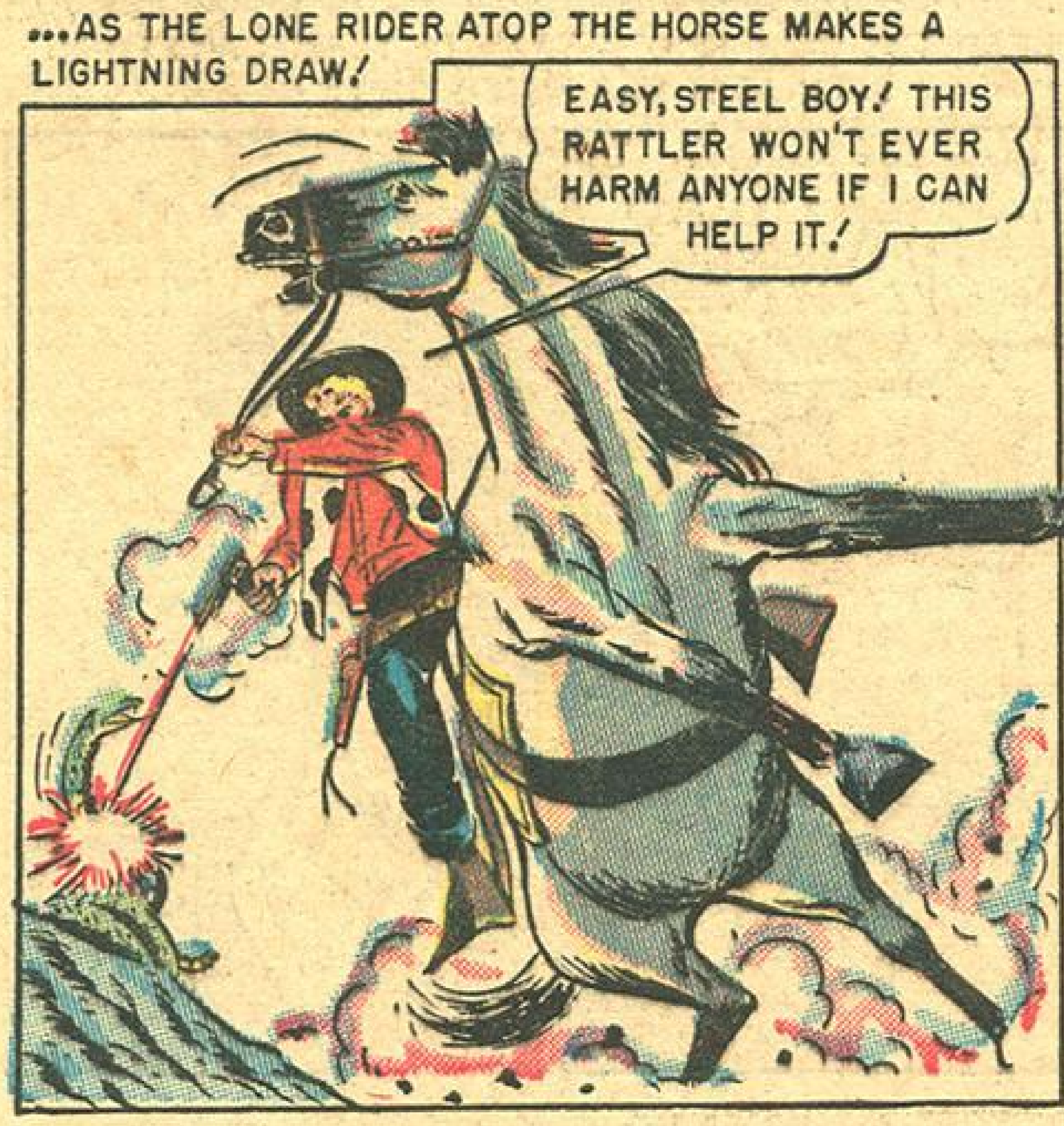

AND THE KEY TO THIS GREAT POWER IS RIGHT HERE--*IN THIS BOOK!*

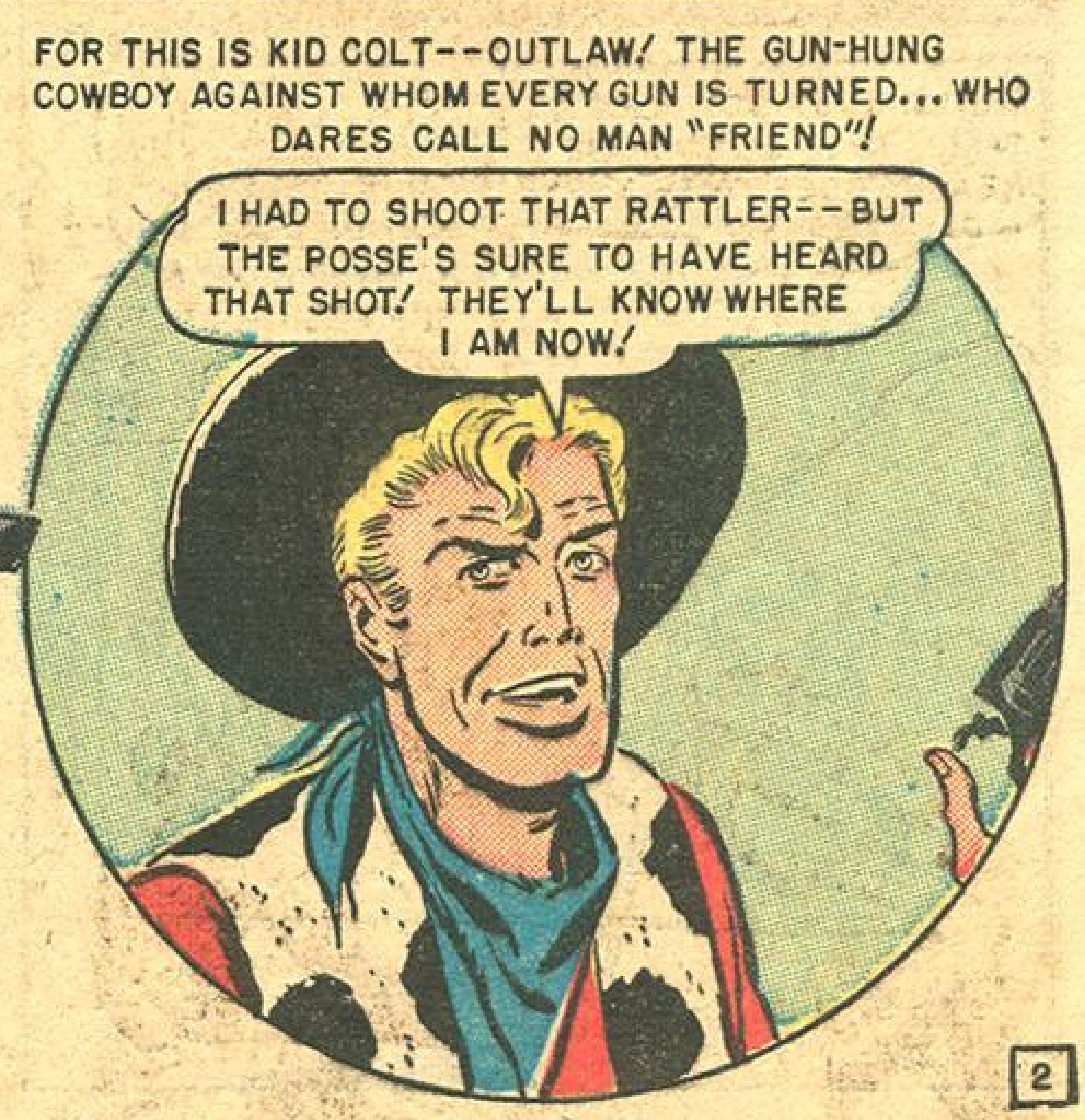

FROM HIS SADDLEBAG, MORTIMER MILD TOOK A BOOK--"THE LEGEND OF PAUL BUNYAN"--THE STORY OF A GIANT OF THE OLD WEST!
The legend of PAUL BUNYAN


EVERYONE THINKS THIS STORY WAS JUST A FAIRY TALE--BUT I KNOW THERE REALLY *WAS* A PAUL BUNYAN! AND I KNOW THAT HIS GRANDSON, A SUPERHUMAN GIANT, EVEN NOW IS LIVING BEYOND THESE MOUNTAINS, UNDREAMED OF BY MANKIND!

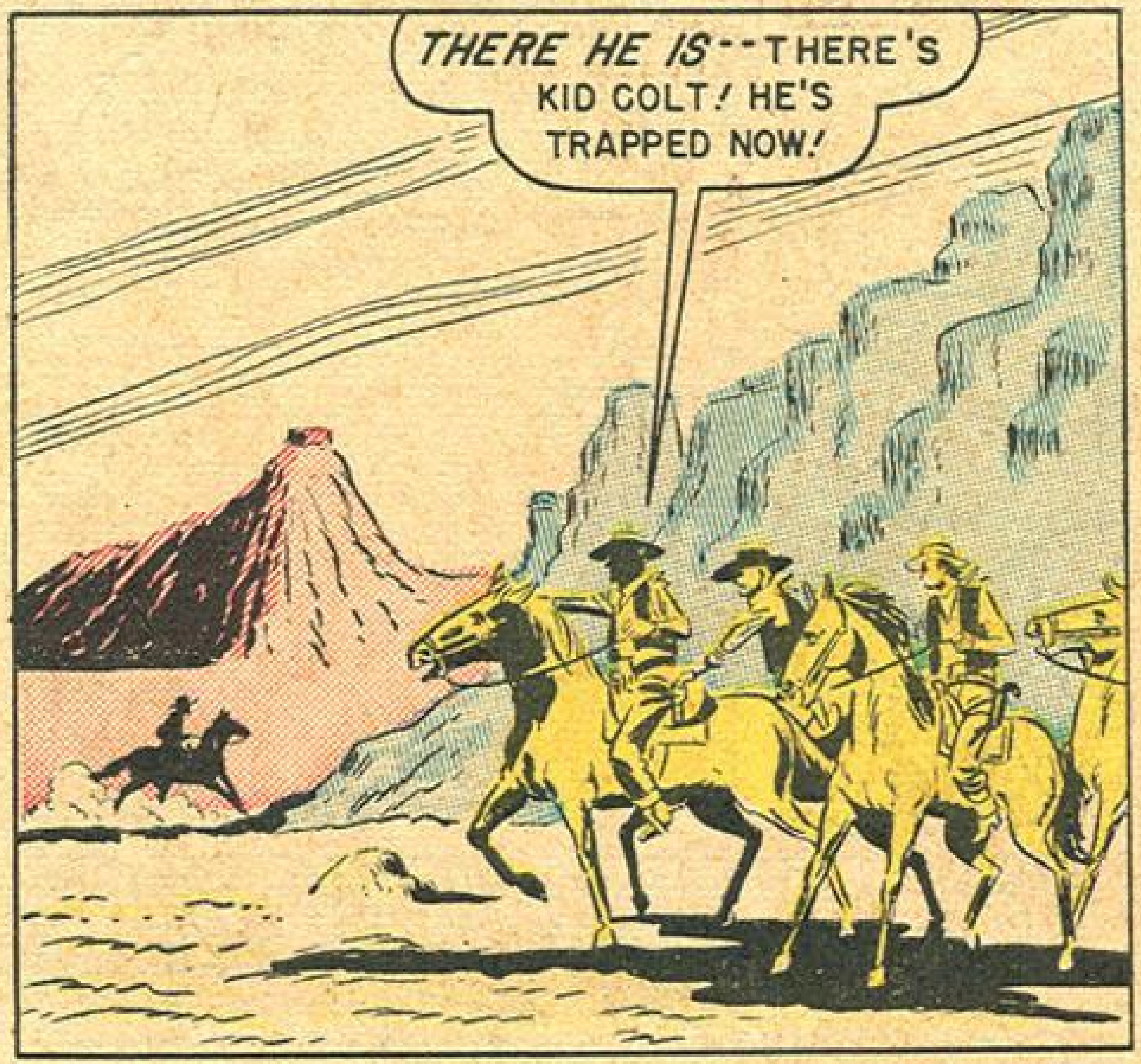

AND I'LL BE THE MAN TO FIND HIM! AND MAKE HIM MY SLAVE! WITH THE DESCENDANT OF THE ALL-POWERFUL PAUL BUNYAN TO DO MY BIDDING, I'LL RULE THE WEST--AND *THEN*, THE *WORLD*!
AND SO, MORTIMER MILD DISAPPEARED BEYOND THE MYSTERIOUS PEAKS--IN PURSUIT OF A MAD UNHOLY DREAM!

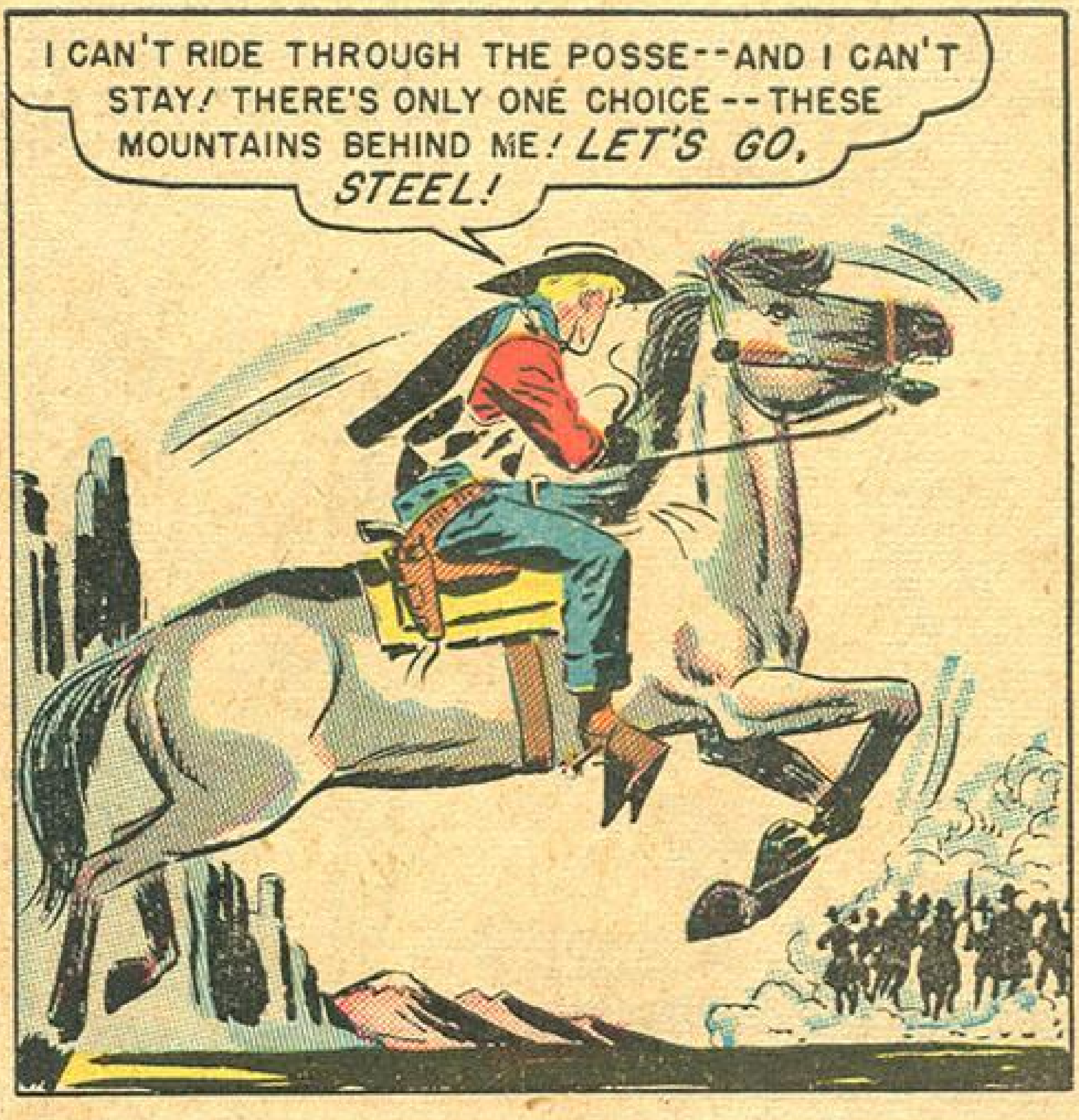

TWO MONTHS LATER, AT THE SAME SPOT BEFORE THE MAJESTIC MOUNTAINS, A HORSE REARS IN TERROR AT THE SIGHT OF A DEADLY RATTLER. . .

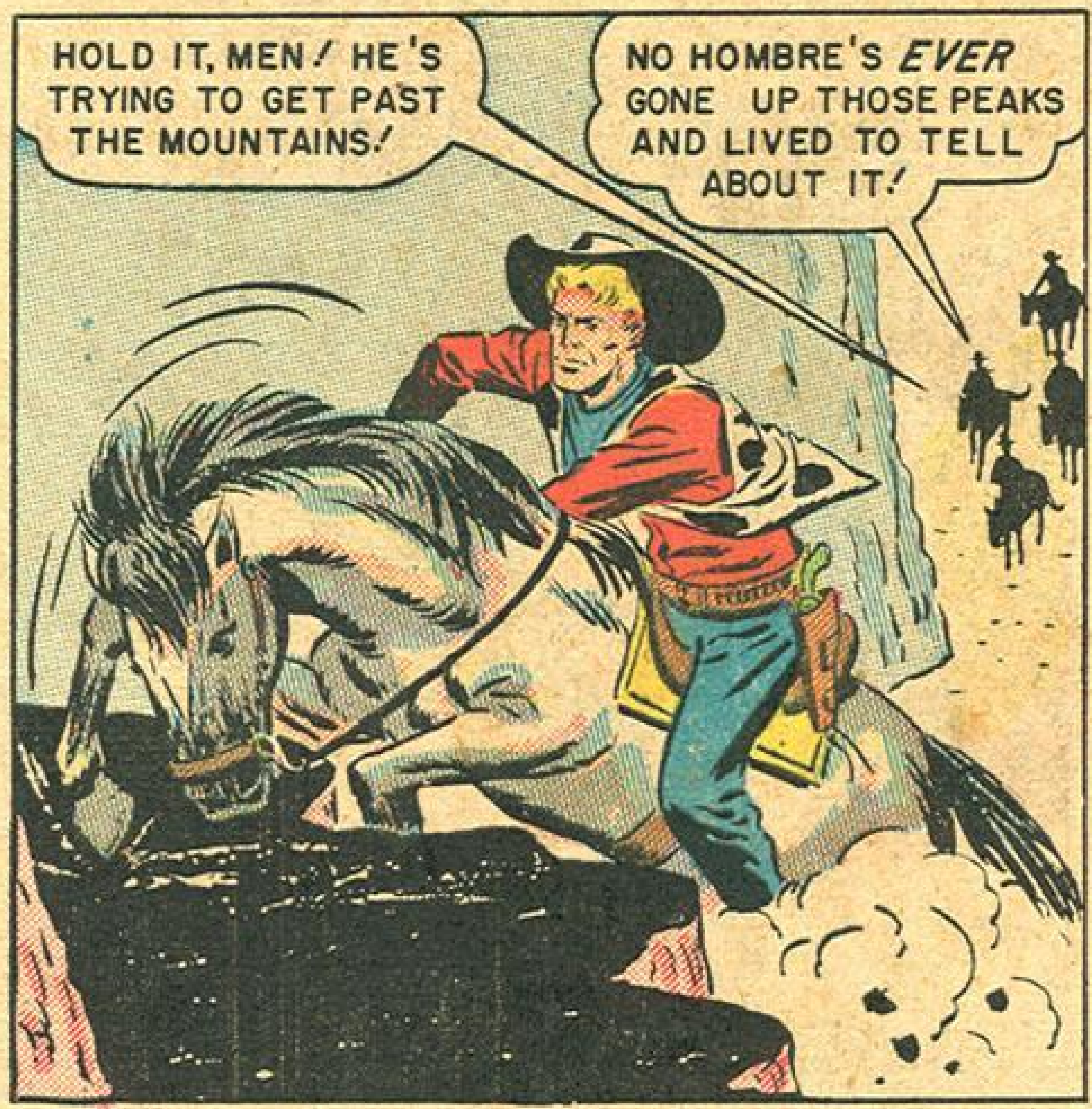

...AS THE LONE RIDER ATOP THE HORSE MAKES A LIGHTNING DRAW!
EASY, STEEL BOY! THIS RATTLER WON'T EVER HARM ANYONE IF I CAN HELP IT!

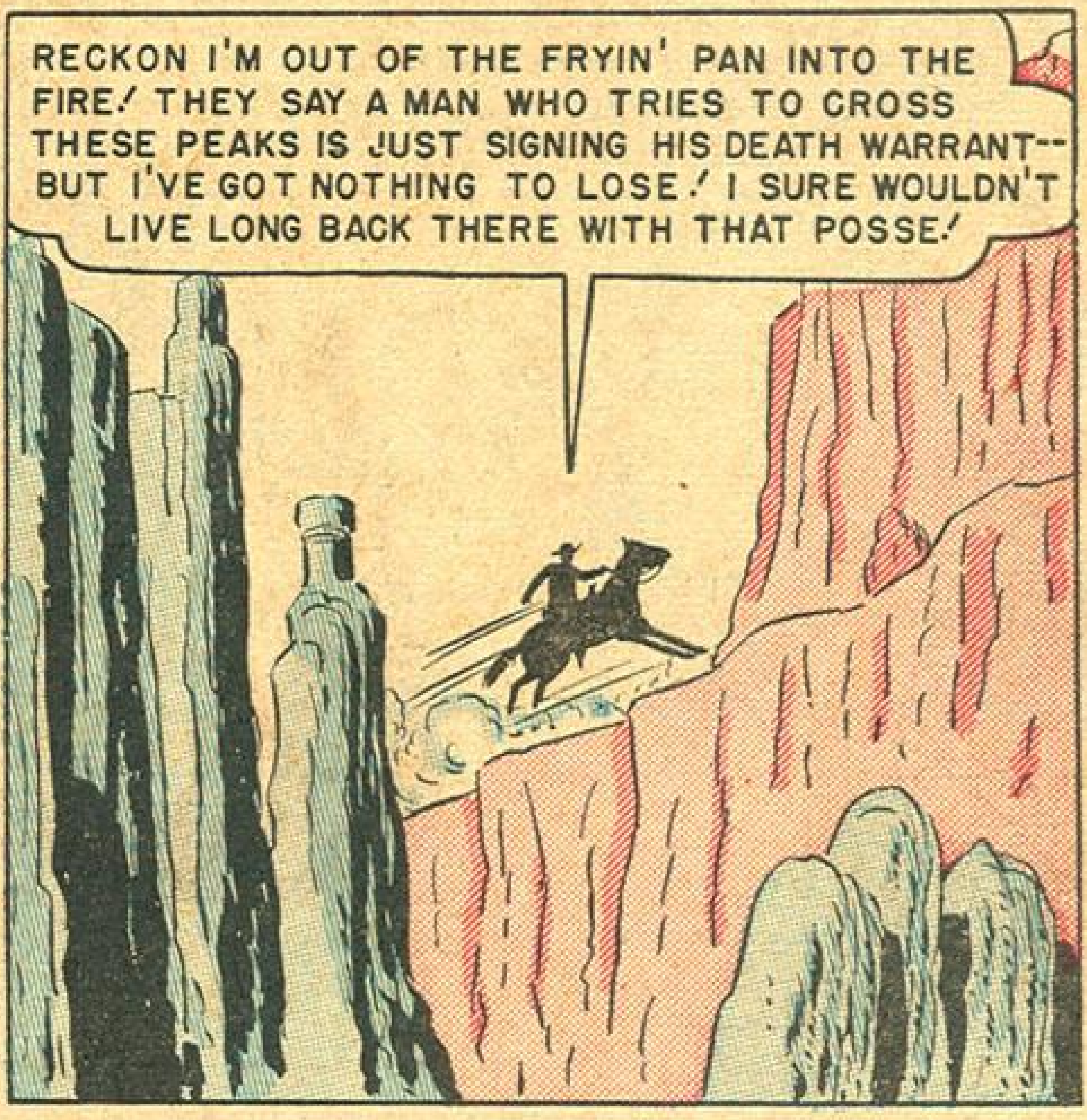

FOR THIS IS KID COLT--OUTLAW! THE GUN-HUNG COWBOY AGAINST WHOM EVERY GUN IS TURNED... WHO DARES CALL NO MAN "FRIEND"!
I HAD TO SHOOT THAT RATTLER--BUT THE POSSE'S SURE TO HAVE HEARD THAT SHOT! THEY'LL KNOW WHERE I AM NOW!

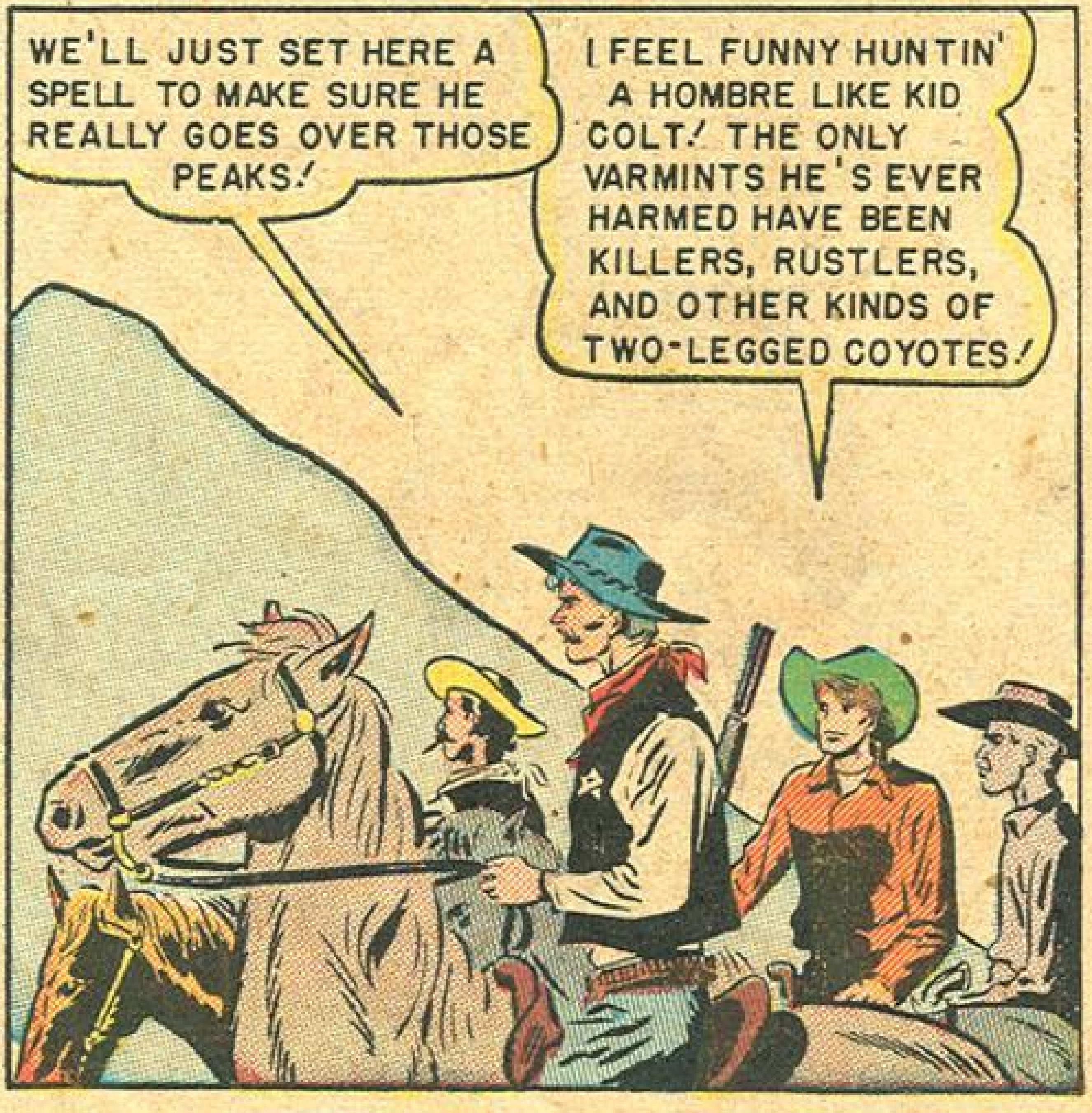
AND AS KID COLT HAD FEARED, THE POSSE HAS HEARD HIS SHOT--AND IN A FEW FLEET SECONDS...


THERE HE IS--THERE'S KID COLT! HE'S TRAPPED NOW!

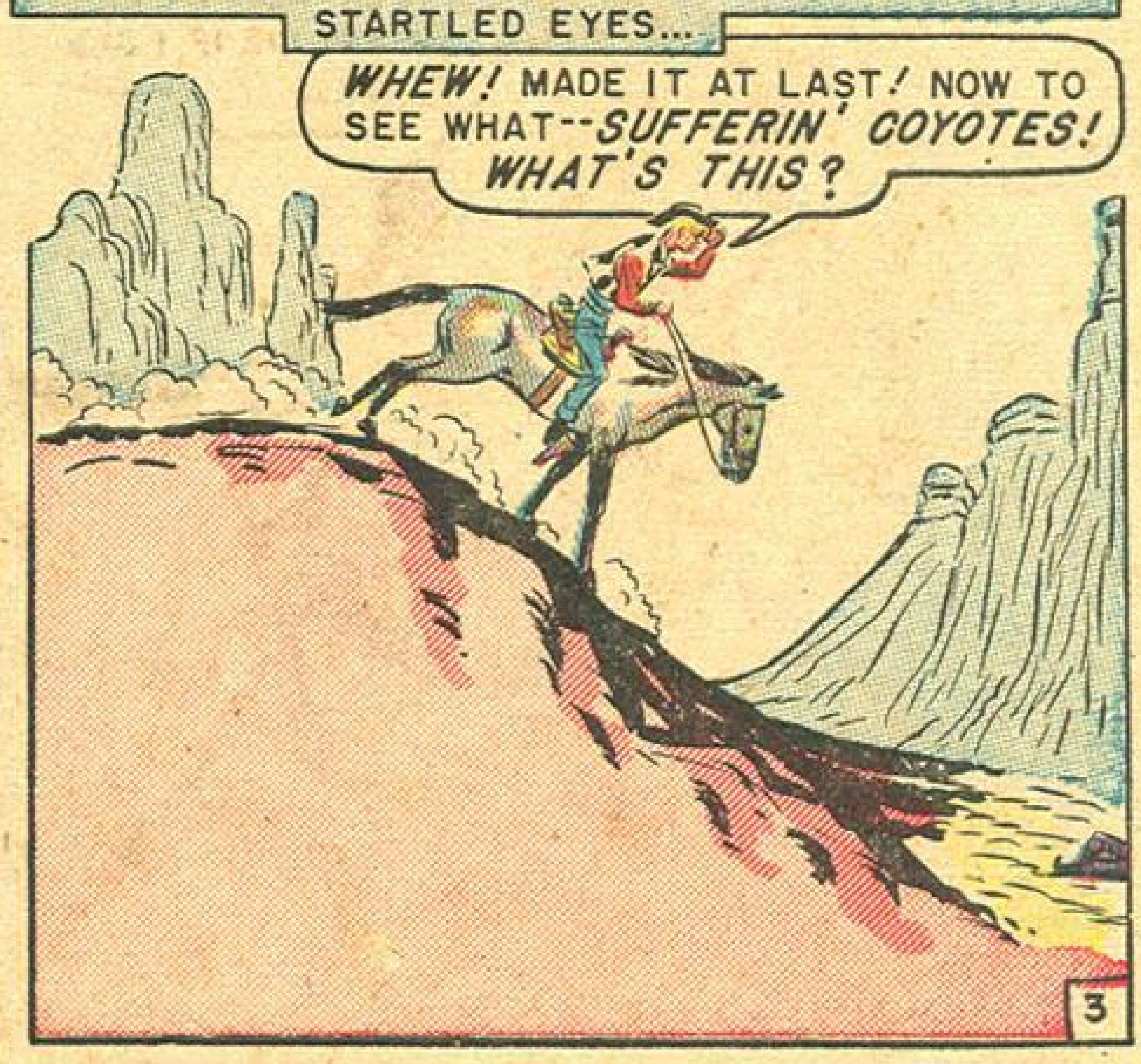

I CAN'T RIDE THROUGH THE POSSE--AND I CAN'T STAY! THERE'S ONLY ONE CHOICE--THESE MOUNTAINS BEHIND ME! *LET'S GO, STEEL!*

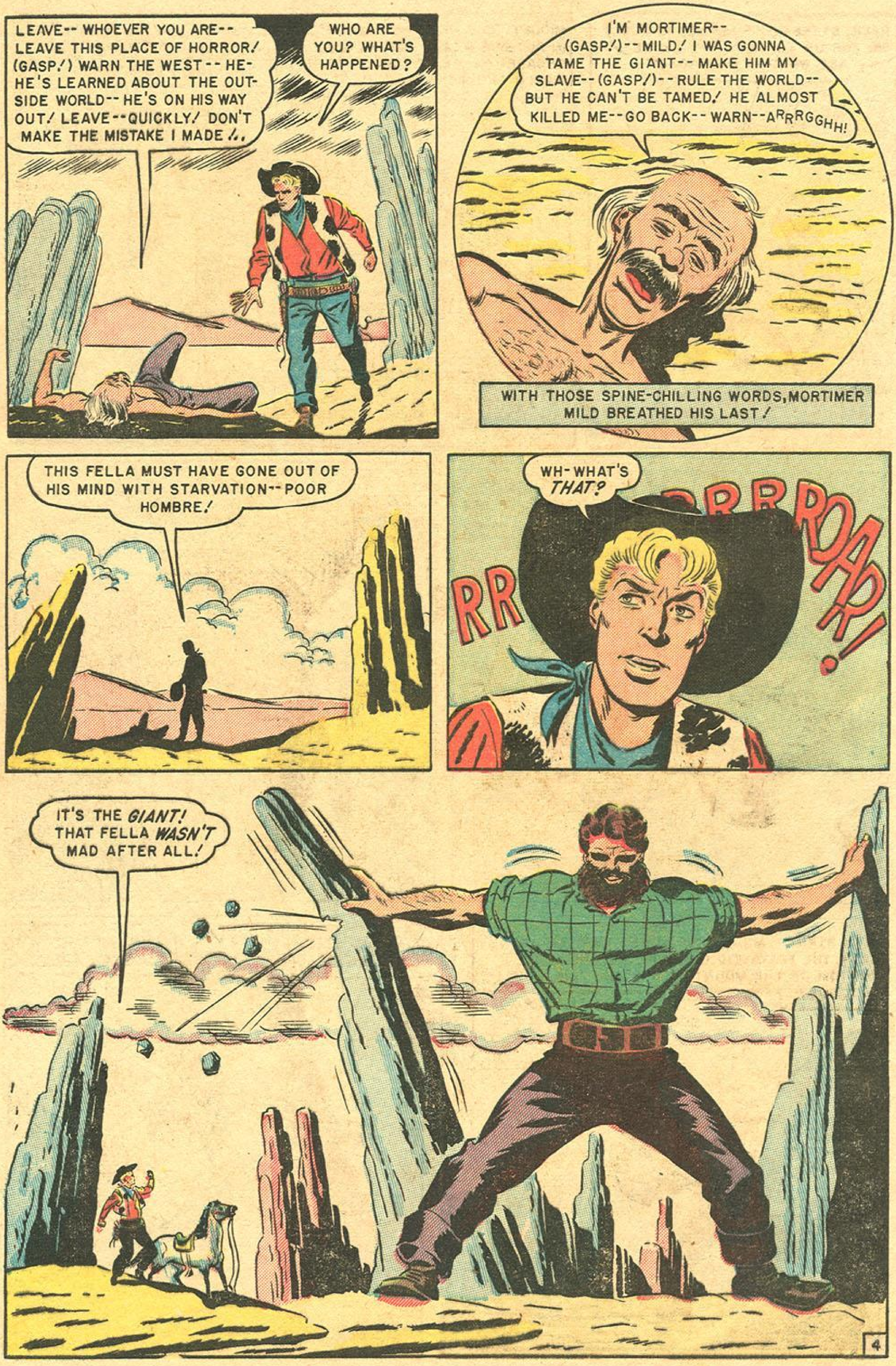

HOLD IT, MEN! HE'S TRYING TO GET PAST THE MOUNTAINS!
NO HOMBRE'S *EVER* GONE UP THOSE PEAKS AND LIVED TO TELL ABOUT IT!

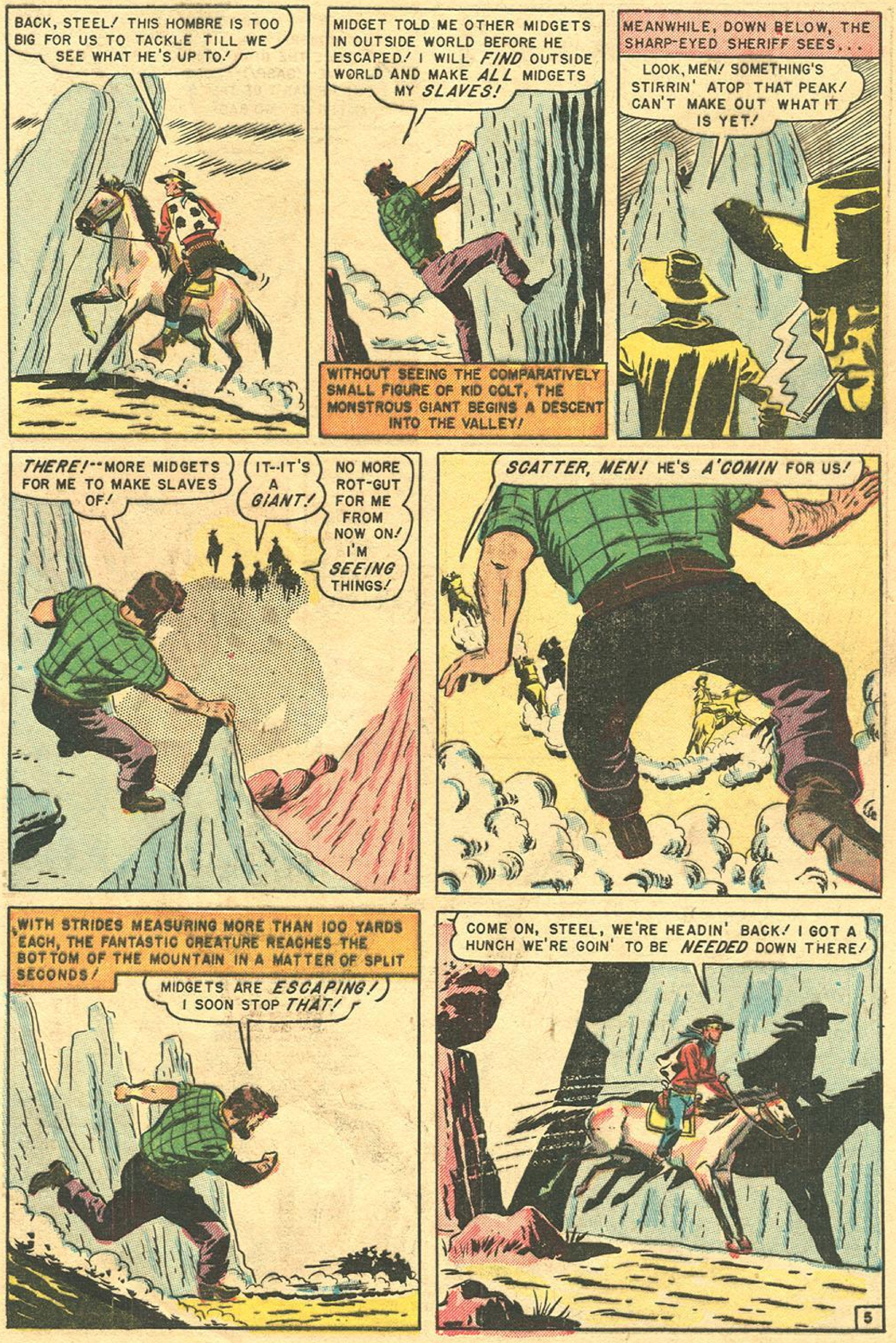

RECKON I'M OUT OF THE FRYIN' PAN INTO THE FIRE! THEY SAY A MAN WHO TRIES TO CROSS THESE PEAKS IS JUST SIGNING HIS DEATH WARRANT--BUT I'VE GOT NOTHING TO LOSE! I SURE WOULDN'T LIVE LONG BACK THERE WITH THAT POSSE!

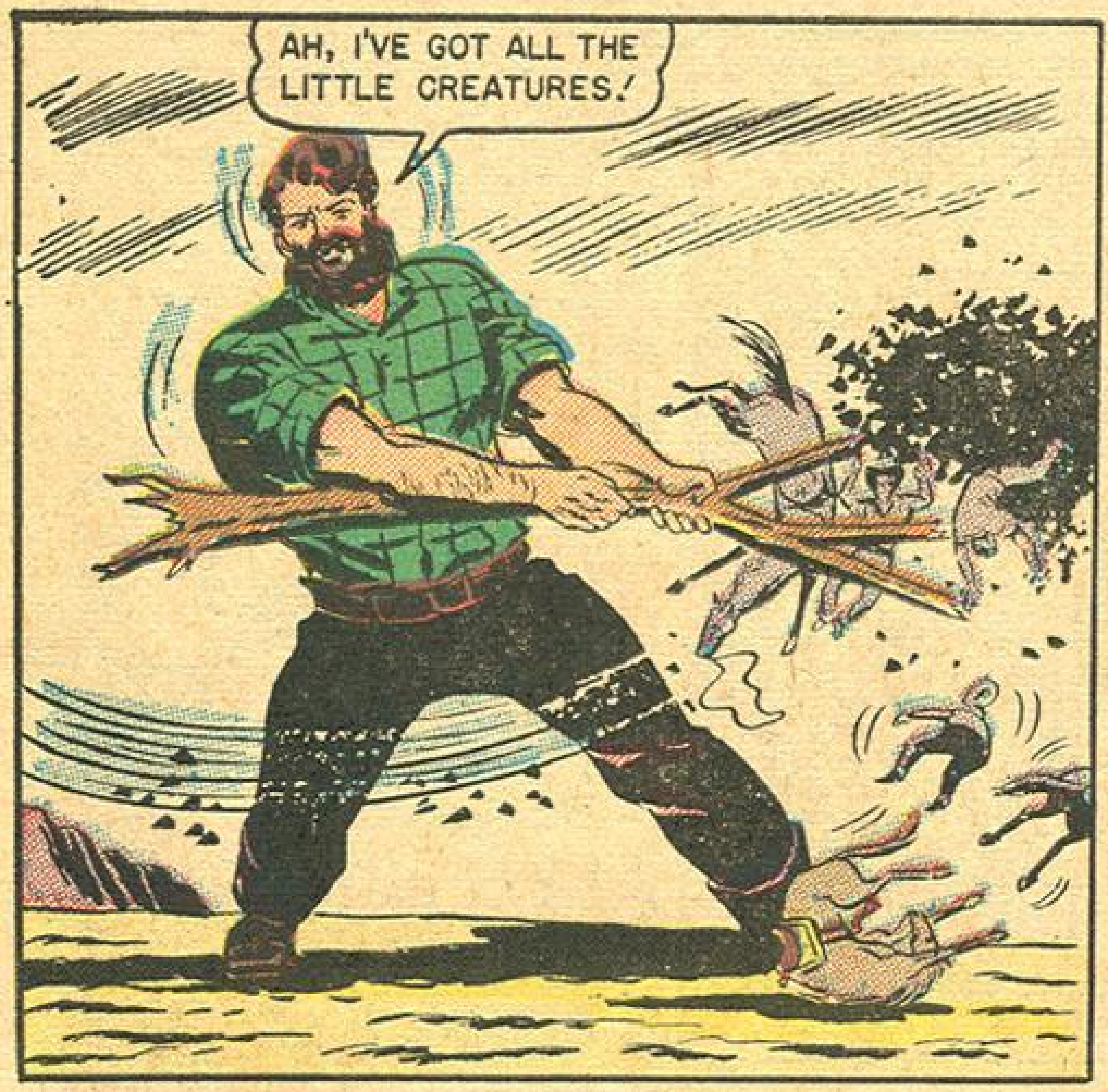

WE'LL JUST SET HERE A SPELL TO MAKE SURE HE REALLY GOES OVER THOSE PEAKS!
I FEEL FUNNY HUNTIN' A HOMBRE LIKE KID COLT! THE ONLY VARMINTS HE'S EVER HARMED HAVE BEEN KILLERS, RUSTLERS, AND OTHER KINDS OF TWO-LEGGED COYOTES!

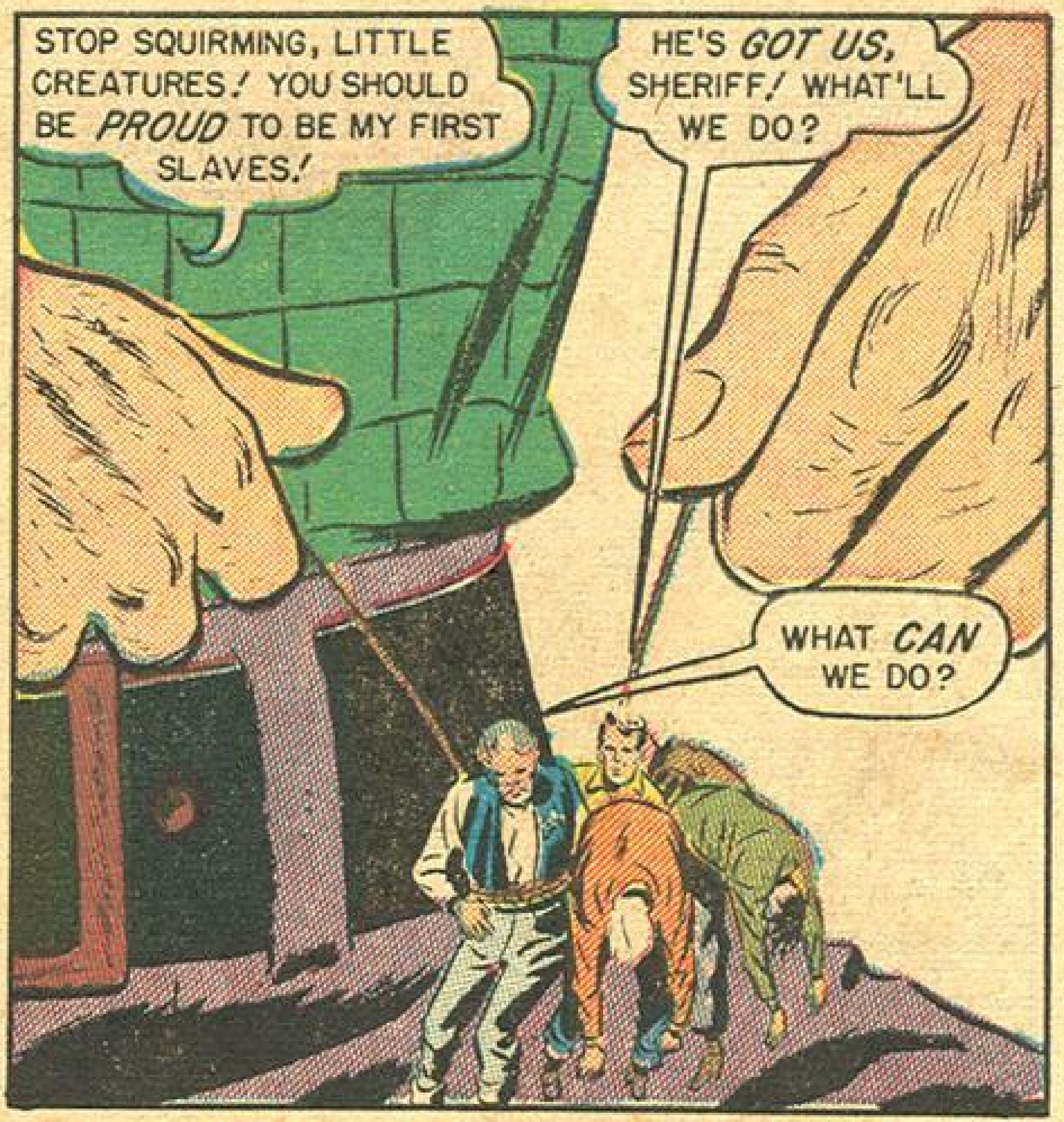
FINALLY, THE DARING OUTLAW REACHES THE SUMMIT OF THE PEAK--AS AN AMAZING SIGHT REACHES HIS STARTLED EYES...

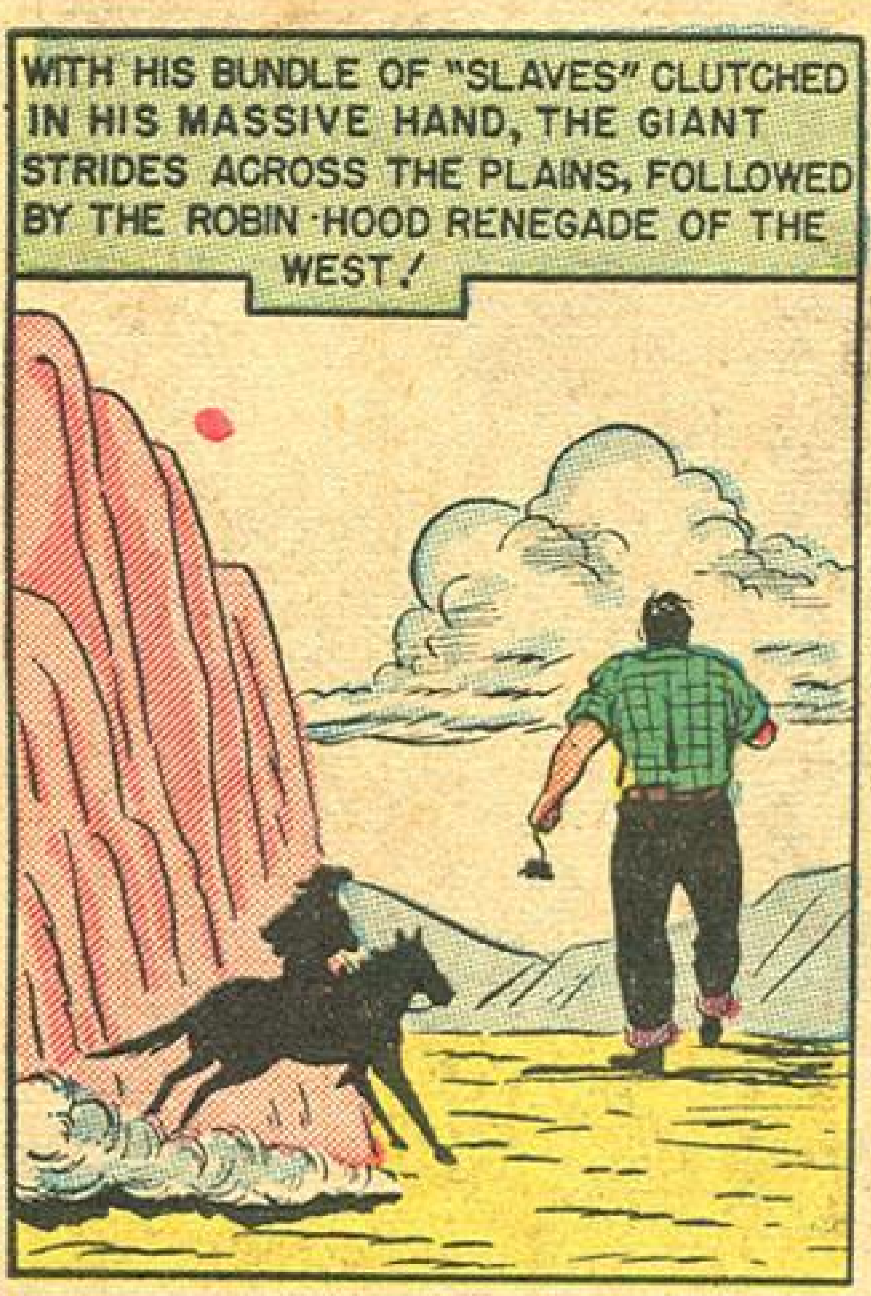

WHEW! MADE IT AT LAST! NOW TO SEE WHAT--*SUFFERIN' COYOTES! WHAT'S THIS?*

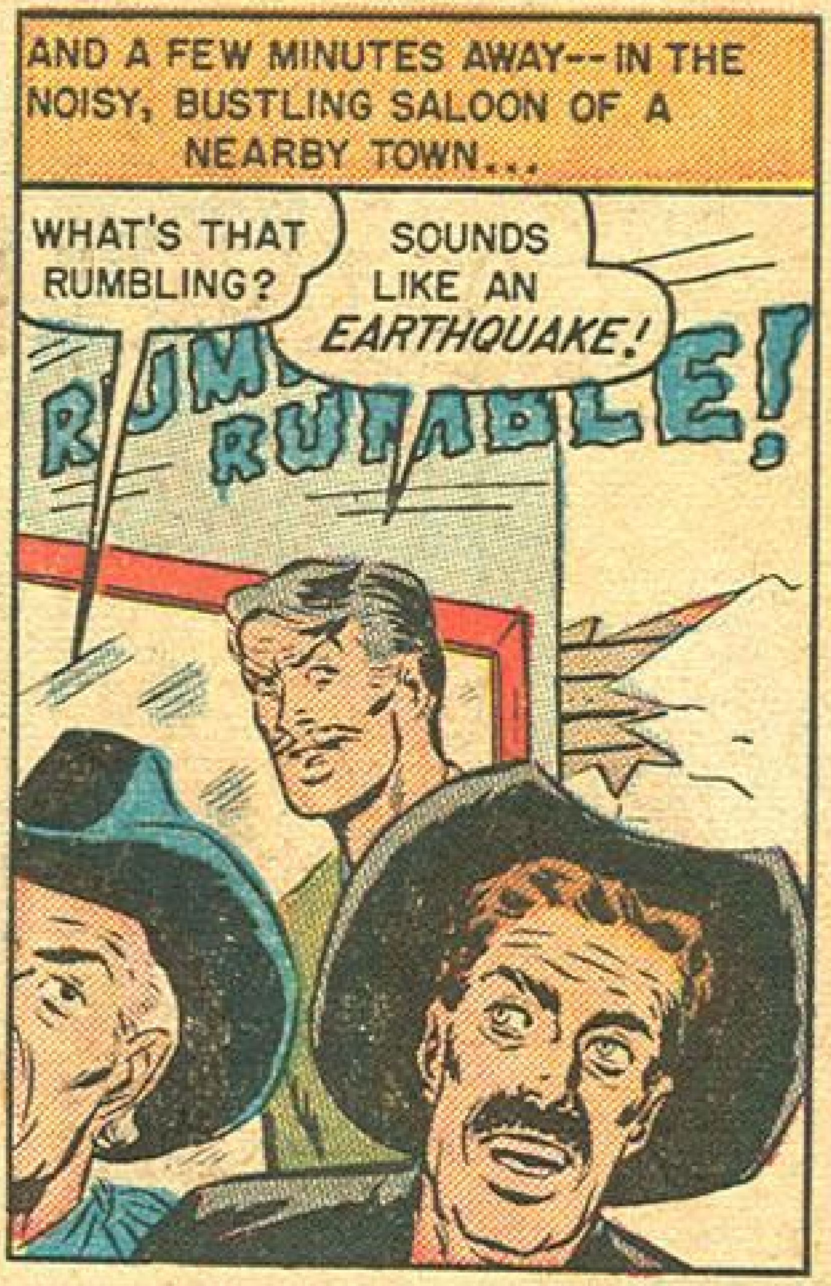

LEAVE-- WHOEVER YOU ARE-- LEAVE THIS PLACE OF HORROR! (GASP!) WARN THE WEST -- HE- HE'S LEARNED ABOUT THE OUTSIDE WORLD-- HE'S ON HIS WAY OUT! LEAVE--QUICKLY! DON'T MAKE THE MISTAKE I MADE!..
WHO ARE YOU? WHAT'S HAPPENED?
I'M MORTIMER-- (GASP!)-- MILD! I WAS GONNA TAME THE GIANT-- MAKE HIM MY SLAVE-- (GASP!)-- RULE THE WORLD-- BUT HE CAN'T BE TAMED! HE ALMOST KILLED ME--GO BACK-- WARN--ARRRGGHH!
WITH THOSE SPINE-CHILLING WORDS, MORTIMER MILD BREATHED HIS LAST!
THIS FELLA MUST HAVE GONE OUT OF HIS MIND WITH STARVATION-- POOR HOMBRE!
WH-WHAT'S *THAT?*
RRRRRROAR!
IT'S THE *GIANT!* THAT FELLA *WASN'T* MAD AFTER ALL!

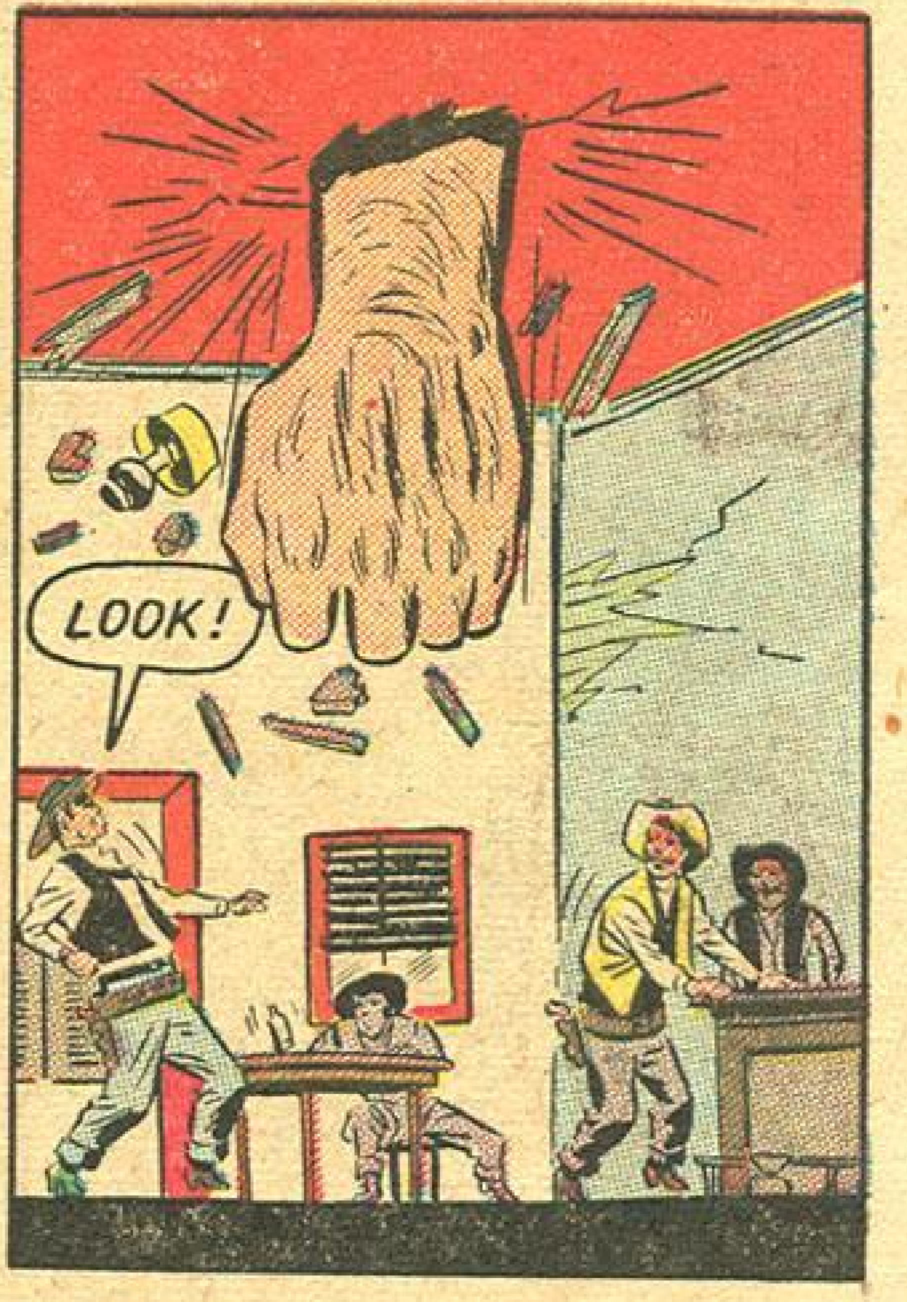

BACK, STEEL! THIS HOMBRE IS TOO BIG FOR US TO TACKLE TILL WE SEE WHAT HE'S UP TO!
MIDGET TOLD ME OTHER MIDGETS IN OUTSIDE WORLD BEFORE HE ESCAPED! I WILL FIND OUTSIDE WORLD AND MAKE ALL MIDGETS MY SLAVES!
WITHOUT SEEING THE COMPARATIVELY SMALL FIGURE OF KID COLT, THE MONSTROUS GIANT BEGINS A DESCENT INTO THE VALLEY!
MEANWHILE, DOWN BELOW, THE SHARP-EYED SHERIFF SEES...
LOOK, MEN! SOMETHING'S STIRRIN' ATOP THAT PEAK! CAN'T MAKE OUT WHAT IT IS YET!
THERE!--MORE MIDGETS FOR ME TO MAKE SLAVES OF!
IT--IT'S A GIANT!
NO MORE ROT-GUT FOR ME FROM NOW ON! I'M SEEING THINGS!
SCATTER, MEN! HE'S A'COMIN FOR US!
WITH STRIDES MEASURING MORE THAN 100 YARDS EACH, THE FANTASTIC CREATURE REACHES THE BOTTOM OF THE MOUNTAIN IN A MATTER OF SPLIT SECONDS!
MIDGETS ARE ESCAPING! I SOON STOP THAT!
COME ON, STEEL, WE'RE HEADIN' BACK! I GOT A HUNCH WE'RE GOIN' TO BE NEEDED DOWN THERE!

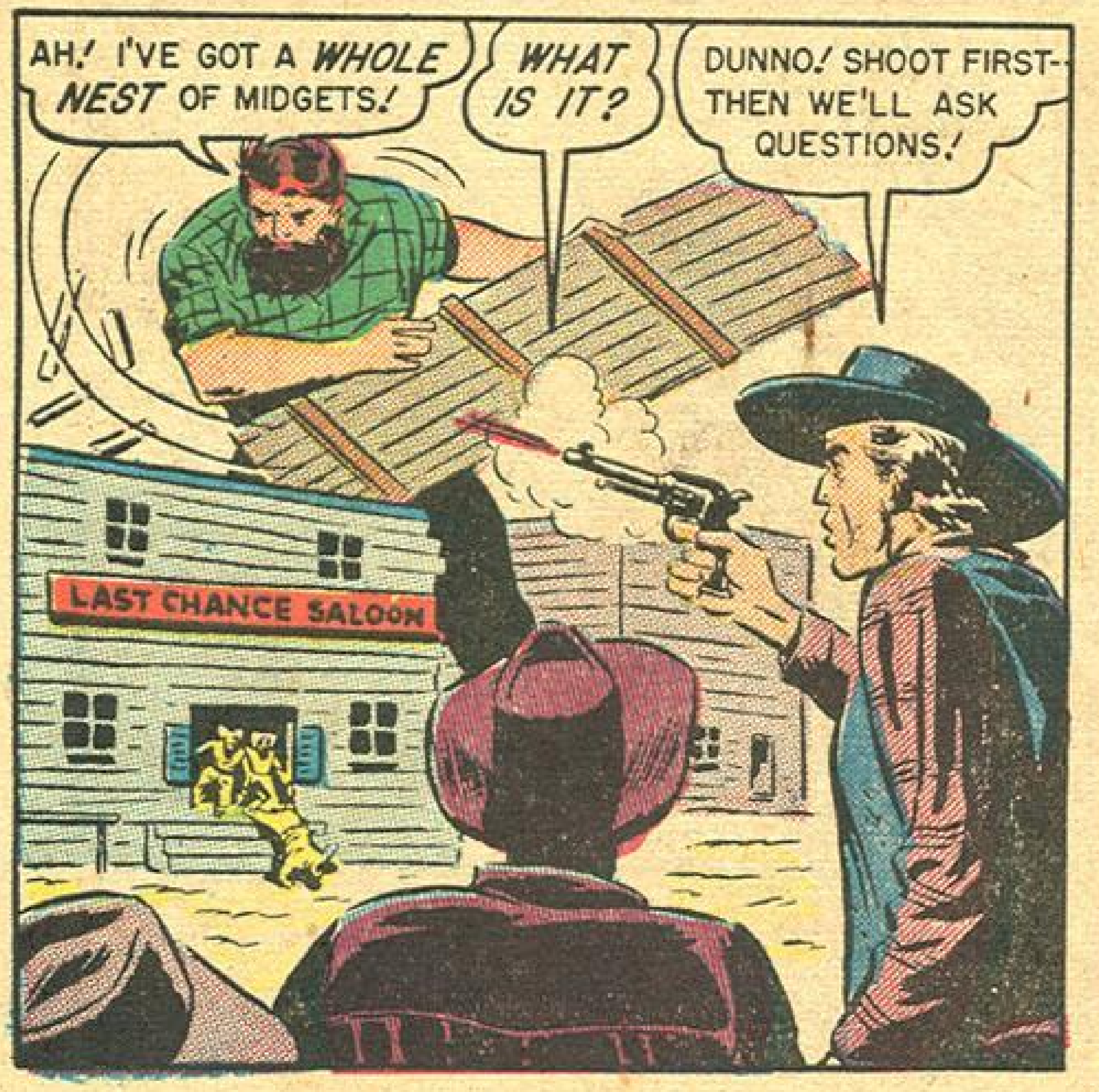

AH, I'VE GOT ALL THE LITTLE CREATURES!

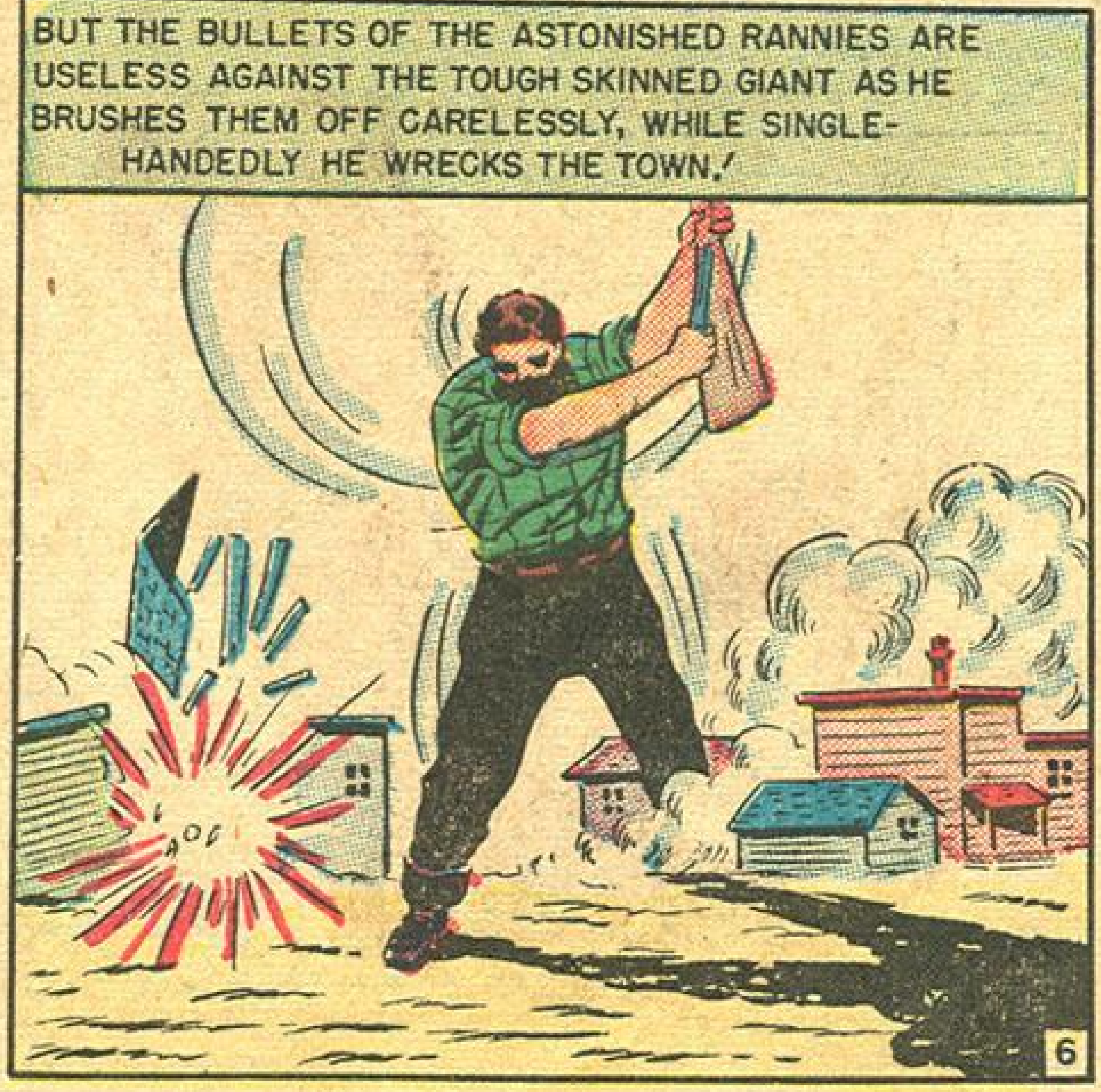

STOP SQUIRMING, LITTLE CREATURES! YOU SHOULD BE *PROUD* TO BE MY FIRST SLAVES!
HE'S *GOT US,* SHERIFF! WHAT'LL WE DO?
WHAT *CAN* WE DO?

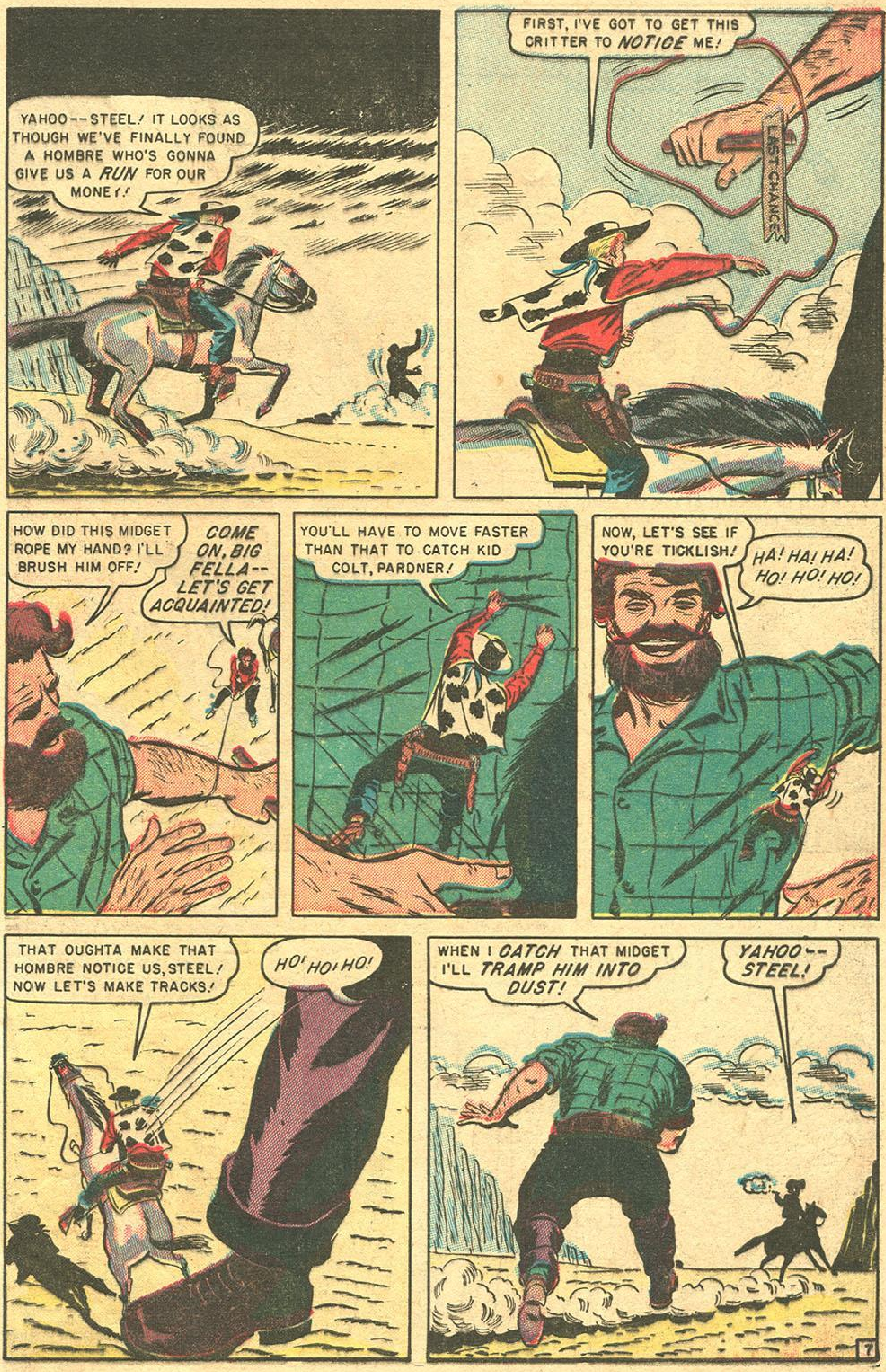

WITH HIS BUNDLE OF "SLAVES" CLUTCHED IN HIS MASSIVE HAND, THE GIANT STRIDES ACROSS THE PLAINS, FOLLOWED BY THE ROBIN-HOOD RENEGADE OF THE WEST!


AND A FEW MINUTES AWAY--IN THE NOISY, BUSTLING SALOON OF A NEARBY TOWN...
WHAT'S THAT RUMBLING?
SOUNDS LIKE AN *EARTHQUAKE!*
RUMBLE RUMBLE!

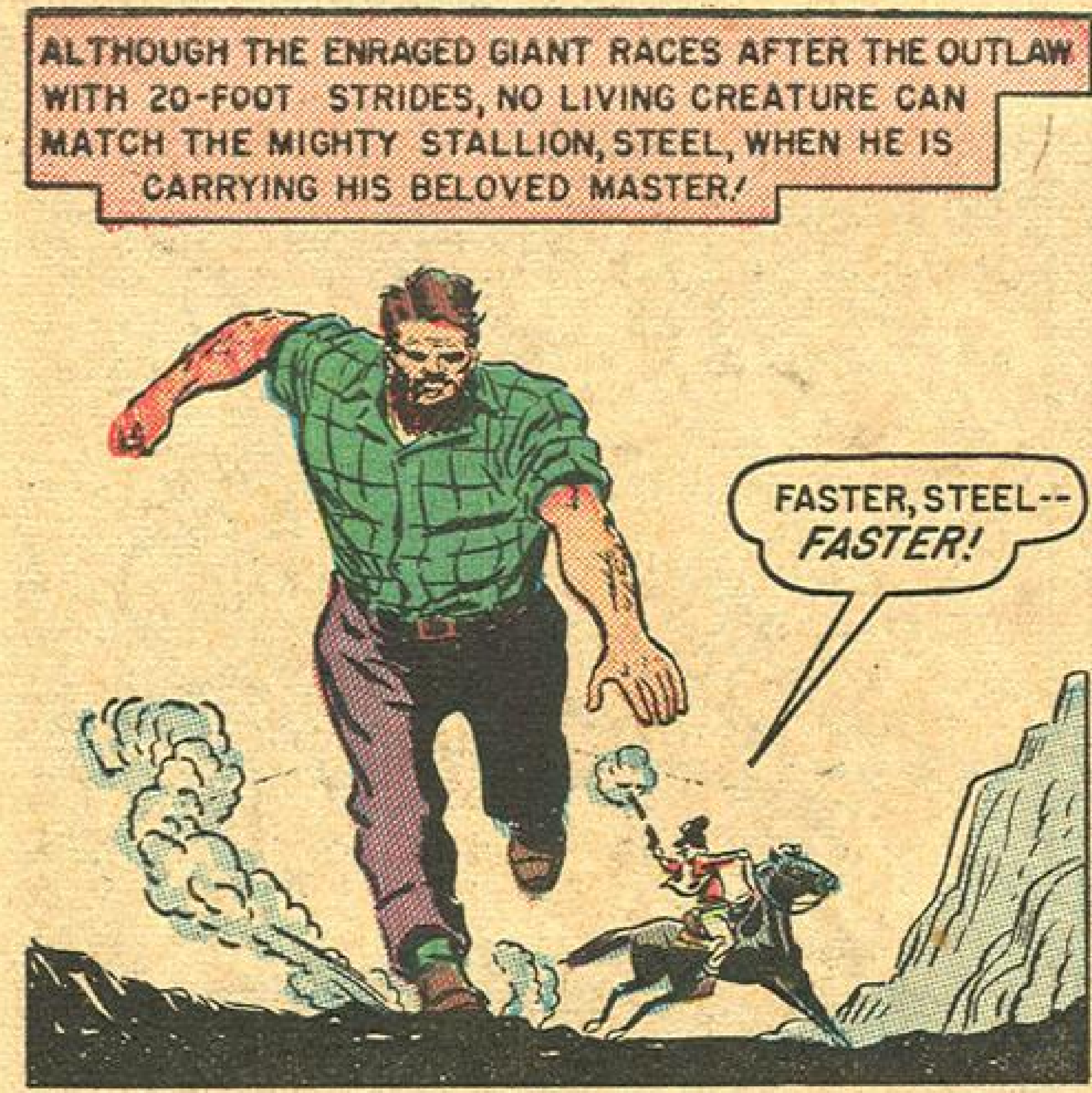

LOOK!


AH! I'VE GOT A *WHOLE NEST* OF MIDGETS!
WHAT IS IT?
DUNNO! SHOOT FIRST-THEN WE'LL ASK QUESTIONS!
LAST CHANCE SALOON

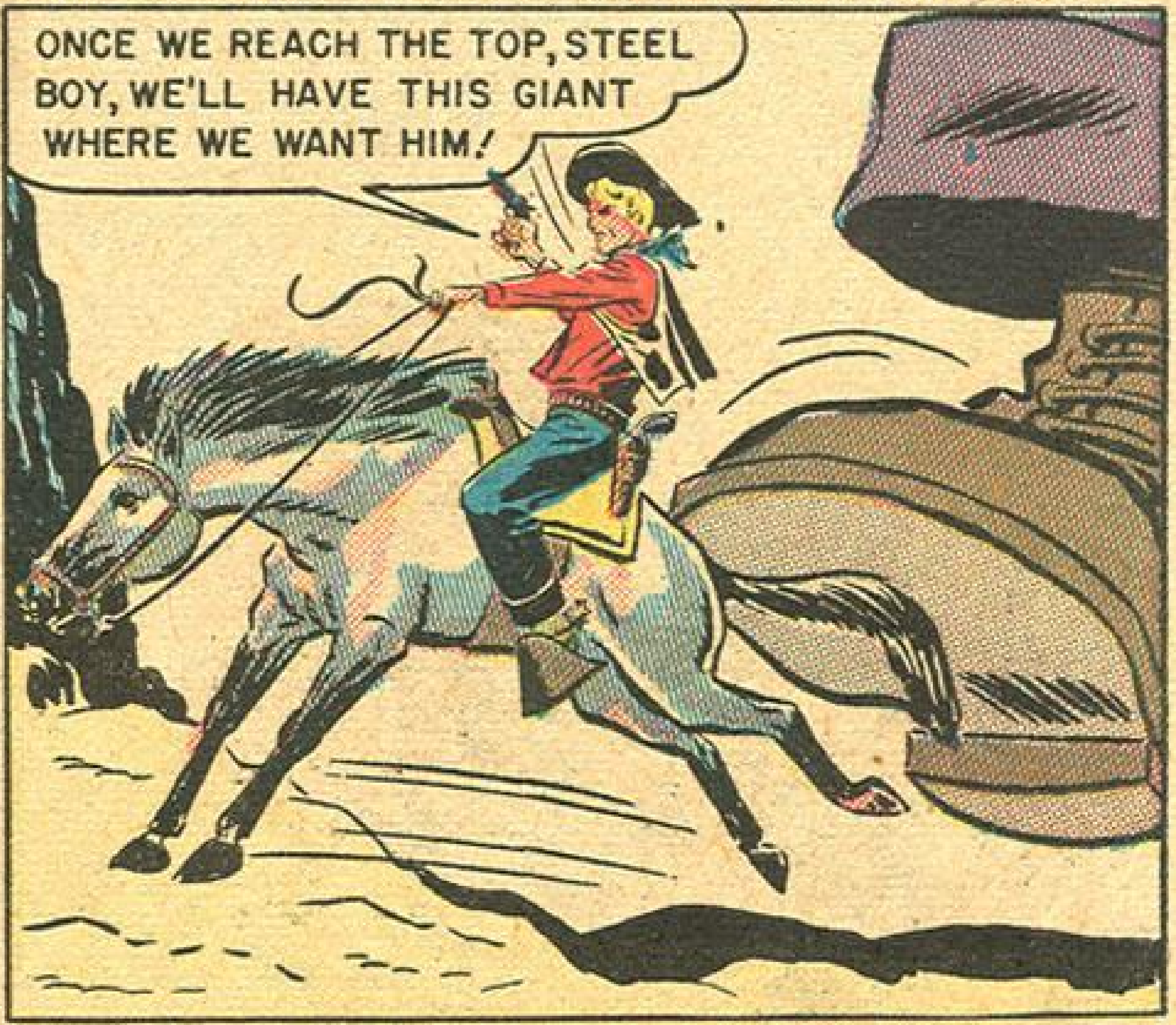

BUT THE BULLETS OF THE ASTONISHED RANNIES ARE USELESS AGAINST THE TOUGH SKINNED GIANT AS HE BRUSHES THEM OFF CARELESSLY, WHILE SINGLE-HANDEDLY HE WRECKS THE TOWN!


YAHOO--STEEL! IT LOOKS AS THOUGH WE'VE FINALLY FOUND A HOMBRE WHO'S GONNA GIVE US A *RUN* FOR OUR MONEY!
FIRST, I'VE GOT TO GET THIS CRITTER TO *NOTICE* ME!
LAST CHANCE
HOW DID THIS MIDGET ROPE MY HAND? I'LL BRUSH HIM OFF!
COME ON, BIG FELLA-- LET'S GET ACQUAINTED!
YOU'LL HAVE TO MOVE FASTER THAN THAT TO CATCH KID COLT, PARDNER!
NOW, LET'S SEE IF YOU'RE TICKLISH!
HA! HA! HA! HO! HO! HO!
THAT OUGHTA MAKE THAT HOMBRE NOTICE US, STEEL! NOW LET'S MAKE TRACKS!
HO! HO! HO!
WHEN I *CATCH* THAT MIDGET I'LL *TRAMP HIM INTO DUST!*
YAHOO-- STEEL!

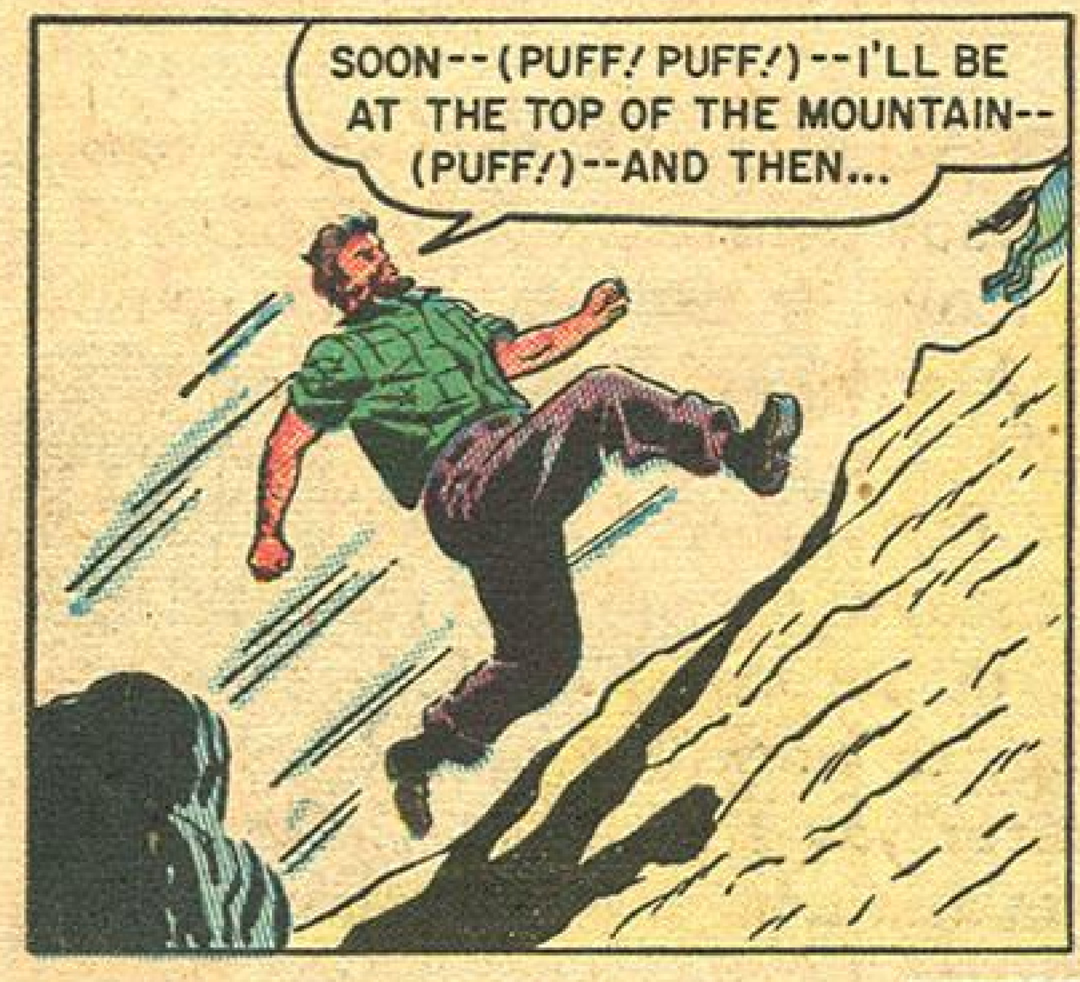
ALTHOUGH THE ENRAGED GIANT RACES AFTER THE OUTLAW WITH 20-FOOT STRIDES, NO LIVING CREATURE CAN MATCH THE MIGHTY STALLION, STEEL, WHEN HE IS CARRYING HIS BELOVED MASTER!


FASTER, STEEL-- *FASTER!*

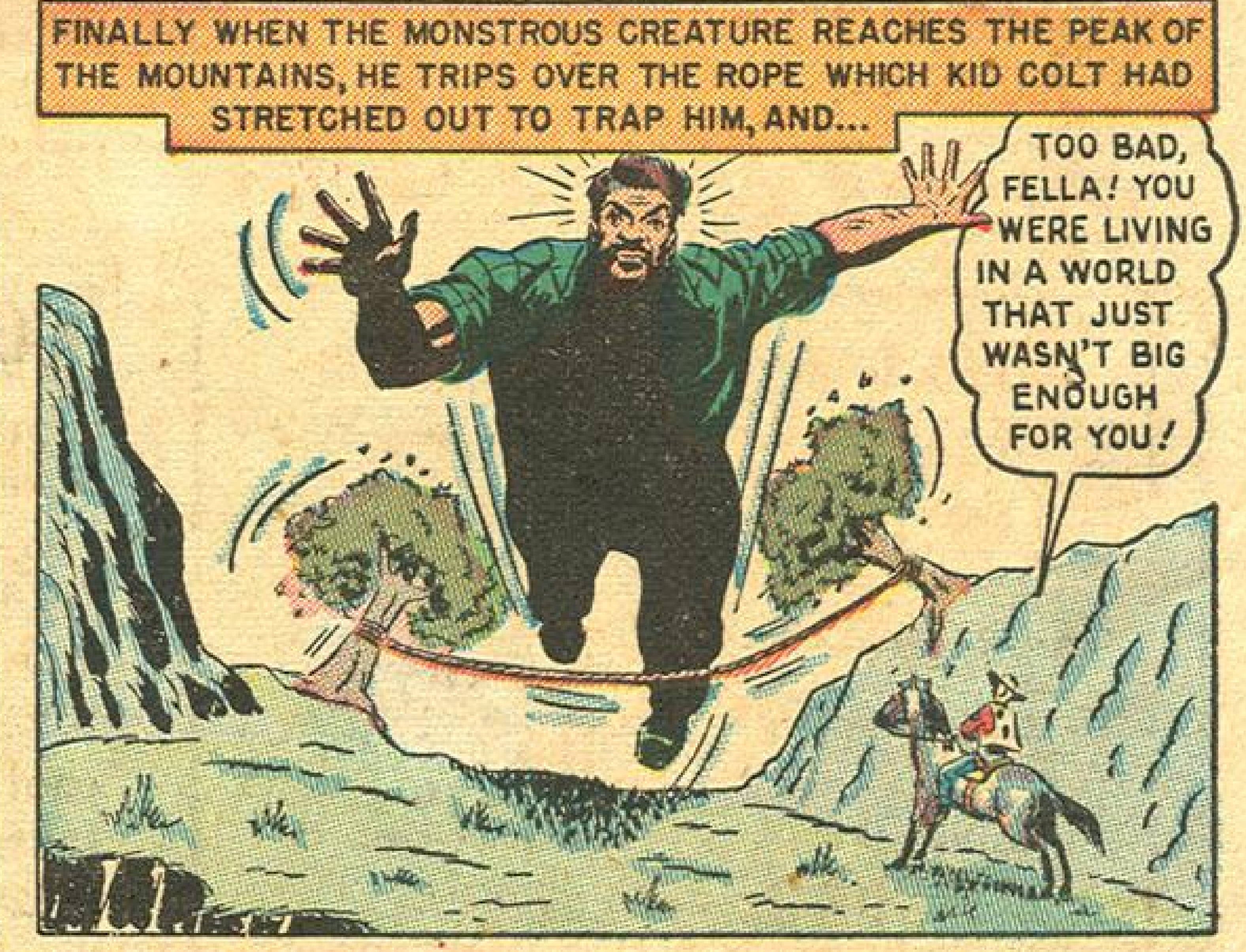
AS THOUGH ON THE WINGS OF THE WIND, THE WONDER HORSE REACHES THE MOUNTAIN RANGE AND STARTS FOR THE TOP WITH THE SURENESS OF A MOUNTAIN GOAT!


ONCE WE REACH THE TOP, STEEL BOY, WE'LL HAVE THIS GIANT WHERE WE WANT HIM!

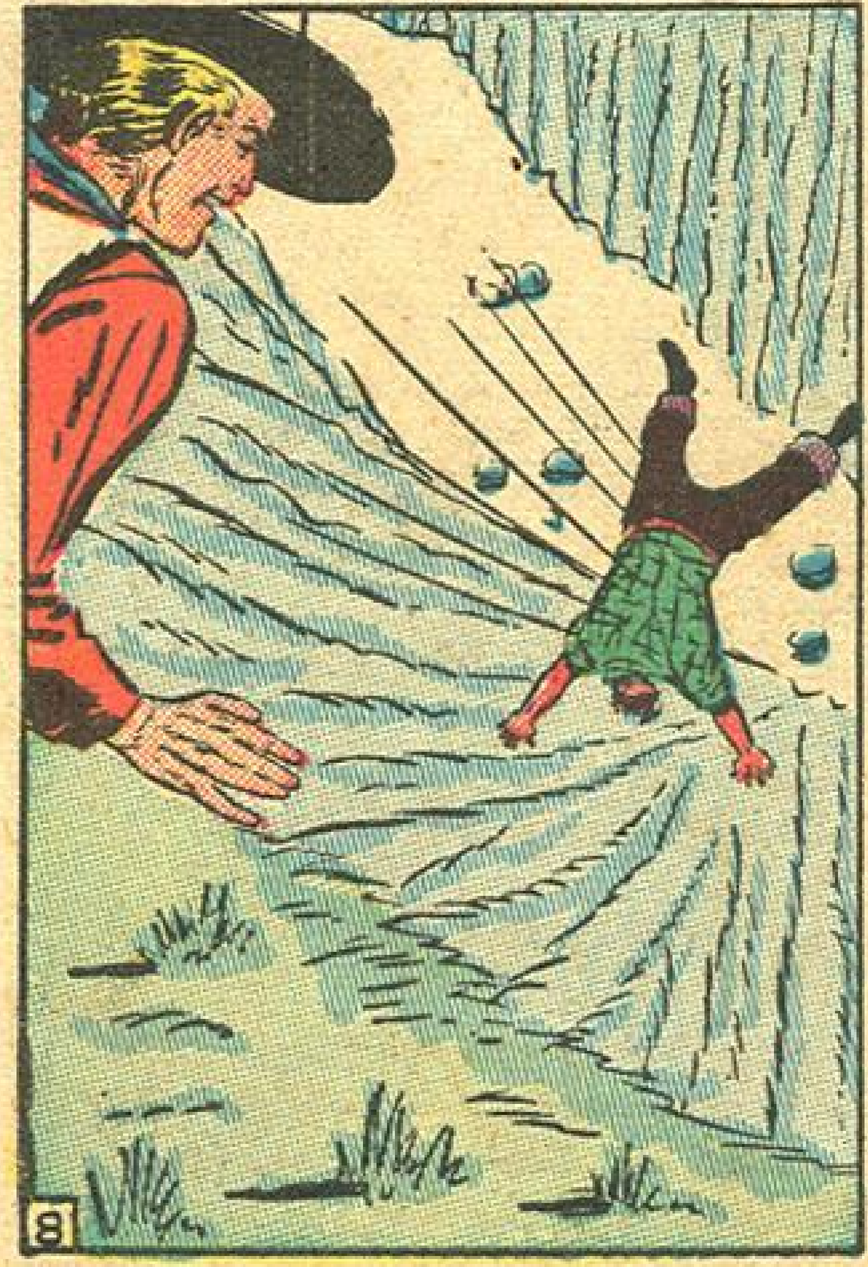
EVEN THOUGH HIS STRENGTH IS THAT OF MANY NORMAL MEN, THE GIANT FINDS HIMSELF OUT OF BREATH AFTER HIS MANY MILE LONG RUN AND HIS MOUNTAIN CLIMB...

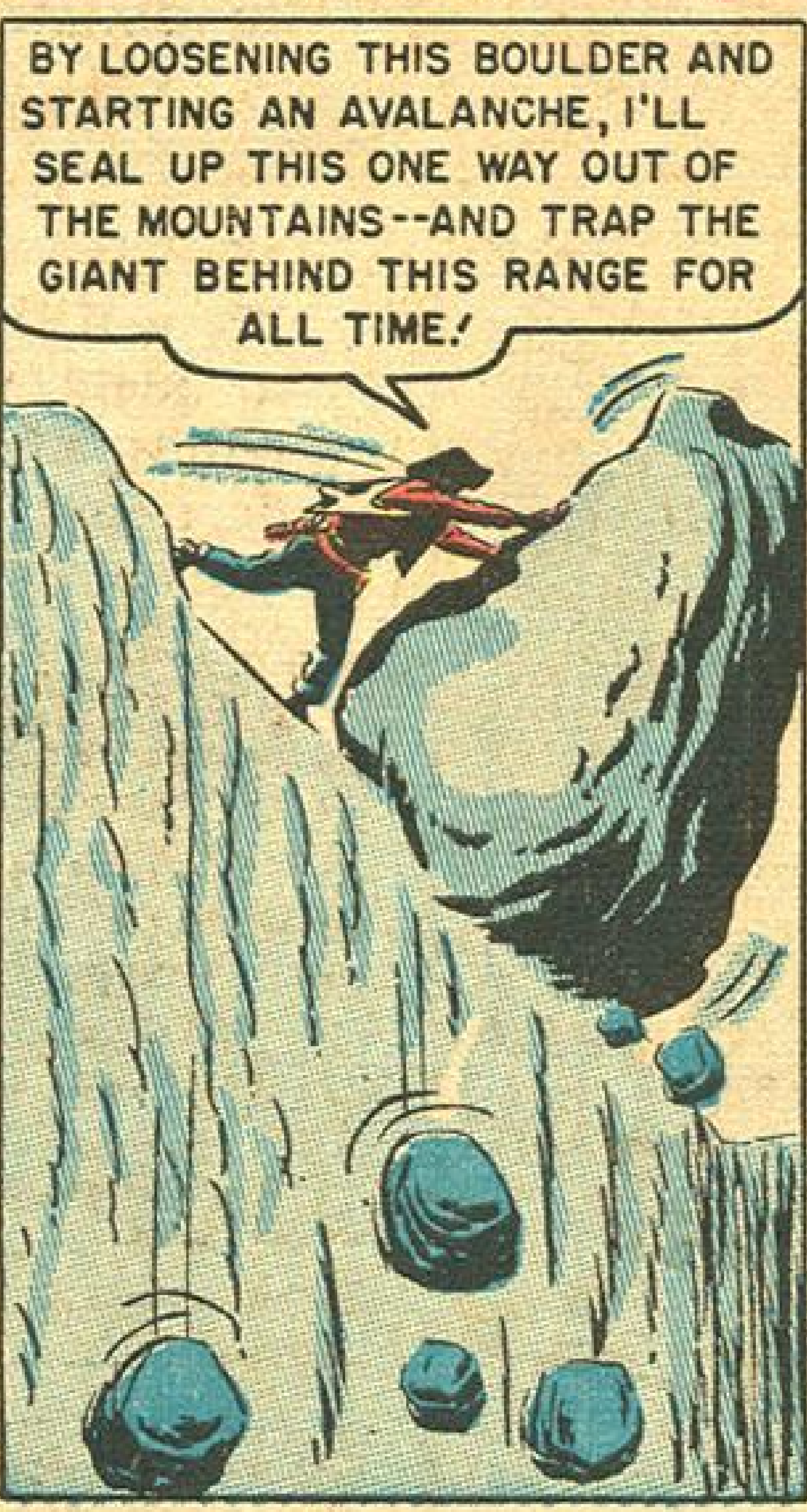

SOON--(PUFF! PUFF!)--I'LL BE AT THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN--(PUFF!)--AND THEN...

FINALLY WHEN THE MONSTROUS CREATURE REACHES THE PEAK OF THE MOUNTAINS, HE TRIPS OVER THE ROPE WHICH KID COLT HAD STRETCHED OUT TO TRAP HIM, AND...

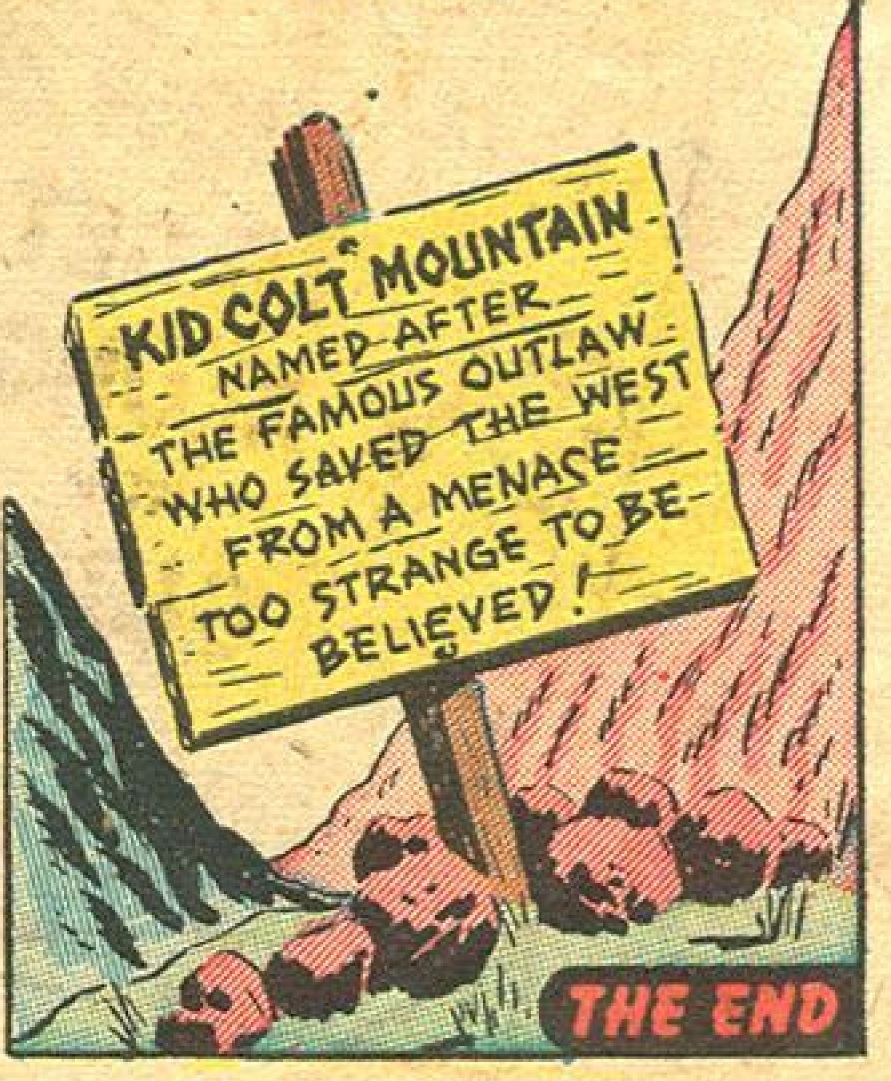

TOO BAD, FELLA! YOU WERE LIVING IN A WORLD THAT JUST WASN'T BIG ENOUGH FOR YOU!

LOSING HIS BALANCE, THE GARGANTUAN FIGURE TUMBLES HEADLONG DOWN THE SHEER SIDE OF THE MENACING MOUNTAIN...




BY LOOSENING THIS BOULDER AND STARTING AN AVALANCHE, I'LL SEAL UP THIS ONE WAY OUT OF THE MOUNTAINS--AND TRAP THE GIANT BEHIND THIS RANGE FOR ALL TIME!

AND TODAY, IN THE FAR WEST THERE IS A MIGHTY MOUNTAIN WHICH IS FEARED AND AVOIDED BY THE PEOPLE NEARBY! AT THE FOOT OF THAT MOUNTAIN IS A SIGN--A SIGN WHOSE FEW SHORT WORDS TELL A STRANGE STORY FOR ALL TO READ...


KID COLT MOUNTAIN
NAMED AFTER
THE FAMOUS OUTLAW
WHO SAVED THE WEST
FROM A MENACE
TOO STRANGE TO BE-
BELIEVED!
THE END

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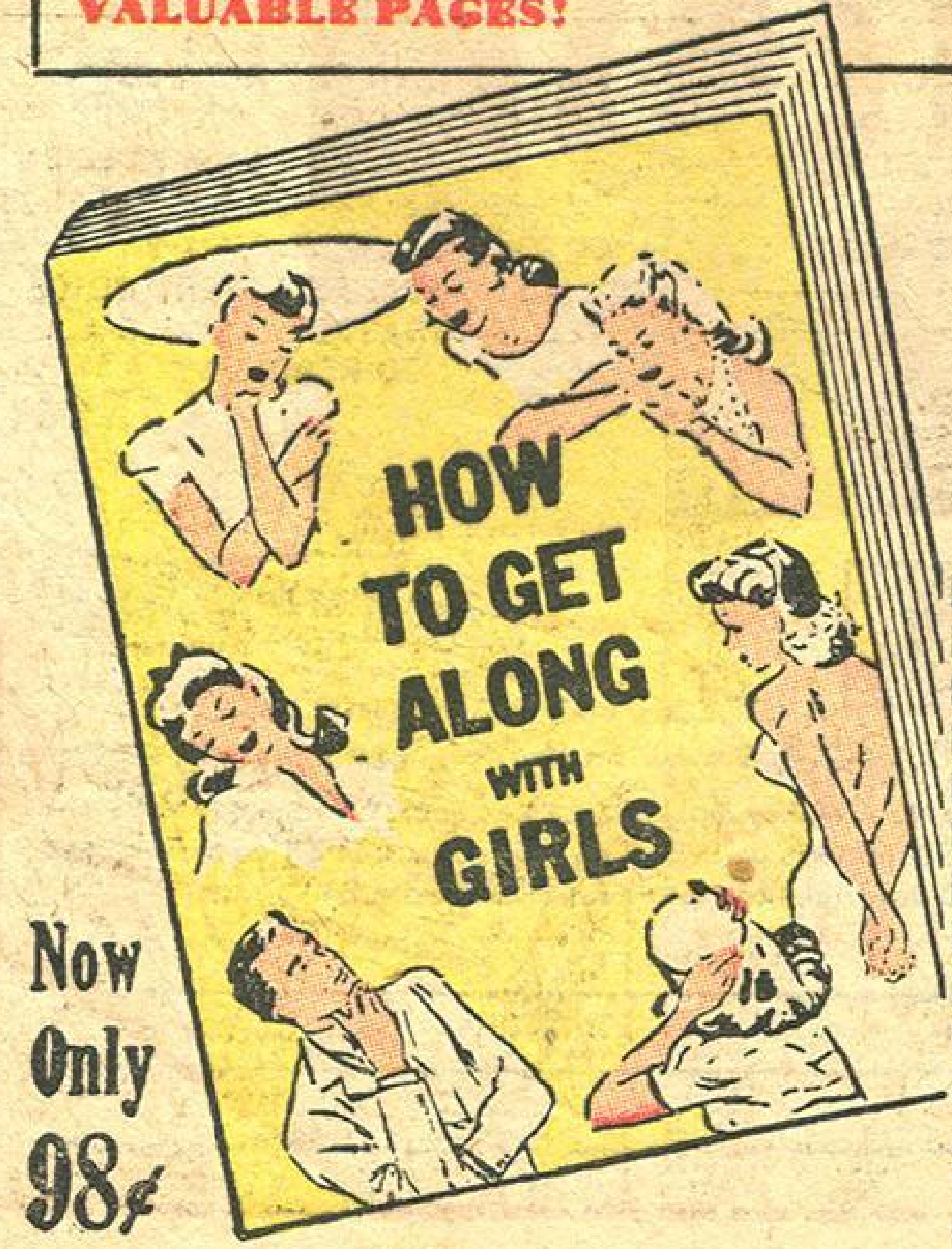
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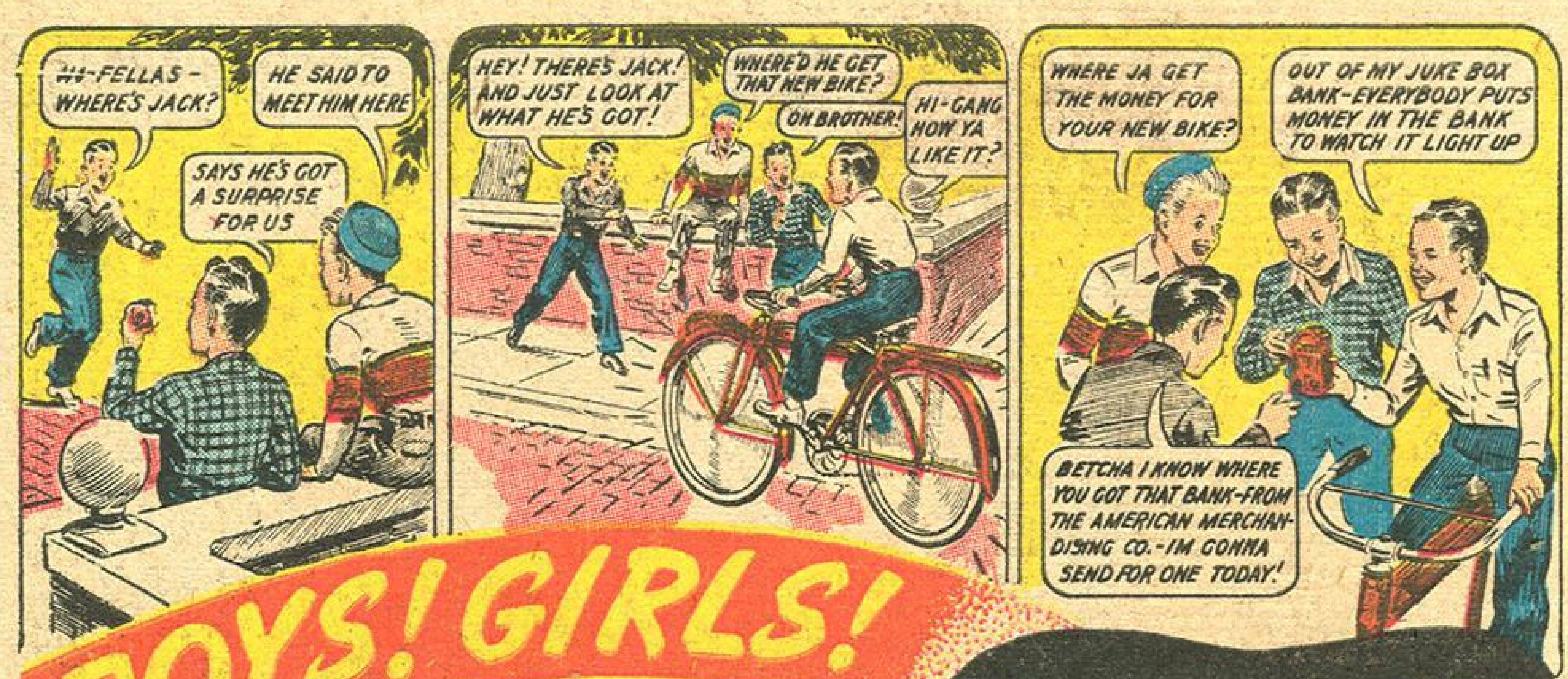
HI-FELLAS - WHERE'S JACK?
HE SAID TO MEET HIM HERE
SAYS HE'S GOT A SURPRISE FOR US
HEY! THERE'S JACK! AND JUST LOOK AT WHAT HE'S GOT!
WHERE'D HE GET THAT NEW BIKE?
OH BROTHER!
HI-GANG HOW YA LIKE IT?
WHERE JA GET THE MONEY FOR YOUR NEW BIKE?
OUT OF MY JUKE BOX BANK-EVERYBODY PUTS MONEY IN THE BANK TO WATCH IT LIGHT UP
BETCHA I KNOW WHERE YOU GOT THAT BANK-FROM THE AMERICAN MERCHANDISING CO.-IM GONNA SEND FOR ONE TODAY!

BOYS! GIRLS!

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$1.98 Post Paid Complete With Battery & Bulb

WATCH YOUR SAVINGS MOUNT UP LIKE MAGIC...

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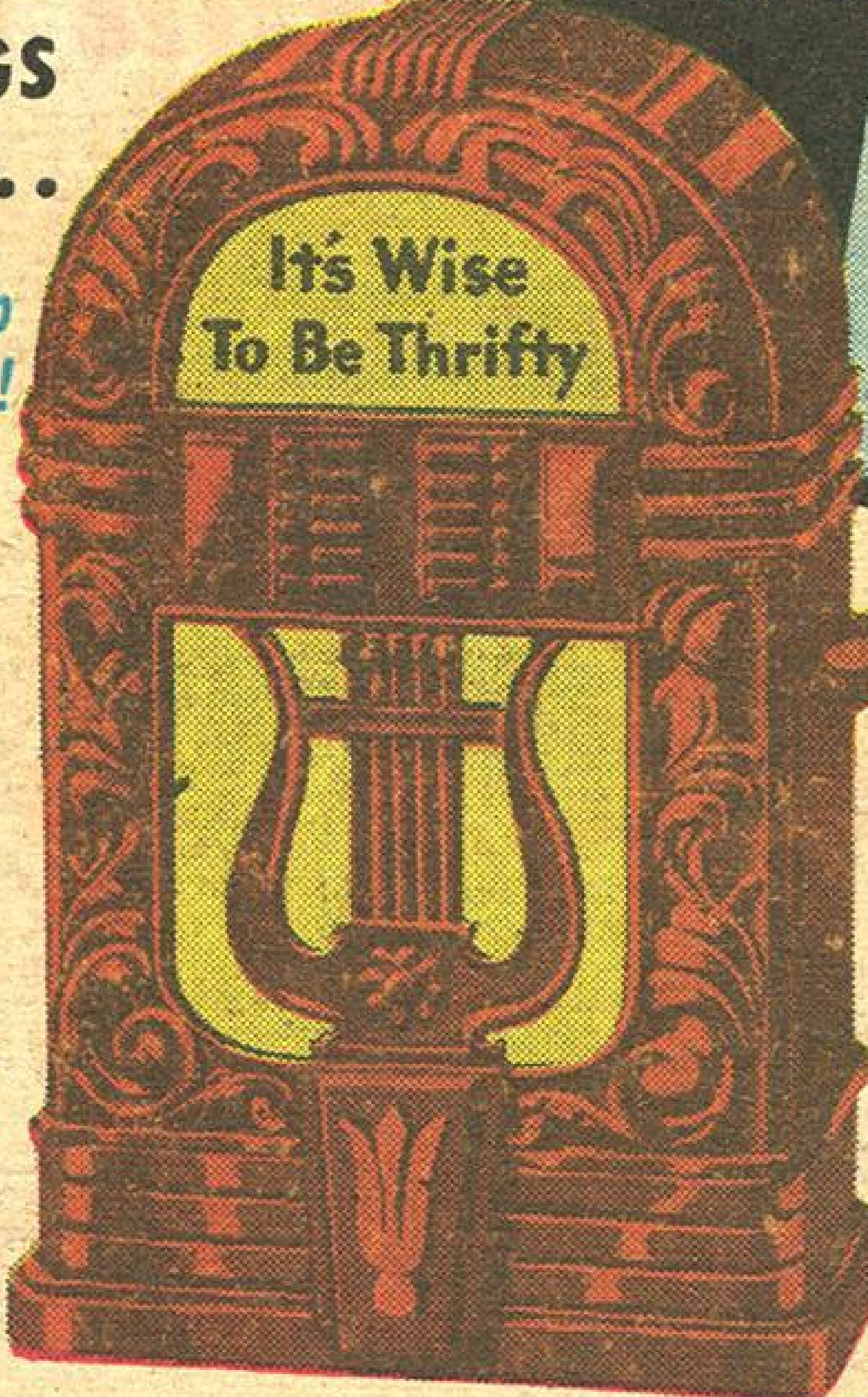
You'll see those nickels and dimes add up to mighty dollar bills with this new Juke Box Bank that's a gay plastic reproduction of the tuneful Juke Box down at the corner Soda Fountain. Bring it out at parties or when company comes to call. The coins and currency will really pour in, because *everyone* wants to see it light up electrically and flash its bit of advice: "It's Wise To Be Thrifty"—to which we might add: it's *easy* to be thrifty when you have an attention-getting, fun-producing Juke Box Bank.


It's Wise To Be Thrifty

Put Your Coins in Slot and Press-in!

JUKE BOX BLAZES WITH LIGHT AS IT FLASHES:

It's Wise to be Thrifty

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Grey
Black
Brown
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Black Satin

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Medium widths, sizes 4-9

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Green

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